

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXIX.

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1907.

NO. 6.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—G. W. Cloyd, a merchant, of Plunk, Mo., had a narrow escape four years ago, when he ran a jimson bur into his thumb. He says: "The doctor wanted to amputate it but I would not consent. I bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and that cured the dangerous wound." 25c at Ed. T. Atker's, druggist.

Fred Davis, 18 years old, of Taylor, had his life crushed out by his clothes catching in the revolving shaft of a fan wheel at the Holden colliery, and being whirled about until he was lifeless.

COLLEGE OF MUSIC.
\$34 pays six weeks tuition and board at College of Music, Freeburg, Pa. Town noted for health and beauty. Pupils admitted any day to Dec. 1. For catalog address HENRY B. MOYER.

SAVE ONE-FOURTH
On White Goods for dresses and waists. Dotted Swiss, Mercerized Batiste, Plaid Dimity, Plaid Lawn, Figured Lawn and light weight Madras, at one-fourth off regular price from Saturday, May 18, to June 1.
G. B. NACE, SON & CO.,
11-13 Carlisle St., Hanover.

FOR PROTHONOTOR
W. A. TAUGHINBAUGH,
STRABAN-TOWNSHIP.
Subject to the decision of the Democratic Primaries.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ,
Physician and Surgeon.
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Calls answered night or day.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that Administration accounts heretofore mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa. for confirmation and allowance, on Monday, the 17th day of June, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m.

115.—First and final account of Geo. C. Sheely and John A. Sheely, Executors of the will of Abraham Sheely, late of New Oxford Borough, deceased.

116.—First and final account of George W. McGlaughlin, Administrator of the estate of Maggie McGlaughlin, late of the Borough of Fairfield, Adams County, Pa., deceased.

117.—First and final account of George R. Julius and Charles Grouse, Executors of the will of Susan Mowry, late of Franklin township, Adams County, Pa., deceased.

118.—The first and final account of Harold Harding, guardian of Benjamin and Hallett B. Harding, minor children of John L. Harding, deceased.

119.—The first and final account of Rev. E. J. McClary, Executor of all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits which were of Rev. Pius F. Hemler, late of the Borough of McSherrystown, Adams County, Pa., deceased.

120.—First and final account of Levi Spangler, Executor of the will of Sarah E. Spangler, late of the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa., deceased.

D. F. STEFFY,
Register.

Get rid of your bad bread once for all. Use

BANNER FLOUR

You know what time and labor it requires to bake flour that is properly milled. In the first place you have not the life in the flour to start a sponge, then you realize what you are up against. After hours of worry the outcome is a poor baking of bread. You know all that. Then why not substitute a flour that is milled with up-to-date machinery, making a sweet nutty flour, a feature contained in

THE BANNER.

J. R. HARTMAN.
Proprietor of
New Oxford Flouring Mills,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Grain & Produce!

Has purchased the Brick Warehouse, 11 NOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN,
HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP,
MIDDLINGS, POTATOES,
COARSE AND FINE SALT,
&c., &c., also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Hanover Produce Co.



G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,

SPECIALIST IN—
Lenses For The Eyes,

—WILL BE AT—
Eagle Hotel, New Oxford,
On Saturday, June 1st.

Fatally Burned.

Mrs. Linebaugh, wife of Ambrose Linebaugh, who lives about two miles west of Dover, York county, was fatally burned Wednesday. She was boiling soap in an old iron kettle on an open hearth when the accident occurred. While she was replenishing the fire, which had burned down, her clothes were blown over the flames and ignited by coming in contact with the fire. She was terribly frightened and instead of attempting to smother the flames, she ran screaming wildly about the yard, the wind fanning the flames fiercely. Her children, witnessing the frightful accident, attempted to put out the flames, which they did with some difficulty, and one of the children was badly burned in the endeavor. Mrs. Linebaugh had all the clothes burned off her. Her hair was burned and much of her flesh was burned so severely that the skin fell off in strips. She was carried into the house by her husband and neighbors and Dr. J. M. Gross of York, sent for, who did all in his power to relieve the suffering of the injured woman. Mrs. Lineborough died at 3 o'clock Thursday morning from the injuries received. She was a woman of middle age and, besides her husband, is survived by six children.

A Needle Travels.

L. S. Hopwood of Hanover, a baggage-master on the W. M. Railroad, met with an accident fourteen years ago, when a needle penetrated his right hand and broke off, about a half inch remaining in the flesh. It gave him no inconvenience at the time and the incident was forgotten. Recently Mr. Hopwood suffered considerable pain in his right leg above the knee, and on consulting Dr. L. H. Sterner of Porters, Friday, an incision was made at the seat of the pain, when the broken needle was discovered and removed.

Court Items.

At an Orphans' Court held Monday, all the judges on the bench, the following business was transacted:

An additional credit of \$27 allowed to the first and final account of F. S. Patterson, executor of Catharine Patterson, dec'd, and confirmed as amended. An additional credit of \$5.50 was also allowed Emory D. and Joseph W. Sell, executors of Noah Sell, and account confirmed as amended.

S. C. B. Walter, administrator and trustee of Polly Sunday, and Lemon Pfoutz, administrator of John Trostle, discharged.

The matter of exceptions to the report of John L. Kendlehart, Esq., auditor appointed in the estate of Vincent O'Bold, dec'd, for argument, continued to May 29.

Joseph W. Bream appointed guardian of Paul A. Bream, minor child of Ella L. Bream, late of Arendtsville.

Restaurant license of George W. Bowers, second ward, Gettysburg, transferred to Charles B. Tate.

LEG CUT OFF.

HE CANLY SMOKES.
York, May 23.—With a severed leg lying beside him, it having been cut off in a railroad accident, John Plunk, a railroad brakeman, 30 years old, examined the limb, shook his head sadly drew a pipe from his pocket and proceeded to smoke while fellow employees loaded him on a train and hurried him to the hospital. When he arrived at the hospital he fainted from loss of blood and the pipe slipped from his mouth. It is said that the injuries will prove fatal.

Plunk resides at Slate Hill, Md. He was a brakeman on the Northern Central Railroad and when the train passed Falls Station this afternoon a misstep precipitated him beneath the wheels. The right leg was completely severed and the left leg was badly crushed. Railroaders state that he never groaned while en route to the hospital, but calmly smoked until he fainted at the hospital door.

Wins Class Prize.

Gettysburg, May 22.—Franklin W. Moser of Schuylkill Haven, one of the youngest members of the Senior class at Gettysburg College, has been awarded the Graeff prize of \$25 offered to the member of the class writing the best essay on "Reveries of a Bachelor."

Mr. Moser was editor of the "Weekly Gettysburgian" for two years, and editor of his class annual, "The Spectrum."

Noah Keener, a carpenter, aged 40, engaged at work on a barn near Jacobus, York county, Monday, fell through a hay hole and suffered probably fatal injuries.

The new pipe organ for the Reformed church at Fairfield has arrived and is being set up by men from the Moller factory Hagerstown where the organ was built. Mr. Carnegie has contributed to the payment of half the price of the organ.

Harry Hartman, a son of William Hartman of Loganville, had his left arm crushed Wednesday by being caught in the cog wheels of a gasoline engine.

Committee will Elect.

Gettysburg, May 23.—Judge S. McC. Swope ruled in Adams county court yesterday afternoon that the office of county chairman of a political party is not a public office under the provisions of the recent Uniform Primary Act, and that, therefore, the name of Charles W. Bucher should not be printed on the Democratic ballots for the June primaries.

Mr. Bucher petitioned the court, Monday, to compel the County Commissioners to have them place his name on said ballots as a candidate for the nomination for the office of Democratic County Chairman. The ruling of the court, however, will allow the Democratic Committee of Adams county to select their own chairman, as has been the case in former years.

Died From Opium Poisoning.

York, May 27.—Sebastian Bruggeman, who was picked up Friday night in an unconscious condition south of Penn Park, died at his home Saturday morning. He never regained consciousness. Bruggeman's death according to the testimony before the coroner and jury, was caused by opium poisoning. He was a man of powerful physique and a bricklayer by trade. He was formerly addicted to drink, but has been quite steady recently. On Friday he was loaded with morphine, it is said, and the reaction after he had given up the habit for a time, proved deadly to him. Bruggeman is survived by his wife and 4 children, and was 41 years old. The persons who furnished him with the "dope" are to be hunted down and punished.

Harry S. Ebert, a York capitalist, has broken ground for thirty small dwelling houses valued at about \$2000 and five \$10,000 residences.

MAKES FULL CONFESSION

Becker Admits That He Alone Killed Stafford Girl.

New York, May 28.—Henry Becker is in a state of collapse in the Queens county jail, having made a full confession of the murder of Amelia Stafford at Elmhurst last Wednesday. The whole story was learned from Becker on the ground where the crime was committed. He showed the course that he took from the scene of the crime. He was then identified by Mrs. Emily Simonson as the fugitive who washed the blood from his hands at her pump. Detective Graham visited Becker in his cell and he got him to confess again that he killed the girl after she threatened to call the police because he insisted on kissing her. Graham put several questions to him, and Becker said:

"I hit her on the head with a stone I wanted to kiss her, and she would not let me. She threatened to call the police if I did not stop, and then I hit her with the stone. She began to holler, and then I took the knife and stabbed her."

TIGER KILLS A CHILD

Animal is Shot by Spectator and Rolls Over Dead.

Twin Falls, Ida., May 28.—Ruth Rozell, aged 4 years, lies dead at her home, her body lacerated in 20 places by a Bengal tiger which escaped from its cage during the performance of a circus.

The menagerie tent was filled with hundreds of sightseers, who were laughing over the feeding of the beasts. Markel, the biggest of the royal Bengal tigers, was hungry and at the smell of the meat beat the door furiously with his paws. The door gave way and in the next moment the tiger amid the shrieks of the crowd was tearing his way through the tent. Women screamed and fainted as they ran. Mrs. S. C. Rozell, mother of the slain child, wedged in by the crowd, could not get out of the tiger's path, and one sweep of the immense paw swept her to the ground.

Then another paw rested on the chest of the child, while the teeth of the beast sunk into her flesh.

Above the screams of the audience sounded the crack of a revolver fired three times by J. W. Bell, a blacksmith. The beast staggered to his feet, then rolled over dead.

Dies Near Brother's Bier.

Allentown, Pa., May 27.—George H. Stem, a prominent resident of Northampton, died suddenly while preparations were being made for the funeral of his brother, William Stem, of the same place. George Stem suffered from internal cancer for several years, but was able to be about the house. He was taken violently ill and expired in a few hours.

Missing Boy Found Drowned.

Wilmington, Del., May 28.—The body of little Francis Malloy, who mysteriously disappeared from his home last week, and in whose fate great interest was expressed, was found in the Brandywine river. The place where the body was found is only a short distance from the bridge where the boy was last seen, and it is supposed that he fell into the stream and was drowned. There were no marks of violence on the body.

MRS. M'KINLEY PASSES AWAY

Canton, O., May 27.—Sunday afternoon Mrs. William McKinley fell into the sleep that knows no awakening. The transition from life to death was so peaceful and gradual that it was with difficulty that the vigilant physicians and attendants noted when dissolution came.

There was no struggle, no pain. Mrs. McKinley never knew of the efforts made for days to prolong her life, nor of the solicitous hope against hope of her sister and other relatives and friends for her recovery.

At the McKinley home when death came there were present Secretary Cortelyou, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Barber, Mrs. Sarah Duncan, Mrs. Luther Day Justice and Mrs. William R. Day, Dr. Portmann and Rixey and the nurses.

"Mrs. McKinley lasted hours longer than we expected," said the secretary. "Her vitality was wonderful," said Dr. Portmann.

It was by Secretary Cortelyou that the announcement of the demise was given to the public. As this news was flashed over the land, William McKinley Post and George D. Harter Post G. A. R., were forming in line, and the strains of a band playing "The March Relligosa," went to the First Methodist Episcopal church to listen to the annual Memorial Day address which was given by Dr. Buxton, Mrs. McKinley's pastor.

Mrs. McKinley's last words were for death. An attendant said: "Mrs. McKinley would say: 'Why should I linger? Please God, it is Thy will, why defer it?' She would also say: 'He is gone and life is dark to me now. Other kindred expressions would fall from her lips.'"

It is not intended the funeral of Mrs. McKinley shall take on the form of a ceremony of state, yet the coming of the president and members of his cabinet, the vice president, the governor of Ohio and many other people of note will make it such in a degree at least. It was determined to change the arrangements for the funeral so as to allow the remains to be viewed by Canton friends of the deceased. To show their love for the departed, thousands of school children will be included in the throng that will go through the McKinley home and pass by the bier while they drop tears of sorrow for the loss of one whose love for children was so deep and tender.

As there is a detachment of United States regular infantry on guard at the McKinley vault in West Lawn cemetery, where the remains of Mrs. McKinley will rest until the national mausoleum is completed, there is ample guard for the protection of the president while at the tomb. A portion of this detachment can easily be available for service at the McKinley home if such action is thought necessary to insure the safety of the noted guests and keep back the expected crowd of onlookers.

The honorary pall-bearers announced are: Judge Henry W. Harter, John C. Dueber, Joseph M. Biechele, Robert A. Cassidy, George B. Freese, Austin Lynch, R. S. Shields and Judge C. Bow.

HIGH COST OF FURNISHINGS

Sixty-three Rooms in Basement of Pennsylvania Capitol Cost \$635,879.
Harrisburg, Pa., May 28.—The total cost to the state of furnishing the 63 rooms in the basement of the new capitol was \$635,879.01. Twenty-six of these rooms are used for storage purposes by the various departments or as house and senate pasting and folding rooms. The total cost of furnishing these 26 rooms was \$629,938.79, of which \$614,365.18 was paid to the Pennsylvania Construction company, of Marietta, Pa., for metallic furniture. There is no metallic furniture in any of the remaining 37 rooms, none of which is in use.

Every one of the 63 rooms, however, contains at least one thermostat, costing \$79 each, and from one to 15 white metal chandeliers, costing \$36 each. The thermostats and chandeliers were supplied by John H. Sanderson, of Philadelphia, general contractor for the capitol furnishings. One of the interesting exhibits found on the table of trolley ladders. These ladders were supplied by the Pennsylvania Construction company, and are used to reach the top of the metallic cases. There are 38 of them, and their total cost to the state was \$5700.

Charged With Murdering Son.

New York, May 27.—Dominick Sizza, 23 years old, was found dead in bed by his mother, his head having been crushed by blows from an axe which was on the floor beside the bed. On the strength of Mrs. Sizza's story, her husband, Antonio Sizza, was arrested. The mother said that her son was the sole support of the family, her husband not having worked for some time. Father and son frequently quarreled, the father demanding money and the son refusing it. Antonio, his wife said, had often threatened to kill the boy.

BODY OF MAN FOUND IN TRUNK

New York, May 27.—Father Kaspar Vartanian, of the Armenian Apostolic church, of Hoboken, N. J., was murdered in this city some time last week. The body was found in a trunk which had been left as security for their room rent by two Greeks, who three weeks ago engaged a furnished room of Mrs. Henry Sherer, who occupies the third floor of a tenement at 333 West 37th street.

Removed to the morgue, the body was identified as that of the priest. He had lived at 608 Monastery street West Hoboken, and frequently made trips to this city soliciting funds for his church.

Father Vartanian, carrying a small leather bag, in which his collections were placed, came to be a familiar figure in Greek and Armenian circles here, and it is believed that he was murdered for the money he carried.

Mrs. Sherer told the coroner that when the two men engaged the room in her home they described themselves as John and Paul Sarkis, each about 35 years of age. The men had been visited, she said, by a man wearing a clerical garb, who looked not unlike the murdered man. She thought that this man called at 8 o'clock last Monday morning. No one in the tenement heard any unusual noises.

Late Wednesday afternoon an express wagon brought to the house the trunk which later was found to contain the body. One of the lodgers, with the aid of a young man who drove the express wagon, carried the trunk with considerable difficulty to the room. That night Mrs. Sherer asked her roomers for the rent due. They pointed to the trunk and said it would be found to contain ample security for what they owed. Later the men said that the trunk delivered to them was not theirs and that a mistake had been made. It remained in the house, however, and was there when the roomers left. On the next day unpleasant odors were detected coming from the room the strangers had occupied, and on Sunday Mrs. Sherer appealed to the police and the trunk was forced open.

The autopsy developed that the neck had been broken, as had also one arm. Coroner's Physician Lehane declared, however, that death was due to suffocation. The internal organs were congested, and Dr. Lehane gave it as his opinion that the man was thrust into the trunk while alive and the cover of the air-tight trunk held down until death ensued. The condition of the organs were found to be similar to those in cases of asphyxiation.

The police have sent out a general alarm for Sarki Ermanjian, Sarki Barvorvion and Paul Sarisatan.

RUN DOWN BY TRAIN

Two Little Girls Struck While Sitting On the Track.

Altoona, Pa., May 28.—Mary and Dora Snowberger, aged respectively 15 and 13 years, daughters of Hans Snowberger, of Covedale, Huntingdon county, while on their way to school, sat down to loiter on the railroad which runs from Altoona to Petersburg. A passing freight train prevented them from hearing the approach of a passenger train on the track upon which they were sitting and they were hit by the pilot of the locomotive and hurled down the bank by the side of the track. The girls were brought to the Altoona hospital. Both were badly bruised and lacerated, but the elder will probably recover. The younger, who sustained a severe concussion of the brain along with internal injuries, is thought to be fatally injured.

IRON AND STEEL EXPORTS

Will Aggregate \$177,000,000 For Fiscal Year.

Washington, May 27.—Iron and steel exports from the United States in the fiscal year which ends with next month will aggregate approximately \$177,000,000 in value, against \$57,000,000 a decade earlier, and \$16,000,000 two decades earlier, according to figures issued by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor. The value of iron and steel manufactures exported in the 10 months ending with April, 1907, was about \$150,000,000.

This rapid growth has brought iron and steel manufactures far in the lead of any other group of manufactures in the export trade of the United States.

Snow in Maryland.

Cumberland, Md., May 28.—Railroad men coming into Cumberland report conditions similar to those of ordinary winter weather. For the past two mornings there has been snow. Leaves have dropped from the trees and conditions similar to those of a late fall prevail.

Letter Carrier Gets Three Years.

Trenton, N. J., May 28.—James F. Farrell, a Newark letter carrier, convicted of embezzling, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment by the United States district court.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, May 22.

The cold spell Monday night badly damaged crops in the mountain sections of Pennsylvania.

Fred Romig, of Philadelphia, committed suicide in a New York hotel by inhaling illuminating gas.

Harold T. Anderson and wife were drowned at Augusta, Ga., by the capsizing of a small steam launch.

The Chicago police will permit no more parades in that city in which red flags or banners are displayed.

Louis N. Eyttinge, a nephew of the famous actress, Rose Eyttinge, was convicted of murder at Phoenix, Ariz., and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Thursday, May 23.

Heavy frost in Virginia Tuesday done great damage to the crops.

Charles B. Church, an actor, formerly with John Wilkes Booth, died at Cleveland, O., aged 70 years.

Charles H. Treat, treasurer of the United States, addressed the Missouri Bankers' Association at Kansas City.

W. E. Ward, of Hopewell, Md., was stricken with apoplexy while out driving, and was found dead in his carriage.

The comptroller of the currency issued a call for a statement of the condition of national banks at the close of business on May 20.

Friday, May 24.

The Maryland Democrats will hold their state convention at Baltimore on August 8.

The Pennsylvania Foresters will hold their next convention in Philadelphia in May, 1909.

Mrs. Ambrose Linebaugh, of Davidsburg, near York, Pa., was fatally burned while rendering aid.

Annie Sullivan, a chambermaid, and George A. James, a guest, were suffocated in a fire in the Metropolitan hotel at Utica, N. Y.

Mrs. Louis B. Hall, wife of the manager of the National Press Association of New York, committed suicide at Cincinnati, O., by drowning herself in a reservoir.

Saturday, May 25.

Former United States Senator John Patton died at Grand Rapids, Mich., of typhoid fever.

Two motormen were killed in a head-on collision between trolley cars at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rocco Panagino, who was on trial for murder in Brooklyn, committed suicide by hanging himself in jail with his belt.

The car barn of the Buffalo, Lake Erie Traction company, near Buffalo, N. Y., was burned, together with 25 cars, causing a loss of \$100,000.

Edna Fisher, 4 years old, who was bitten by a dog three weeks ago, died at her home, near Valley Forge, Pa., of hydrophobia.

Sunday, May 27.

Mrs. Mary Greenhow Lee, widow of Captain Hugh H. Lee, died at Baltimore, aged 88 years.

President Roosevelt will make an address at the laying of the corner stone of the new Masonic Temple in Washington on June 8.

Potatoes in the Lancaster, Pa., market have jumped from 60c to \$1 a bushel, owing to the unreasonable weather.

Labor leaders and business men of Chicago are arranging a love feast for July 4.

Charged with embezzling \$36,000 R. F. Garner, a Southern Pacific railway clerk, has been arrested at Cartersville, Ga.

Tuesday, May 28.

Edna Wilson, an actress, committed suicide at Columbus, O., by drowning herself in a bathtub.

William McKie, a Kalamazoo, Mich., druggist, while despondent from financial difficulties, shot and killed his mother and himself.

Lightning struck the postoffice at Atlantic City, N. J., and shocked several men and women in the corridor.

Dallas Sanders, a well-known lawyer and member of the Philadelphia board of civil service commissioners, died after a long illness.

The United States treasury purchased 100,000 ounces of silver for delivery at the Philadelphia mint, at \$7.720 per fine ounce.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

BALTIMORE—WHEAT: No. 2 spot, 89¢; No. 3 spot, 88¢; No. 4 spot, 87¢; No. 5 spot, 86¢; No. 6 spot, 85¢; No. 7 spot, 84¢; No. 8 spot, 83¢; No. 9 spot, 82¢; No. 10 spot, 81¢; No. 11 spot, 80¢; No. 12 spot, 79¢; No. 13 spot, 78¢; No. 14 spot, 77¢; No. 15 spot, 76¢; No. 16 spot, 75¢; No. 17 spot, 74¢; No. 18 spot, 73¢; No. 19 spot, 72¢; No. 20 spot, 71¢; No. 21 spot, 70¢; No. 22 spot, 69¢; No. 23 spot, 68¢; No. 24 spot, 67¢; No. 25 spot, 66¢; No. 26 spot, 65¢; No. 27 spot, 64¢; No. 28 spot, 63¢; No. 29 spot, 62¢; No. 30 spot, 61¢; No. 31 spot, 60¢; No. 32 spot, 59¢; No. 33 spot, 58¢; No. 34 spot, 57¢; No. 35 spot, 56¢; No. 36 spot, 55¢; No. 37 spot, 54¢; No. 38 spot, 53¢; No. 39 spot, 52¢; No. 40 spot, 51¢; No. 41 spot, 50¢; No. 42 spot, 49¢; No. 43 spot, 48¢; No. 44 spot, 47¢; No. 45 spot, 46¢; No. 46 spot, 45¢; No. 47 spot, 44¢; No. 48 spot, 43¢; No. 49 spot, 42¢; No. 50 spot, 41¢; No. 51 spot, 40¢; No. 52 spot, 39¢; No. 53 spot, 38¢; No. 54 spot, 37¢; No. 55 spot, 36¢; No. 56 spot, 35¢; No. 57 spot, 34¢; No. 58 spot, 33¢; No. 59 spot, 32¢; No. 60 spot, 31¢; No. 61 spot, 30¢; No. 62 spot, 29¢; No. 63 spot, 28¢; No. 64 spot, 27¢; No. 65 spot, 26¢; No. 66 spot, 25¢; No. 67 spot, 24¢; No. 68 spot, 23¢; No. 69 spot, 22¢; No. 70 spot, 21¢; No. 71 spot, 20¢; No. 72 spot, 19¢; No. 73 spot, 18¢; No. 74 spot, 17¢; No. 75 spot, 16¢; No. 76 spot, 15¢; No. 77 spot, 14¢; No. 78 spot, 13¢; No. 79 spot, 12¢; No. 80 spot, 11¢; No. 81 spot, 10¢; No. 82 spot, 9¢; No. 83 spot, 8¢; No. 84 spot, 7¢; No. 85 spot, 6¢; No. 86 spot, 5¢; No. 87 spot, 4¢; No. 88 spot, 3¢; No. 89 spot, 2¢; No. 90 spot, 1¢; No. 91 spot, 0¢; No. 92 spot, 0¢; No. 93 spot, 0¢; No. 94 spot, 0¢; No. 95 spot, 0¢; No. 96 spot, 0¢; No. 97 spot, 0¢; No. 98 spot, 0¢; No. 99 spot, 0¢; No. 100 spot, 0¢.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards): CATTLE: higher; choice, \$4.00; prime, \$3.75; \$5.00. SHEEP: higher; prime wethers, \$6.25; \$6.35; lambs, \$6.00; \$6.10; \$6.20; \$6.30; \$6.40; \$6.50; \$6.60; \$6.70; \$6.80; \$6.90; \$7.00; \$7.10; \$7.20; \$7.30; \$7.40; \$7.50; \$7.60; \$7.70; \$7.80; \$7.90; \$8.00; \$8.10; \$8.20; \$8.30; \$8.40;

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Get rid of your bad bread once for all. Use

BANNER FLOUR

You know what time and labor it requires to bake flour that is properly milled. In the first place you have not the life in the flour to start a sponge, then you realize what you are up against. After hours of worry the outcome is a poor baking of bread. You know all that. Then why not substitute a flour that is milled with up-to-date machinery, making a sweet nutty flour, a feature contained in

THE BANNER.

J. R. HARTMAN.

Proprietor of

New Oxford Flouring Mills,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Grain & Produce!

Has purchased the Brick Warehouse, NOVERSTREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN,

HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP,

MIDDLINGS, POTATOES,

COARSE AND FINE SALT,

&c., &c., also

THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Hanover Produce Co.

G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,

—SPECIALIST IN—

Lenses For The Eyes,

—WILL BE AT—

Eagle Hotel, New Oxford,

On Saturday, June 1st.

Fatally Burned.

Mrs. Linebaugh, wife of Ambrose Linebaugh, who lives about two miles west of Dover, York county, was fatally burned Wednesday. She was boiling soap in an old iron kettle on an open hearth when the accident occurred. While she was replenishing the fire, which had burned down, her clothes were blown over the flames and ignited by coming in contact with the fire. She was terribly frightened and instead of attempting to smother the flames, she ran screaming wildly about the yard, the wind fanning the flames fiercely. Her children, witnessing the frightful accident, attempted to put out the flames, which they did with some difficulty, and one of the children was badly burned in the endeavor. Mrs. Linebaugh had all the clothes burned off her. Her hair was burned and much of her flesh was burned so severely that the skin fell off in strips. She was carried into the house by her husband and neighbors and Dr. J. M. Gross of York, sent for, who did all in his power to relieve the suffering of the injured woman. Mrs. Lineborough died at 3 o'clock Thursday morning from the injuries received. She was a woman of middle age and, besides her husband, is survived by six children.

A Needle Travels.

L. S. Hopwood of Hanover, a baggage-master on the W. M. Railroad, met with an accident fourteen years ago, when a needle penetrated his right hand and broke off, about a half inch remaining in the flesh. It gave him no inconvenience at the time and the incident was forgotten. Recently Mr. Hopwood suffered considerable pain in his right leg above the knee, and on consulting Dr. L. H. Sterner of Porters, Friday, an incision was made at the seat of the pain, when the broken needle was discovered and removed.

Court Items.

At an Orphans' Court held Monday, all the judges on the bench, the following business was transacted:

An additional credit of \$27 allowed to the first and final account of F. S. Patterson, executor of Catharine Patterson, dec'd, and confirmed as amended. An additional credit of \$5.50 was also allowed Emory D. and Joseph W. Sell, executors of Noah Sell, and account confirmed as amended.

S. C. B. Walter, administrator and trustee of Polly Sunday, and Lemon Ploutz, administrator of John Trostle, discharged.

The matter of exceptions to the report of John L. Kendlehart, Esq., auditor appointed in the estate of Vincent O'Bold, dec'd, for argument, continued to May 29.

Joseph W. Bream appointed guardian of Paul A. Bream, minor child of Ella L. Bream, late of Arendtsville. Restaurant license of George W. Bowers, second ward, Gettysburg, transferred to Charles B. Tate.

LEG CUT OFF.

HE CAN ONLY SMOKES.

York, May 28.—With a severed leg lying beside him, it having been cut off in a railroad accident, John Plunk, a railroad brakeman, 30 years old, examined the limb, shook his head sadly drew a pipe from his pocket and proceeded to smoke while fellow employees loaded him on a train and hurried him to the hospital. When he arrived at the hospital he fainted from loss of blood and the pipe slipped from his mouth. It is said that the injuries will prove fatal.

Plunk resides at Slate Hill, Md. He was a brakeman on the Northern Central Railroad and when the train passed Falls Station this afternoon a misstep precipitated him beneath the wheels. The right leg was completely severed and the left leg was badly crushed. Railroaders state that he never groaned while en route to the hospital, but calmly smoked until he fainted at the hospital door.

Wins Class Prize.

Gettysburg, May 22.—Franklin W. Moser of Schuylkill Haven, one of the youngest members of the Senior class at Gettysburg College, has been awarded the Graeff prize of \$25 offered to the member of the class writing the best essay on "Reveries of a Bachelor."

Mr. Moser was editor of the "Weekly Gettysburgian" for two years, and editor of his class annual, "The Spectrum."

Noah Keener, a carpenter, aged 40, engaged at work on a barn near Jacobus, York county, Monday, fell through a hay hole and suffered probably fatal injuries.

The new pipe organ for the Reformed church at Fairfield has arrived and is being set up by men from the Moller factory Hagerstown where the organ was built. Mr. Carnegie has contributed to the payment of half the price of the organ.

Harry Hartman, a son of William Hartman of Loganville, had his left arm crushed Wednesday by being caught in the cog wheels of a gasoline engine.

Committee will Elect.

Gettysburg, May 23.—Judge S. McC. Swope ruled in Adams county court yesterday afternoon that the office of county chairman of a political party is not a public office under the provisions of the recent Uniform Primary Act, and that, therefore, the name of Charles W. Bucher should not be printed on the Democratic ballots for the June primaries.

Mr. Bucher petitioned the court, Monday, to compel the County Commissioners to have them place his name on said ballots as a candidate for the nomination for the office of Democratic County Chairman. The ruling of the Court, however, will allow the Democratic Committee of Adams county to select their own chairman, as has been the case in former years.

Died From Opium Poisoning.

York, May 27.—Sebastian Bruggeman, who was picked up Friday night in an unconscious condition south of Penn Park, died at his home Saturday morning. He never regained consciousness. Bruggeman's death according to the testimony before the coroner and jury, was caused by opium poisoning. He was a man of powerful physique and a bricklayer by trade. He was formerly addicted to drink, but has been quite steady recently. On Friday he was loaded with morphine, it is said, and the reaction after he had given up the habit for a time, proved deadly to him. Bruggeman is survived by his wife and 4 children, and was 41 years old. The persons who furnished him with the "dope" are to be hunted down and punished.

Harry S. Ebert, a York capitalist, has broken ground for thirty small dwelling houses valued at about \$2000 and five \$10,000 residences.

MAKES FULL CONFESSION

Becker Admits That He Alone Killed Stafford Girl.

New York, May 28.—Henry Becker is in a state of collapse in the Queens county jail, having made a full confession of the murder of Amelia Stafford at Elmhurst last Wednesday. The whole story was learned from Becker on the ground where the crime was committed. He showed the course that he took from the scene of the crime. He was then identified by Mrs. Emily Simonson as the fugitive who washed the blood from his hands at her pump. Detective Graham visited Becker in his cell and he got him to confess again that he killed the girl after she threatened to call the police because he insisted on kissing her. Graham put several questions to him, and Becker said:

"I hit her on the head with a stone I wanted to kiss her, and she would not let me. She threatened to call the police if I did not stop, and then I hit her with the stone. She began to holler, and then I took the knife and stabbed her."

TIGER KILLS A CHILD

Animal is Shot by Spectator and Rolls Over Dead.

Twin Falls, Ida., May 28.—Ruth Rozell, aged 4 years, lies dead at her home, her body lacerated in 20 places by a Bengal tiger which escaped from its cage during the performance of a circus.

The menagerie tent was filled with hundreds of sightseers, who were laughing over the feeding of the beasts. Markel, the biggest of the royal Bengal tigers, was hungry and at the smell of the meat beat the door furiously with his paws. The door gave way and in the next moment the tiger amid the shrieks of the crowd was tearing his way through the tent.

Women screamed and fainted as they ran. Mrs. S. C. Rozell, mother of the slain child, wedged in by the crowd, could not get out of the tiger's path, and one sweep of the immense paw swept her to the ground.

Then another paw rested on the chest of the child, while the teeth of the beast sunk into her flesh.

Above the screams of the audience sounded the crack of a revolver fired three times by J. W. Bell, a blacksmith. The beast staggered to his feet, then rolled over dead.

Dies Near Brother's Bier.

Allentown, Pa., May 27.—George H. Stem, a prominent resident of Northampton, died suddenly while preparations were being made for the funeral of his brother, William Stem, of the same place. George Stem suffered from internal cancer for several years, but was able to be about the house. He was taken violently ill and expired in a few hours.

Missing Boy Found Drowned.

Wilmington, Del., May 28.—The body of little Francis Malloy, who mysteriously disappeared from his home last week, and in whose fate great interest was expressed, was found in the Brandywine river. The place where the body was found is only a short distance from the bridge where the boy was last seen, and it is supposed that he fell into the stream and was drowned. There were no marks of violence on the body.

MRS. M'KINLEY PASSES AWAY.

Canton, O., May 27.—Sunday afternoon Mrs. William McKinley fell into the sleep that knows no awakening. The transition from life to death was so peaceful and gradual that it was with difficulty that the vigilant physicians and attendants noted when dissolution came.

There was no struggle, no pain. Mrs. McKinley never knew of the efforts made for days to prolong her life, nor of the solicitous hope against hope of her sister and other relatives and friends for her recovery.

At the McKinley home when death came there were present Secretary Cortelyou, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Barber, Mrs. Sarah Duncan, Mrs. Luther Day Justice and Mrs. William R. Day, Drs. Portmann and Rixey and the nurses. "Mrs. McKinley lasted hours longer than we expected," said the secretary. "Her vitality was wonderful," said Dr. Portmann.

It was by Secretary Cortelyou that the announcement of the demise was given to the public. As this news was flashed over the land, William McKinley Post and George D. Harter Post G. A. R., were forming in line, and to the strains of a band playing "The March Relegosa," went to the First Methodist Episcopal church to listen to the annual Memorial Day address which was given by Dr. Buxton, Mrs. McKinley's pastor.

Mrs. McKinley's last words were for death. An attendant said: "Mrs. McKinley would say: 'Why should I linger? Please God, it is Thy will, I defer it.' She would also say: 'He is gone and life is dark to me now. Other kindred expressions would fall from her lips.'"

It is not intended the funeral of Mrs. McKinley shall take on the form of a ceremony of state, yet the coming of the president and members of his cabinet, the vice president, the governor of Ohio and many other people of note will make it such in a degree at least. It was determined to change the arrangements for the funeral so as to allow the remains to be viewed by Canton friends of the deceased. To show their love for the departed, thousands of school children will be included in the throng that will go through the McKinley home and pass by the bier while they drop tears of sorrow for the loss of one whose love for children was so deep and tender.

As there is a detachment of United States regular infantry on guard at the McKinley vault in West Lawn cemetery, where the remains of Mrs. McKinley will rest until the national mausoleum is completed, there is ample guard for the protection of the president while at the tomb. A portion of this detachment can easily be available for service at the McKinley home if such action is thought necessary to insure the safety of the noted guests and keep back the expected crowd of onlookers.

The honorary pall-bearers announced are: Judge Henry W. Harter, John C. Dueber, Joseph M. Blecholo, Robert A. Cassiday, George B. Fresson, Austin Lynch, R. S. Shields, and Judge C. Bow.

HIGH COST OF FURNISHINGS

Sixty-three Rooms in Basement of Pennsylvania Capitol Cost \$636,879. Harrisburg, Pa., May 28.—The total cost to the state of furnishing the 63 rooms in the basement of the new capitol was \$636,879.01. Twenty-six of these rooms are used for storage purposes by the various departments or as house and senate pasting and folding rooms. The total cost of furnishing these 26 rooms was \$624,938.79, of which \$614,365.18 was paid to the Pennsylvania Construction company, of Marietta, Pa., for metallic furniture. There is no metallic furniture in any of the remaining 37 rooms, none of which is in use.

Every one of the 63 rooms, however, contains at least one thermostat, costing \$79 each, and from one to 15 white metal chandeliers, costing \$36 each. The thermostats and chandeliers were supplied by John H. Sanderson, of Philadelphia, general contractor for the capitol furnishings. One of the interesting exhibits found on the table of costs for the basement rooms is the item of trolley ladders. These ladders were supplied by the Pennsylvania Construction company, and are used to reach the top of the metallic cases. There are 38 of them, and their total cost to the state was \$5700.

Charged With Murdering Son.

New York, May 27.—Domizick Sizza, 22 years old, was found dead in bed by his mother, his head having been crushed by blows from an axe which was on the floor beside the bed. On the strength of Mrs. Sizza's story, her husband, Antonio Sizza, was arrested. The mother said that her son was the sole support of the family, her husband not having worked for some time. Father and son frequently quarreled, the father demanding money and the son refusing it. Antonio, his wife said, had often threatened to kill the boy.

BODY OF MAN FOUND IN TRUNK

New York, May 27.—Father Kaspar Vartanian, of the Armenian Apostolic church, of Hoboken, N. J., was murdered in this city some time last week. The body was found in a trunk which had been left as security for their room rent by two Greeks, who three weeks ago engaged a furnished room of Mrs. Henry Sherer, who occupies the third floor of a tenement at 333 West 37th street.

Removed to the morgue, the body was identified as that of the priest. He had lived at 608 Monastery street West Hoboken, and frequently made trips to this city soliciting funds for his church.

Father Vartanian, carrying a small leather bag, in which his collections were placed, came to be a familiar figure in Greek and Armenian circles here, and it is believed that he was murdered for the money he carried.

Mrs. Sherer told the coroner that when the two men engaged the room in her home they described themselves as John and Paul Sarkis, each about 35 years of age. The men had been visited, she said, by a man wearing a clerical garb, who looked not unlike the murdered man. She thought that this man called at 8 o'clock last Monday morning. No one in the tenement heard any unusual noises.

Late Wednesday afternoon an express wagon brought to the house the trunk which later was found to contain the body. One of the lodgers, with the aid of a young man who drove the express wagon, carried the trunk with considerable difficulty to the room that night Mrs. Sherer asked her roomers for the rent due. They pointed to the trunk and said it would be found to contain ample security for what they owed. Later the men said that the trunk delivered to them was not theirs and that a mistake had been made. It remained in the house, however, and was there when the roomers left. On the next day unpleasant odors were detected coming from the room the strangers had occupied, and on Sunday Mrs. Sherer appealed to the police and the trunk was forced open.

The autopsy developed that the neck had been broken, as had also one arm. Coroner's Physician Lehane declared, however, that death was due to suffocation. The internal organs were congested, and Dr. Lehane gave it as his opinion that the man was thrust into the trunk while alive and the cover of the airtight trunk held down until death ensued. The condition of the organs were found to be similar to those in cases of asphyxiation.

The police have sent out a general alarm for Sarki Ermajian, Sarki Bar-morvion and Paul Sarisatan.

RUN DOWN BY TRAIN

Two Little Girls Struck While Sitting On the Track.

Altoona, Pa., May 28.—Mary and Dora Snowberger, aged respectively 15 and 13 years, daughters of Hans Snowberger of Covedale, Huntingdon county, while on their way to school, sat down to loiter on the railroad which runs from Altoona to Petersburg. A passing freight train prevented them from hearing the approach of a passenger train on the track upon which they were sitting and they were hit by the pilot of the locomotive and hurled down the bank by the side of the track. The girls were brought to the Altoona hospital. Both were badly bruised and lacerated, but the elder will probably recover. The younger, who sustained a severe concussion of the brain along with internal injuries, is thought to be fatally injured.

IRON AND STEEL EXPORTS

Will Aggregate \$177,000,000 For Fiscal Year.

Washington, May 27.—Iron and steel exports from the United States in the fiscal year which ends with next month will aggregate approximately \$177,000,000 in value, against \$57,000,000 a decade earlier, and \$16,000,000 two decades earlier, according to figures issued by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor. The value of iron and steel manufactures exported in the 10 months ending with April, 1907, was about \$150,000,000.

This rapid growth has brought iron and steel manufactures far in the lead of any other group of manufactures in the export trade of the United States.

Snow in Maryland.

Cumberland, Md., May 28.—Railroad men coming into Cumberland report conditions similar to those of ordinary winter weather. For the past two mornings there has been snow. Leaves have dropped from the trees and conditions similar to those of a late fall prevail.

Letter Carrier Gets Three Years.

Trenton, N. J., May 28.—James F. Farrell, a Newark letter carrier, convicted of embezzling, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment by the United States district court.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Wednesday, May 22.

The cold spell Monday night badly damaged crops in the mountain sections of Pennsylvania.

Fred Romig, of Philadelphia, committed suicide in a New York hotel by inhaling illuminating gas.

Harold T. Anderson and wife were drowned at Augusta, Ga., by the capsizing of a small steam launch.

The Chicago police will permit no more parades in that city in which red flags or banners are displayed.

Louis N. Eyttinge, a nephew of the famous actress, Rose Eyttinge, was convicted of murder at Phoenix, Ariz., and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Thursday, May 23.

Heavy frost in Virginia Tuesday done great damage to the crops.

Charles B. Church, an actor, formerly with John Wilkes Booth, died at Cleveland, O., aged 70 years.

Charles H. Treat, treasurer of the United States, addressed the Missouri Bankers' Association at Kansas City.

W. E. Ward, of Hopewell, Md., was stricken with apoplexy while out driving, and was found dead in his carriage.

The comptroller of the currency issued a call for a statement of the condition of national banks at the close of business on May 20.

Friday, May 24.

The Maryland Democrats will hold their state convention at Baltimore on August 8.

The Pennsylvania Foresters will hold their next convention in Philadelphia in May, 1909.

Mrs. Ambrose Linebaugh, of Davidsburg, near York, Pa., was fatally burned while rendering aid.

Annie Sullivan, a chambermaid, and George A. James, a guest, were suffocated in a fire in the Metropolitan hotel at Utica, N. Y.

Mrs. Louis B. Hall, wife of the manager of the National Press Association of New York, committed suicide at Cincinnati, O., by drowning herself in a reservoir.

Saturday, May 25.

Former United States Senator John Patton died at Grand Rapids, Mich., of typhoid fever.

Two motormen were killed in a head-on collision between trolley cars at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rocco Panagino, who was on trial for murder in Brooklyn, committed suicide by hanging himself in jail with his belt.

The car barn of the Buffalo, Lake Erie Traction company, near Buffalo, N. Y., was burned, together with 25 cars, causing a loss of \$100,000.

Edna Fisher, 4 years old, who was bitten by a dog three weeks ago, died at her home, near Valley Forge, Pa., of hydrophobia.

Monday, May 27.

Mrs. Mary Greenhow Lee, widow of Captain Hugh H. Lee, died at Baltimore, aged 88 years.

President Roosevelt will make an address at the laying of the corner stone of the new Masonic Temple in Washington on June 8.

Potatoes in the Lancaster, Pa., market have jumped from 60c to \$1 a bushel, owing to the unreasonable weather.

Labor leaders and business men of Chicago are arranging a love feast for July 4.

Charged with embezzling \$36,000 R. F. Garner, a Southern Pacific railway clerk, has been arrested at Cartersville, Ga.

Tuesday, May 28.

Edna Wilson, an actress, committed suicide at Columbus, O., by drowning herself in a bathtub.

William McKie, a Kalamazoo, Mich., druggist, while despondent from financial difficulties, shot and killed his mother and himself.

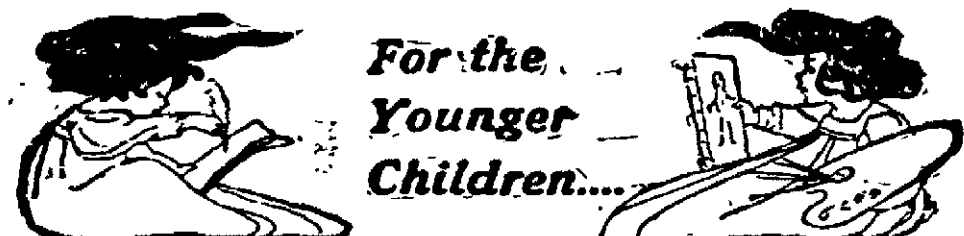
Lightning struck the postoffice at Atlantic City, N. J., and shocked several men and women in the corridor.

Dallas Sanders, a well-known lawyer and member of the Philadelphia board of civil service commissioners, died after a long illness.

The United States treasury purchased 100,000 ounces of silver for delivery at the Philadelphia mint, at \$7.720 per fine ounce.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

BALTIMORE—WHEAT: Farmer, No. 2 spot, 93¢; No. 3, 92¢; No. 4, 91¢; No. 5, 90¢; No. 6, 89¢; No. 7, 88¢; No. 8, 87¢; No. 9, 86¢; No. 10, 85¢; No. 11, 84¢; No. 12, 83¢; No. 13, 82¢; No. 14, 81¢; No. 15, 80¢; No. 16, 79¢; No. 17, 78¢; No. 18, 77¢; No. 19, 76¢; No. 20, 75¢; No. 21, 74¢; No. 22, 73¢; No. 23, 72¢; No. 24, 71¢; No. 25, 70¢; No. 26, 69¢; No. 27, 68¢; No. 28, 67¢; No. 29, 66¢; No. 30, 65¢; No. 31, 64¢; No. 32, 63¢; No. 33, 62¢; No. 34, 61¢; No. 35, 60¢; No. 36, 59¢; No. 37, 58¢; No. 38, 57¢; No. 39, 56¢; No. 40, 55¢; No. 41, 54¢; No. 42, 53¢; No. 43, 52¢; No. 44, 51¢; No. 45, 50¢; No. 46, 49¢; No. 47, 48¢; No. 48, 47¢; No. 49, 46¢; No. 50, 45¢; No. 51, 44¢; No. 52, 43¢; No. 53, 42¢; No. 54, 41¢; No. 55, 40¢; No. 56, 39¢; No. 57, 38¢; No. 58, 37¢; No. 59, 36¢; No. 60, 35¢; No. 61, 34¢; No. 62, 33¢; No. 63, 32¢; No. 64, 31¢; No. 65, 30¢; No. 66, 29¢; No. 67, 28¢; No. 68, 27¢; No. 69, 26¢; No. 70, 25¢; No. 71, 24¢; No. 72, 23¢; No. 73, 22¢; No. 74, 21¢; No. 75, 20¢; No. 76, 19¢; No. 77, 18¢; No. 78, 17¢; No. 79, 16¢; No. 80, 15¢; No. 81, 14¢; No. 82, 13¢; No. 83, 12¢; No. 84, 11¢; No. 85, 10¢; No. 86, 9¢; No



For the Younger Children...

THE CRICKET'S PARTY.
The cricket had a party
At half-past four;
He invited his cousin Spider
And a hundred and fifty more.

They had a dance that evening,
The hornet played the flute,
And he really looked quite handsome
In his brand-new suit.

They ended with a supper,
And had a pumpkin pie,
The tea he ate so much
That he thought that he would die.
—William McD. Sweets, Age Eleven
Years, Shelbyville, Ky., in the Woman's Home Companion.

A TRUE MOUSE STORY.
"Molly, mamma wants you in the parlor. Hurry."
"Oh, dear! I was just finishing Agatha's apron." Molly held it up with pride as she spoke, but big sisters are unappreciative.
"Well, put it away. I am to brush your hair and put on you a clean apron. Mrs. Warren wants to see you."

"Very well, when I thread my needle and stick it in." Molly unwillingly folded up her doll's spring sewing, which lay scattered all about. But she was an obedient little girl; and when Sister Bess had finished making her toilet, she went at once downstairs.

Just as she shook hands with Mrs. Warren something dreadful happened. She distinctly felt something move in her pocket! It gave a little jump, and then was quiet. Then it jumped around, until Molly was nearly frantic. She was sure a mouse had gotten in her pocket, and at the thought she uttered a scream that brought mamma to her side.

"What is the matter, what is the matter?" cried mamma.

"It's a mouse! It's a mouse! I feel it in my pocket! O-o-o!" Demure little Molly actually screamed with fright.

Mamma grasped the pocket and held it.

"Now, darling, it will not trouble you any more," she said. A funny look came into her face, and she began to laugh. Then she put her hand in the pocket, and drew forth—a spool of thread!

"Here is your mouse," she said. Molly suddenly checked her tears and began to laugh too.

"Why, it has been unwinding ever since I left the nursery," she exclaimed, catching sight of the thread trailing along the floor. "I wonder where the beginning is!"

"Run and see, and wind it up carefully as you go," said mamma.

With tears still wet upon her April face, Molly retraced her steps, winding all the time. And where do you think she found the end of her thread? Why, in the very needle she had stuck in Agatha's apron, and laid away in her little work basket. —Holiday Magazine.

THE BOY IN DEMAND.

One of the finest qualities in a workman is a disposition to do things that need to be done without being told. Young men working their way through college are invaluable if they have this quality. A tool is left out on the lawn; there is a rail off the fence; there is a window pane gone somewhere. The boy who tends to these things because they need attending to without specific directions is the boy who, other things being equal, is going to be in demand when he gets out into the great world. It is the attention to little things and the habit of observation, which sees what needs to be done and then does it which makes exceedingly useful men and women. There will always be a call to come up higher. It is in one sense a small thing to do these little things without orders, but it is the doing of them that makes great captains, great engineers, great artists, great architects, great workers in any department, and it is the absence of this quality that makes commonplace men and women, who will always have to live under the domination of petty orders, men and women who do nothing unless they are told to do it. It is this quality which makes volunteers in church work, and the invaluable men and women who do not have to be stood over. They are the joy of the pastor's heart; they are the persons who do not have to be watched. —Home Herald.

TWO WORDS AND THEIR RESULT

Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building when the heavy door swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little urchin sprang to the rescue, and as he held open the door she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

"Crack! d're that?" said the boy to a companion standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady said, 'Thank ye' to the likes of me."

Amused at the conversation which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned around and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civily treated once in a while—though I

don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said:
"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that simple "Thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds. —Home Herald.

DENITO.

There was once a donkey that had traveled over the streets of an old Spanish town for many years, carrying panniers, or baskets, on each side of his saddle, which were loaded with jars of sweet olive oil. Beside Benito walked his master, who cried his wares along the street, stopped at the street doors of those who always bought the oil, when he pulled the bell. In Spain many of the houses stand behind high, thick walls, and have beautiful gardens around them, and one can only enter by pulling the bell rope beside the door in the wall.

Benito's master had gathered his olives one year, and worked so hard putting them through the press and storing the oil in his cellar, that he grew weak and sick. His old wife could not go with Benito, for she was not strong, and she had to care for her sick husband.

"Benito will sell the oil," said the old man. "He always rang the bell, and he will go to all the houses where I sell the oil."

And so it was. A little brass box with a narrow opening in the top was fastened on Benito's saddle, and every day he faithfully made his rounds, pulling the bell at each house and waiting until his patron had measured the oil and put a coin in the box.

No one stole from Benito, or tried to cheat him. His master trusted them as he trusted Benito, and how could they prove less worthy of trust than a donkey? —Home Herald.

CURIOUS ANTS.

The ants in Lapland are three times as large as our common ant. Their nests are hillocks or fire sprigs and rubbish, often four feet high, the inside a mass of eggs and ants. Well beaten roads diverge from them in every direction, like the lines of a railway. These ants cross the little streams and brooks by means of natural bridges.

One day a naturalist was jumping over a brook and brushed with his head and shoulders two willow branches which met over the water. In an instant he was covered with ants, which were making their way across the bridge which he had disturbed. There is a species of large ant, which has mandibles that can bite through almost anything. One of the peculiarities of this ant is that when it catches hold of anything with these jaws it cannot be made to let go. Even if the rest of the body is pulled off, the jaws will keep their hold.

Ants know their friends after they have been separated from them for a long time. An Englishman took half the ants from a nest, and after six weeks marked one and put it into its old home with a stranger. The ants in the nest flew at the stranger, but took no notice of their old friend. He did the same thing once a week for a month, and every time the stranger was killed or driven out. —Good Literature.

WHY HE SUCCEEDED.

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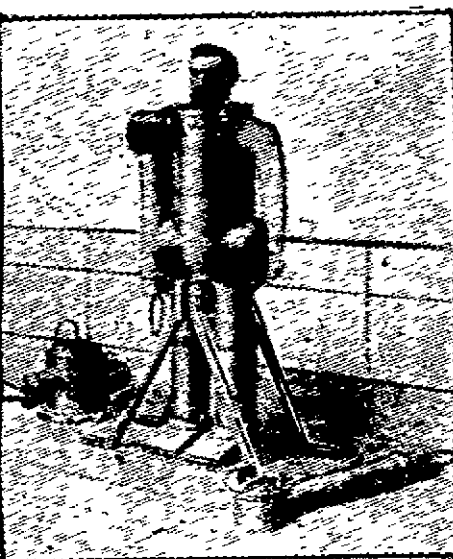


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An Armor For Deep-Sea Divers.

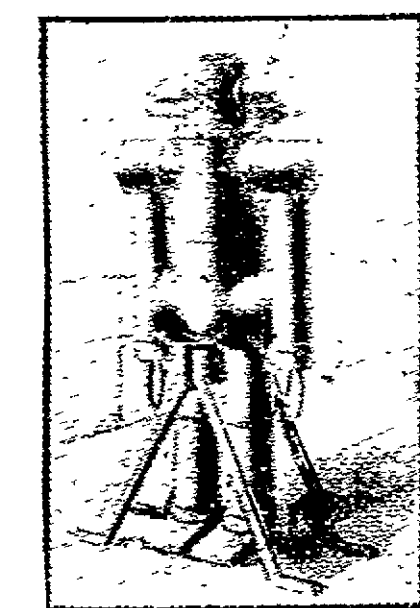
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The northwestern district of Rhodesia, in particular, abounds in every description of big game—elephant, hippopotamus, giraffe, zebra, lion, buffalo, rhinoceros and antelope, with other members of the deer family too numerous to mention. Even from the railway, so Mr. Bromwich says, great herds of game can be seen, and are in some cases quite a nuisance. The elephants, for instance, have some rooted and unaccountable objection to the mile pegs by the railway line, and cause endless annoyance by their habit of pulling them out of the ground with their trunks. There is, by the way, some excellent fishing.

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Perhaps the greatest recommendation of Rhodesia as a sportsman's country is that it is never necessary, in order to come within reach of big game, to get out of touch with civilization. In case of an accident, for instance, this fact is particularly comforting, for you can always get at a doctor within a day's travel. That means that you need not burden yourself with an enormous amount of luggage. The necessities of life can be bought near to the actual place where shooting can be had; though, of course, men who are particular in matters of outfit and provisions will provide themselves with what they consider necessary in England. —County Gentleman.

GRANDMAMMY'S POCKETPIECE.

One evening in the early part of September, 1792, Major John Buchanan, commander of a log fort situated about five miles from Nashville, Tenn., was awaiting an attack by Indians. The fort was strong, with blockhouses at the four corners, and the people were brave. Even the aged mother of the commander slept within easy reach of an ancient blunderbuss, which had not been used since it was wielded by her husband in the Battle of the Bluffs. The gun was so rude and clumsy in make that the soldiers laughingly called it "Grandmammy's pocketpiece." Nevertheless the old dame believed she could use it if need be.

The attack began, and the brave young wife of the commander, kneeling on the hearth, was pouring mol-

ten lead into the bullet molds when she was hailed in a loud voice by an impetuous Irishman, whose senses, says the author of "Old Tales Retold," were none the clearer for having taken a horn of whisky.

"It's me own gun that's no gud at all!" he bawled at the top of his voice. "Lend me th' loan of me Grandmammy's pocketpiece and it's Jim O'Connor will put the whole Injun army to rout."

As he would not listen to denial, the old gun was finally placed at O'Connor's disposal. It took four times as much powder as the more modern pieces. O'Connor, having rammed in the quadruple charge, noisily clambered up the ladder and thrust the blunderbuss through the porthole. Then he pulled the trigger and cried confidently, "It's dead ye are intirely!"

He was sure he had done great execution, although he had heard no report, a circumstance he accounted for by the uproar going on all round. He descended the ladder and demanded another charge. Four times in succession he descended for ammunition, and each time he put into the gun the full amount of powder and lead which it required. In the belief that he had already dealt death to the savages with each shot, he pulled the trigger for the fifth time.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "This will finish the row."

This time the gun went off. A streak of fire that seemed a yard long to Jim's astonished eyes flashed from the muzzle with a report that shook the stout buildings and deadened every other sound. O'Connor, kicked back with the recoil, went rolling down eight feet to the ground floor. The ancient blunderbuss had been discharged for the first time, and all the heavy five loads had gone off at once.

"Well," said O'Connor, as he picked himself up, "I gave it to him, but she gave me a tremendous pounce!"

In truth, "Grandmammy's pocketpiece" in O'Connor's blundering hands helped the pioneers win the battle. The Indians stood in awe of the white man's "big guns," and when they heard what they believed was the report of a cannon the sound unnerved them to such a degree that they relaxed their efforts and acted with a hesitancy which the pioneers were quick to see and profit by.

FARMER TORN BY A HAWK.

After a desperate battle, in which he narrowly escaped losing his eyesight, Jacob C. Smith, an old farmer whose home is in North Babylon, succeeded in killing a large and hunger-crazed hawk which chased his chickens into the hen coop and then followed them in to feast upon them at leisure. Time and again the feathered marauder flew at the eyes of Smith, who had hurried to save his pets and closed the door after him to prevent the hawk flying out and escaping. It was only by covering his face and eyes with his arms, and letting the beak and talons of the infuriated bird sink into his forearms and hands that the doughty old farmer saved his sight and killed the hawk. It was measured to-day. The stretch of its wings from tip to tip was three feet. Its beak and talons were long and almost as hard as steel.

For several weeks Smith had been missing chickens. He knew a hawk or a fox was at work on his flock. Diligent watch failed to reveal the thief. Fortunately Smith was near the chicken house when the hawk appeared. With graceful swoop it descended toward the yard, and the fowls fled cackling into their house. With an ordinary hawk that would have settled the situation and they would have been safe. But this old campaigner had decided to have a chicken for dinner. Instead of flying away over the fields it alighted near the henhouse and then hopped in after the chickens. That was too much for Smith, and he hopped in after the hawk.

Smith just had closed the door behind him and fastened it when he heard a savage scream and a whirl of wings. He did not have time to grasp the angry bird, which was hurling itself straight in his face. All he could do was to throw up his arms and save his eyes from being gouged out. Then he felt the talons of the bird sink into his arms and hands and the beak beat against his hat. Realizing it had been foiled in reaching its objective the hawk flew to the other end of the henhouse and watched for another opening. It was confused for a few seconds by the wild fluttering and cackling of the chickens, which were running and flying in all directions. Then it uttered its battle cry anew and made another lunge at Smith.

That time the farmer was ready. He realized he must sacrifice his hands to save his eyes. He succeeded in grabbing the bird just before it reached him, shifted one of his hands to its neck, gave a sharp twist of his wrist and then threw the hawk away from him. He had broken its neck. Prone among the chickens upon which it had expected to feast, the pirate of the air gave a few flutters and died. With lacerated and bleeding hands Smith picked the bird up and carried it out to show his family and the neighbors. —New York Press.

Use For Obsolete Pennies.

Four hundred pounds of obsolete German pennies of about the same proportion of copper and tin as used in high conductivity electrical castings have, it is said, recently been purchased at twenty-one cents a pound by United States manufacturers, being cheaper now than electrolytic copper. —Philadelphia Record.



For the Younger Children....



THE CRICKET'S PARTY.

The cricket had a party
At half-past four;
He invited his cousin Spider
And a hundred and fifty more.

They had a dance that evening,
The hornet played the flute,
And he really looked quite handsome
In his brand-new suit.

They ended with a supper,
And had a pumpkin pie;
The flea he ate so much
That he thought that he would die.
—William McD. Sweets, Age Eleven
Years, Shelbyville, Ky., in the Woman's Home Companion.

A TRUE MOUSE STORY.

"Molly, mamma wants you in the parlor. Hurry."
"Oh, dear! I was just finishing Agatha's apron." Molly held it up with pride as she spoke, but big sisters were unappreciative.
"Well, put it away. I am to brush your hair and put on you a clean apron. Mrs. Warren wants to see you."

"Very well, when I thread my needle and stick it in," Molly unwillingly folded up her doll's spring sewing, which lay scattered all about. But she was an obedient little girl; and when Sister Bess had finished making her toilet, she went at once downstairs.

Just as she shook hands with Mrs. Warren something dreadful happened. She distinctly felt something move in her pocket! It gave a little jump, and then was quiet. Then it jumped around, until Molly was nearly frantic. She was sure a mouse had gotten in her pocket, and at the thought she uttered a scream that brought mamma to her side.

"What is the matter, what is the matter?" cried mamma.

"It's a mouse! It's a mouse! I feel it in my pocket! O-o-o!" Demure little Molly actually screamed with fright.

Mamma grasped the pocket and held it.

"Now, darling, it will not trouble you any more," she said. A funny look came into her face, and she began to laugh. Then she put her hand in the pocket, and drew forth—a spoon of thread!

"Here is your mouse," she said. Molly suddenly checked her tears and began to laugh too.

"Why, it has been unwinding ever since I left the nursery," she exclaimed, catching sight of the thread trailing along the floor. "I wonder where the beginning is!"

"Run and see, and wind it up carefully as you go," said mamma.

With tears still wet upon her April face, Molly retraced her steps, winding all the time. And where do you think she found the end of her thread? Why, in the very needle she had stuck in Agatha's apron, and laid away in her little work basket. —Holiday Magazine.

THE BOY IN DEMAND.

One of the finest qualities in a workman is a disposition to do things that need to be done without being told. Young men working their way through college are invaluable if they have this quality. A tool is left out on the lawn; there is a nail off the fence; there is a window pane gone somewhere. The boy who tends to these things because they need attending to without specific directions is the boy who, other things being equal, is going to be in demand when he gets out into the great world. It is the attention to little things and the habit of observation, which sees what needs to be done and then does it which makes exceedingly useful men and women. There will always be a call to come up higher. It is in one sense a small thing to do these little things without orders, but it is the doing of them that makes great captains, great engineers, great artists, great architects, great workers in any department, and it is the absence of this quality that makes commonplace men and women, who will always have to live under the domination of petty orders, men and women who do nothing unless they are told to do it. It is this quality which makes volunteers in church work, and the invaluable men and women who do not have to be stood over. They are the joy of the pastor's heart; they are the persons who do not have to be watched. —Home Herald.

TWO WORDS AND THEIR RESULT

Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building when the heavy door swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little urchin sprang to the rescue, and as he held open the door she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

"Cracky! dyo that?" said the boy to a companion standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady said, 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned around and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I

don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said:

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that simple "Thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds. —Home Herald.

DENITO.

There was once a donkey that had traveled over the streets of an old Spanish town for many years, carrying panniers, or baskets, on each side of his saddle, which were loaded with jars of sweet olive oil. Beside Benito walked his master, who cried his wares along the street, stopped at the street doors of those who always bought the oil, when he pulled the bell. In Spain many of the houses stand behind high, thick walls, and have beautiful gardens around them, and one can only enter by pulling the bell rope beside the door in the wall.

Benito's master had gathered his olives one year, and worked so hard putting them through the press and storing the oil in his cellar, that he grew weak and sick. His old wife could not go with Benito, for she was not strong, and she had to care for her sick husband.

"Benito will sell the oil," said the old man. "He always rang the bell, and he will go to all the houses where I sell the oil."

And so it was. A little brass box with a narrow opening in the top was fastened on Benito's saddle, and every day he faithfully made his rounds, pulling the bell at each house and waiting until his patron had measured the oil and put a coin in the box.

No one stole from Benito, or tried to cheat him. His master trusted them as he trusted Benito, and how could they prove less worthy of trust than a donkey? —Home Herald.

CURIOUS ANTS.

The ants in Lapland are three times as large as our common ant. Their nests are hillocks or fire sprigs and rubbish, often four feet high, the inside a mass of eggs and ants. Well beaten roads diverge from them in every direction, like the lines of a railway. These ants cross the little streams and brooks by means of natural bridges.

One day a naturalist was jumping over a brook and brushed with his head and shoulders two willow branches which met over the water. In an instant he was covered with ants, which were making their way across the bridge which he had disturbed. There is a species of large ant, which has mandibles that can bite through almost anything. One of the peculiarities of this ant is that when it catches hold of anything with these jaws it cannot be made to let go. Even if the rest of the body is pulled off, the jaws will keep their hold.

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Perhaps the greatest recommendation of Rhodesia as a sportsman's country is that it is never necessary, in order to come within reach of big game, to get out of touch with civilization. In case of an accident, for instance, this fact is particularly comforting, for you can always get at a doctor within a day's travel. That means that you need not burden yourself with an enormous amount of luggage. The necessities of life can be bought near to the actual place where shooting can be had; though, of course, men who are particular in matters of outfit and provisions will provide themselves with what they consider necessary in England. —County Gentleman.

GRANDMAMMY'S POCKETPIECE.

One evening in the early part of September, 1792, Major John Buchanan, commander of a log fort situated about five miles from Nashville, Tenn., was awaiting an attack by Indians. The fort was strong, with blockhouses at the four corners, and the people were brave. Even the aged mother of the commander slept within easy reach of an ancient blunderbuss, which had not been used since it was welded by her husband in the Battle of the Bluffs. The gun was so rude and clumsy in make that the soldiers laughingly called it "Grandmammy's pocketpiece." Nevertheless the old dame believed she could use it if need be.

The attack began, and the brave young wife of the commander, kneeling on the hearth, was pouring mol-

ten lead into the bullet molds when she was hailed in a loud voice by an impetuous Irishman, whose senses, says the author of "Old Tales Retold," were none the clearer for having taken a horn of whiskey.

"It's me own gun that's no gud at all!" he bawled at the top of his voice. "Lend me th' loan of me Grandmammy's pocketpiece and it's Jim O'Connor will put the whole Injun army to rout."

As he would not listen to denial, the old gun was finally placed at O'Connor's disposal. It took four times as much powder as the more modern pieces. O'Connor, having rammed in the quadruple charge, noisily clambered up the ladder and thrust the blunderbuss through the porthole. Then he pulled the trigger and cried confidently, "It's dead ye are intirely!"

He was sure he had done great execution, although he had heard no report, a circumstance he accounted for by the uproar going on all round. He descended the ladder and demanded another charge. Four times in succession he descended for ammunition, and each time he put into the gun the full amount of powder and lead which it required. In the belief that he had already dealt death to the savages with each shot, he pulled the trigger for the fifth time.

"Hurra!" he shouted. "This will finish the row."

This time the gun went off. A streak of fire that seemed a yard long to Jim's astonished eyes flashed from the muzzle with a report that shook the stout buildings and deadened every other sound. O'Connor, kicked back with the recoil, went rolling down eight feet to the ground floor. The ancient blunderbuss had been discharged for the first time, and all the heavy five loads had gone off at once.

"Well," said O'Connor, as he picked himself up, "I gave it to him, but she gave me a tremendous pounce!"

In truth, "Grandmammy's pocketpiece" in O'Connor's blundering hands helped the pioneers win the battle. The Indians stood in awe of the white man's "big guns," and when they heard what they believed was the report of a cannon the sound unnerved them to such a degree that they relaxed their efforts and acted with a hesitancy which the pioneers were quick to see and profit by.

FARMER TORN BY A HAWK.

After a desperate battle, in which he narrowly escaped losing his eyesight, Jacob C. Smith, an old farmer whose home is in North Babylon, succeeded in killing a large and hunger-crazed hawk which chased his chickens into the hen coop and then followed them in to feast upon them at leisure. Time and again the feathered marauder flew at the eyes of Smith, who had hurried to save his pets and closed the door after him to prevent the hawk flying out and escaping. It was only by covering his face and eyes with his arms, and letting the beak and talons of the infuriated bird sink into his forearms and hands that the doughty old farmer saved his sight and killed the hawk. It was measured to-day. The stretch of its wings from tip to tip was three feet. Its beak and talons were long and almost as hard as steel.

For several weeks Smith had been missing chickens. He knew a hawk or a fox was at work on his flock. Diligent watch failed to reveal the thief. Fortunately Smith was near the chicken house when the hawk appeared. With graceful swoop it descended toward the yard, and the fowls fled cackling into their house. With an ordinary hawk that would have settled the situation and they would have been safe. But this old campaigner had decided to have a chicken for dinner. Instead of flying away over the fields it alighted near the henhouse and then hopped in after the chickens. That was too much for Smith, and he hopped in after the hawk.

Smith just had closed the door behind him and fastened it when he heard a savage scream and a whirl of wings. He did not have time to grasp the angry bird, which was hurling itself straight in his face. All he could do was to throw up his arms and save his eyes from being gouged out. Then he felt the talons of the bird sink into his arms and hands and the beak beat against his hat. Realizing it had been foiled in reaching its objective the hawk flew to the other end of the henhouse and watched for another opening. It was confused for a few seconds by the wild fluttering and cackling of the chickens, which were running and flying in all directions. Then it uttered its battle cry anew and made another lunge at Smith.

That time the farmer was ready. He realized he must sacrifice his hands to save his eyes. He succeeded in grabbing the bird just before it reached him, shifted one of his hands to its neck, gave a sharp twist of his wrist and then threw the hawk away from him. He had broken its neck. Prone among the chickens upon which it had expected to feast, the pirate of the air gave a few flutters and died. With lacerated and bleeding hands Smith picked the bird up and carried it out to show his family, and the neighbors. —New York Press.

Use For Obsolete Pennies.

Four hundred pounds of obsolete German pennies of about the same proportion of copper and tin as used in high conductivity electrical castings have, it is said, recently been purchased at twenty-one cents a pound by United States manufacturers, being cheaper now than electrolytic copper. —Philadelphia Record.



For the Younger Children...

THE CRICKET'S PARTY.
The cricket had a party
At half-past four;
He invited his cousin Spider
And a hundred and fifty more.

They had a dance that evening,
The hornet played the flute,
And he really looked quite handsome
In his brand-new suit.

They ended with a supper,
And had a pumpkin pie;
The flea he ate so much
That he thought that he would die.
—William McD. Sweets, Age Eleven
Years, Shelbyville, Ky., in the Woman's Home Companion.

A TRUE MOUSE STORY.

"Molly, mamma wants you in the parlor. Hurry."

"Oh, dear! I was just finishing Agatha's apron." Molly held it up with pride as she spoke, but big sisters are unappreciative.

"Well, put it away. I am to brush your hair and put on you a clean apron. Mrs. Warren wants to see you."

"Very well, when I thread my needle and stick it in," Molly unwillingly folded up her doll's spring sewing, which lay scattered all about. But she was an obedient little girl; and when Sister Bess had finished making her toilet, she went at once downstairs.

Just as she shook hands with Mrs. Warren something dreadful happened. She distinctly felt something move in her pocket! It gave a little jump, and then was quiet. Then it jumped around, until Molly was nearly frantic. She was sure a mouse had gotten in her pocket, and at the thought she uttered a scream that brought mamma to her side.

"What is the matter, what is the matter?" cried mamma.
"It's a mouse! It's a mouse! I feel it in my pocket! O-o-o!" Demure little Molly actually screamed with fright.

Mamma grasped the pocket and held it.

"Now, darling, it will not trouble you any more," she said. A funny look came into her face, and she began to laugh. Then she put her hand in the pocket, and drew forth—a spool of thread!

"Here is your mouse," she said. Molly suddenly checked her tears and began to laugh too.

"Why, it has been unwinding ever since I left the nursery," she exclaimed, catching sight of the thread trailing along the floor. "I wonder where the beginning is!"

"Run and see, and wind it up carefully as you go," said mamma.

With tears still wet upon her April face, Molly retraced her steps, winding all the time. And where do you think she found the end of her thread? Why, in the very needle she had stuck in Agatha's apron, and laid away in her little work basket. —Holiday Magazine.

THE BOY IN DEMAND.

One of the finest qualities in a workman is a disposition to do things that need to be done without being told. Young men working their way through college are invaluable if they have this quality. A tool is left out on the lawn; there is a rail off the fence; there is a window pane gone somewhere. The boy who tends to these things because they need attending to without specific directions is the boy who, other things being equal, is going to be in demand when he gets out into the great world. It is the attention to little things and the habit of observation, which sees what needs to be done and then does it which makes exceedingly useful men and women. There will always be a call to come up higher. It is in one sense a small thing to do these little things without orders, but it is the doing of them that makes great captains, great engineers, great artists, great architects, great workers in any department, and it is the absence of this quality that makes commonplace men and women, who will always have to live under the domination of petty orders, men and women who do nothing unless they are told to do it. It is this quality which makes volunteers in church work, and the invaluable men and women who do not have to be stood over. They are the joy of the pastor's heart; they are the persons who do not have to be watched. —Home Herald.

TWO WORDS AND THEIR RESULT

Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building when the heavy door swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little urchin sprang to the rescue, and as he held open the door she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

"Cracky! d'yo that?" said the boy to a companion standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady said, 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me.'"

Amused at the conversation which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned around and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civily treated once in a while—though I

don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said:
"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that simple "Thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds. —Home Herald.

BENITO.

There was once a donkey that had traveled over the streets of an old Spanish town for many years, carrying panniers, or baskets, on each side of his saddle, which were loaded with jars of sweet olive oil. Beside Benito walked his master, who cried his wares along the street, stopped at the street doors of those who always bought the oil, when he pulled the bell. In Spain many of the houses stand behind high, thick walls, and have beautiful gardens around them, and one can only enter by pulling the bell rope beside the door in the wall.

Benito's master had gathered his olives one year, and worked so hard putting them through the press and storing the oil in his cellar, that he grew weak and sick. His old wife could not go with Benito, for she was not strong, and she had to care for her sick husband.

"Benito will sell the oil," said the old man. "He always rang the bell, and he will go to all the houses where I sell the oil."

And so it was. A little brass box with a narrow opening in the top was fastened on Benito's saddle, and every day he faithfully made his rounds, pulling the bell at each house and waiting until his patron had measured the oil and put a coin in the box.

No one stole from Benito, or tried to cheat him. His master trusted them as he trusted Benito, and how could they prove less worthy of trust than a donkey? —Home Herald.

CURIOUS ANTS.

The ants in Lapland are three times as large as our common ant. Their nests are hillocks or fire sprigs and rubbish, often four feet high, the inside a mass of eggs and ants. Well beaten roads diverge from them in every direction, like the lines of a railway. These ants cross the little streams and brooks by means of natural bridges.

One day a naturalist was jumping over a brook and brushed with his head and shoulders two willow branches which met over the water. In an instant he was covered with ants, which were making their way across the bridge which he had disturbed. There is a species of large ant, which has mandibles that can bite through almost anything. One of the peculiarities of this ant is that when it catches hold of anything with these jaws it cannot be made to let go. Even if the rest of the body is pulled off, the jaws will keep their hold.

Ants know their friends after they have been separated from them for a long time. An Englishman took half the ants from a nest, and after six weeks marked one and put it into its old home with a stranger. The ants in the nest flew at the stranger, but took no notice of their old friend. He did the same thing once a week for a month, and every time the stranger was killed or driven out. —Good Literature.

WHY HE SUCCEEDED.

A boy, fourteen years of age, engaged as a dry goods clerk, was told by his proprietor to stretch the cloth, and because he would not be dishonest, he was discharged. He afterwards became Adam Clark, the great commentator. He planted the seed in this one act of loyalty that was to become a tremendous force for righteousness in his subsequent life.

A boy who had been apprenticed to a jeweler in New York was asked by a wealthy customer of the firm for an eighteen carat ring. In looking over the stock he discovered that there was no ring in the establishment which contained more than sixteen carats of gold. When the lady had left the store, the proprietor, who had overheard the conversation, reproached the boy for not having made the sale. "She would have been satisfied," he said, "with a sixteen carat ring, and she would never have known the difference."

"But I knew the difference," said the brave fellow, "and I would not tell a lie to make a sale."

This is the kind of stuff that makes men, if it doesn't make salesmen. Such boys are building life carefully, and the value of such scrupulousness—in the long run—is inestimable. —Home Herald.

An average man needs 1600 pounds weight of food yearly.

France's Prime Minister.

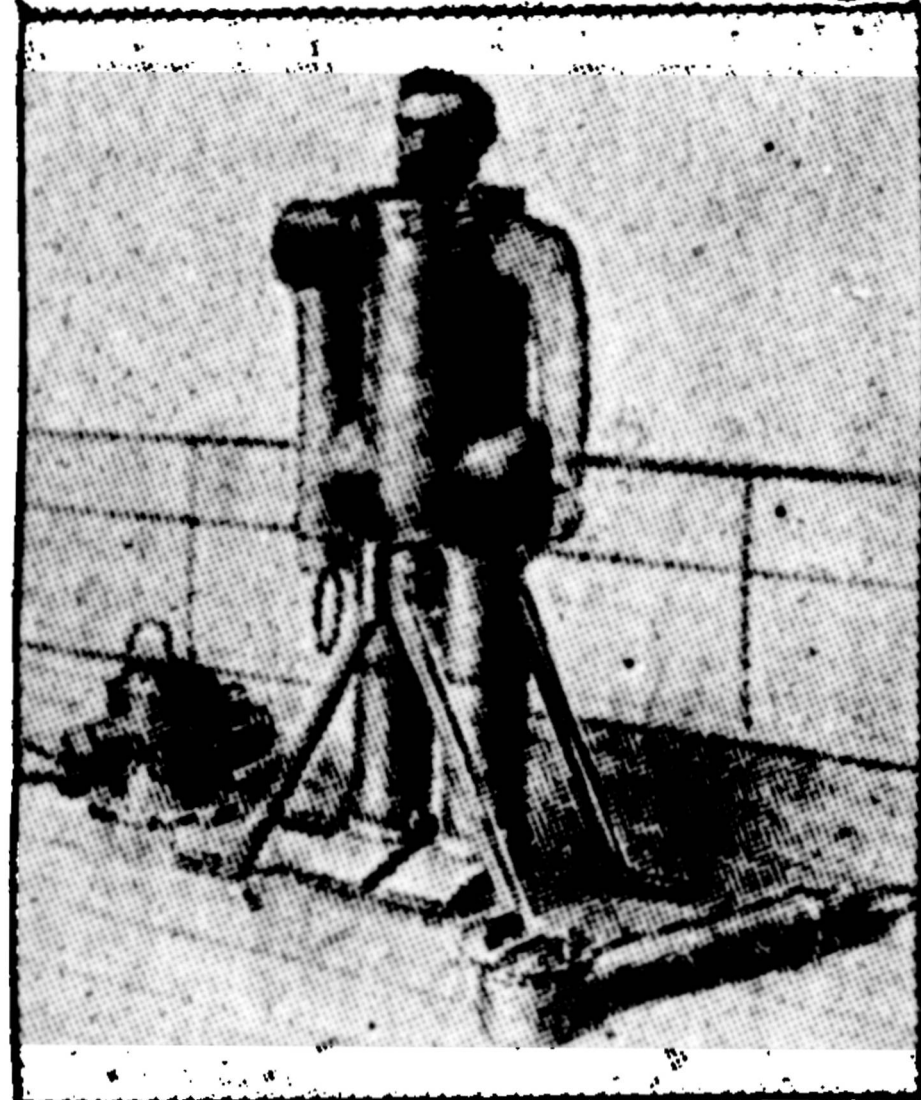


CLEMENCEAU IN FRONT OF HIS HENHOUSE, WHICH WAS SPECIALLY BUILT FOR HIM ON THE AMERICAN PLAN.

An Armor For Deep-Sea Divers.

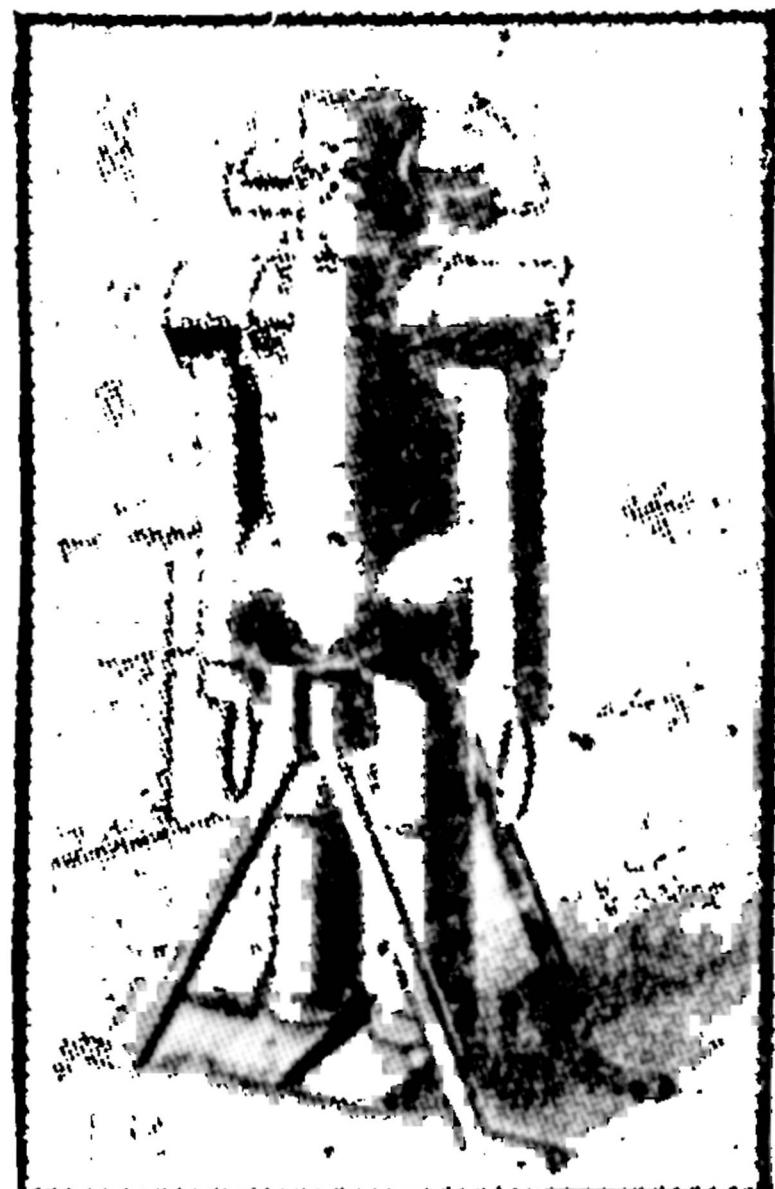
A novel form of diver's apparatus, which we are told by the Scientific American promises to be of great value in salvage operations, has been invented by a Parisian hydrographic engineer named De Pluyv. Says the paper just named:

"As De Pluyv has had many years' experience in diving operations there



Helmet and One Arm-Piece Removed.

is no doubt that the apparatus is of practical value. He uses a metallic diving suit which is made somewhat on the plan of the ancient coat-of-armor, being built of light and strong sheet metal having a thickness varying from 0.2 to 0.3 inch according to the position of the pieces. The joints and coupling points are made of pressed leather and rubber, and a special form of hydraulic joint is employed. On the top of the armor is fixed the helmet, which is the principal feature of the apparatus. The air is not brought to the diver from the outside, as usual, but the air he breathes is sent by a tube into a special regenerating chamber containing certain chemical products which renew the supply of oxygen, and the air is then sent to the interior of the helmet by another tube. The air renewing apparatus is contained in a pair



Ready for the Descent.

of cylindrical chambers attached to each side of the helmet. Regulating valves keep the air pressure within the helmet at the right amount and always constant, no matter what the depth may be below the surface. Mounting and descending are effected by a drum and cable worked by an electric motor. At the same time the cable serves to carry the current which is needed for the respiratory apparatus. The diver communicates with the surface by a telephone, and a number of wires run from the armor up to a set of colored lamps, showing how the different parts are working. There are many advantages to be secured from the new apparatus, and we expect to give a more complete and illustrated description of this interesting device. Mr. De Pluyv has personally been able to go down to a great depth, and during the 115 descents which he has al-

ready made with the new diving suit he reached depths varying from 150 to 300 feet. This far exceeds the depth to which an ordinary diver can go."

Knife Polisher.

Every woman welcomes the addition of little accessories which help to make her household duties lighter and less irksome. The daily polishing of the knives may be a small matter, but with the assistance of the knife polisher shown here it can be accomplished in one-quarter the time it ordinarily takes. This little kitchen appurtenance is made of sheet metal, bent to form a pair of parallel plates about an inch apart. One plate is longer than the other, and is attached to the edge of the table or in some other convenient position. Secured to the inside of the plates are pieces of flannel or similar cleaning material. After the knives have been washed and dried, to put on the



Polishes Both Sides.

finishing polish they are inserted between two pieces of flannel and given a slight rub back and forth. Incidentally, both sides of the knife are polished at the same time. The inventor is a Canadian. —Philadelphia Record.

Needle Wrong, Ship Strikes.

Captain William Hughes and six men, who made up the crew of the British barkentine Annie Lloyd, recently lost on Hogstye Reef, in the Bahamas, arrived here on the steamship Prinz Eitel Friedrich of the Hamburg-American line's West Indian service. The seamen lost about everything they owned when the barkentine struck, on March 5.

As an explanation of the Lloyd's grounding, it is believed that the compass was inaccurate, and that conditions are such in the neighborhood of this reef as to make it a particularly dangerous locality to navigate. Not only is the reef submerged at all tides, but it was pointed out by the judge-advocate of a court inquiry, held at Long Cay, the Bahamas, to investigate the wreck of the Lloyd, that a steamship loaded with steel rails was lost on this shoal, and that the remains of this wreck, lying on the rocks, have magnetic force enough to deflect a compass. —New York Commercial.

Change in China.

Kaleidoscopic bewildering change is the outstanding characteristic of the political prospect of China at the present time. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall" is, in the China of to-day, a thoroughly worldly wise and eminently practical piece of advice. —Shanghai Mercury.

According to the most reliable reports there are 262,000 Sunday schools in the world, with a total enrollment of 26,000,000 pupils.



THE REAL RHODESIA.

The misconceptions of Rhodesia are manifold. Many people seem to think of it as a desert, just as the name of Egypt brings to their mind's eye a vast sandy plain, with Pyramids and a Sphinx instead of grass and vegetation. But as a traveler who has recently returned from Rhodesia put it, if an average Englishman could be blindfolded at home, taken to Rhodesia, and there told that he might remove the bandage from his eyes, he would, not, when he did so, be able to tell from the scenery that he was not at home in one of the more picturesque districts of his native land. Mr. Alfred Bromwich, the curator of the British South Africa Company's museum, has brought back with him from his tour in Rhodesia quite "a cloud of witnesses" to the luxuriance of the vegetation of the country, in the shape of wonderful botanical specimens, palms, grasses, ferns, flowers and heather, and hundreds of photographs, which sufficiently emphasize the fact that the country is neither an impenetrable jungle nor an arid waste. Perhaps the 'samples of heather are the most fascinating of his curiosities. Somehow or other, one cannot get away from the notion that in Scotland, Yorkshire and the Devonshire moors we have the only heather in the world. One does not, at all events, think of heather in such places as Africa and India. But in Rhodesia there are vast expanses of glorious heather-moor exactly like stretches of Dartmoor or the Gramplains. And, judging by the way in which other British fauna have thriven when imported into Rhodesia, it would probably be not a difficult matter to stock Rhodesian moors with grouse and blackcock—indeed, with all the game of an English or Scottish grouse moor.

The northwestern district of Rhodesia, in particular, abounds in every description of big game—elephant, hippopotamus, giraffe, zebra, lion, buffalo, rhinoceros and antelope, with other members of the deer family too numerous to mention. Even from the railway, so Mr. Bromwich says, great herds of game can be seen, and are in some cases quite a nuisance. The elephants, for instance, have some rooted and unaccountable objection to the mile pegs by the railway line, and cause endless annoyance by their habit of pulling them out of the ground with their trunks. There is, by the way, some excellent fishing.

The baboons, too, being expert thieves, and even burglars, are a considerable nuisance, particularly to storekeepers, of whose goods they manage to filch a surprising quantity. Mr. Bromwich relates the experience of a storekeeper personally known to himself. This man, hearing a noise in his shop at a time when he was temporarily in a small room at the back of the building, returned hurriedly, just in time to see a baboon grab something from the counter and then dash out of the shop. This was a large bottle, as its late owner discovered, and contained Epsom salts, and as he watched the simian thief disappear, brandishing his prize, he shook his fist after him exclaiming, "Well, I only hope you'll take the bottleful all at once." However, he never saw the end.

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Perfect Womanhood

The greatest menace to woman's permanent happiness in life is the suffering that comes from some derangement of the feminine organs. Many thousands of women have realized this too late to save their health, barely in time to save their lives.

To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging, that she gets easily tired, dark shadows appear under her eyes, she has backache, headache, bearing-down sensations, nervousness, irregularities or the "blues," she should start at once to build up her system by a tonic with specific powers, such as—



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The great woman's remedy for woman's ills, made only of roots and herbs. It cures Female Complaints, such as Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and all Organic Diseases, and is invaluable in the Change of Life. It dissolves and Expels Tumors at an early stage. Subdues Faintness, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, and invigorates the whole female system. It is an excellent remedy for derangements of the Kidneys in either sex.

New York's Population.

The rapid growth of the Nation's great metropolis is a source of national interest and pride. Statisticians figure that the population of the city will exceed that of London by the year 1915, and will double in 25 years. The present generation will undoubtedly see in New York the world's greatest metropolis. Few persons realize that the population of New York City is already one in twenty of the population of the entire United States, or that the growth of New York City in the century past has been five times more rapid than the growth of the whole country.

BABY'S ECZEMA GREW WORSE.

Hospitals and Doctors Could Not Relieve Disease—Cuticura Remedies a Speedy, Permanent Cure.

"Eczema appeared when our baby was three months old. We applied to several doctors and hospitals, each of which gave us something different every time, but nothing brought relief. At last, one of our friends recommended to us Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. A few days afterwards improvement could be noted. Since then we have used nothing but Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and now the baby is six months old and is quite cured. All that we used was one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes Cuticura Ointment, costing in all \$1.25. C. F. Kara, 343 East 65th Street, New York, March 30, 1906."

Study Locomotive Economy.

The Pennsylvania system is investigating the problem as to how many miles a locomotive should make before being sent to the shop, irrespective of whether it is broken down or not. An expert engineer is studying the problem and is making exhaustive reports on the mileage that can be made economically by a locomotive before it should be sent to the shops for an overhauling. When this mileage is determined orders will be issued to send every engine to the shops when it makes the specified run, regardless of its general condition.—Iron Trade Review.

Marriage the Only Excitement.

The average English girl of the upper classes starts life hopelessly slack and indifferent. In her more or less sheltered, easy life, she has no particular interests, no opinions, no temptations. The only excitement of her life is her marriage, and even that she takes very mildly.—Ladies' Field.



THE SPALDING BASE BALL

FOR THIRTY YEARS STANDARD OF THE WORLD. The Official Ball of the National League, American League, and all other professional leagues. Boys' Official Base Ball, 75c. Each.

BASE BALL UNIFORMS FOR BOYS.

No. 4 Quality, on team orders, \$4.00 per suit. No. 5 Quality, on team orders, \$5.00 per suit. SPECIAL—No. 6 Quality, \$1.00 per suit.

Our Special No. 6 Boy's Uniform consists of shirt, button front with one left cuff, in sizes up to 34 inch chest, jacketed pants in sizes up to 34 inch waist, peak cap, web belt, and either plain or striped stockings. ORDER NOW—DON'T DELAY.

Spalding manufactures everything for the athlete. Uniforms and equipment for every athletic sport.

BOOKS YOU NEED—10c. per copy. Postpaid.

No. 1 Spalding's Official Base Ball Guide. No. 221 How to Play Base Ball. No. 222 How to Bat. No. 223 How to Run Bases. No. 224 How to Pitch. No. 225 How to Catch. No. 226 How to Play First Base. No. 227 How to Play Second Base. No. 228 How to Play Third Base. No. 229 How to Play Shortstop. No. 230 How to Play Outfield. No. 231 How to Organize a Base Ball League, Manager's Base Ball Club, Trials and Captain's Team and Empire a Game.

Send for list of books on every athletic sport. New Base Ball Catalogue Free to any address. Free. Mail Order Dept. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., 125 Nassau St., NEW YORK.

FREE To convince any woman that Paxtine Anti-septic will improve her health and do all we claim for it, we will send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

PAXTINE cleanses and cures mucous membrane affections, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and inflammation caused by feminine ills; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at drugists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

THE B. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

P. N. U. 20, 1907.

Thompson's Eye Water

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

A Janesville, Wis., grocer and butcher has contrived a way to dispense with ice for cooling his icebox in the winter time. He has run a furnace pipe from the box to the outer air, and by means of an electric fan drives the cold air from outdoors into the box, and finds that it serves very well as a substitute for ice.

A diamond is nothing but carbon, almost absolutely pure. If a diamond be raised to a white heat in the absence of oxygen it turns into a black mass, which is virtually the same as a piece of charcoal. Diamonds which are not absolutely white owe their tinge of color to the presence of oxides of various metals, such as iron.

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One of the reasons why pneumatic tires gradually become exhausted, even when unpunctured, is that the compressed air within slowly escapes through the rubber, and this process is hastened by the oxidation of the rubber, which causes it to crack. As at least a partial remedy for this, it has been proposed to inflate tires not with ordinary air, but with nitrogen, an inert gas which does not affect the rubber. Tests of nitrogen-inflated tires for automobiles have been made in France, and the results are said to be encouraging.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by F. J. CUREY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Muddy Days in London.

It has been calculated that the cost of a muddy day in London is something like \$25,000. This is not surprising when one remembers that no fewer than 32 tons of mud are carried about from place to place on the wheels of carts and carriages and horses' hoofs. After a wet day the dry mud brushed from people's clothing amounts to 15 tons, and a very similar amount is shaken out of door mats. City mud, however, has its good points. The shoeblack increases his earnings in the muddy weather, and new silk hats and dresses and boots and shoes are each and all the direct outcome of its destructive qualities.—London Times.

The inducements to adopt Nature's perfect Laxative, Garfield Tea, are many! It is made wholly of simple herbs and is guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Law; it overcomes constipation, regulates the liver and kidneys, purifies the blood and brings Good Health.

Rocks Observe Sunday.

All the animal world appears to know a Sunday from a week day. There is a tradition in Lancashire, and perhaps elsewhere, that the rocks always commence building on the first Sunday in March. This has been frequently verified by observation, and the punctuality of the rocks might almost claim to exceed the limits of coincidence.—Country Life.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Profit by the Experience of One Who Has Found Relief.

James R. Keeler, retired farmer, of Fenner St., Cazenovia, N. Y., says: "About fifteen years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. I doctored and used many remedies without getting relief. Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, I found relief from the first box, and two boxes restored me to good, sound condition. My wife and many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and I can earnestly recommend them."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

One of the Important Duties of Physicians and the Well-Informed of the World

is to learn as to the relative standing and reliability of the leading manufacturers of medicinal agents, as the most eminent physicians are the most careful as to the uniform quality and perfect purity of remedies prescribed by them, and it is well known to physicians and the Well-Informed generally that the California Fig Syrup Co., by reason of its correct methods and perfect equipment and the ethical character of its product has attained to the high standing in scientific and commercial circles which is accorded to successful and reliable houses only, and, therefore, that the name of the Company has become a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy.

TRUTH AND QUALITY

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the approval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent of family laxatives, and as its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well-Informed of the world to be the best of natural laxatives, we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects always more, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package, whether you simply call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—is the one laxative remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., and the same heretofore known by the name—Syrup of Figs—which has given satisfaction to millions. The genuine is for sale by all leading druggists throughout the United States in original packages of one size only, the regular price of which is fifty cents per bottle.

Every bottle is sold under the general guarantee of the Company, filed with the Secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., that the remedy is not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. U. S. A. New York, N. Y. London, England.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One lot, package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DYE CO., Unionville, Missouri.

Curious Marriage Customs.

Wedding customs in Serbia, that little kingdom of Europe, are curious. Indeed, from an American standpoint. For instance, neither the bride nor the bridegroom is the most important figure in a Serbian wedding, but the best man takes the leading part. He carefully guards the bride all the day before the wedding takes place, and sleeps outside her chamber the night before the girl is to be married. He wears a big, stiff sash, made of heavy silk, carries a big white staff and a huge bouquet all for himself.

There are no bridesmaids, but two god-fathers, each of whom presents to the bride a silk dress. After the priest has performed the ceremony the best man takes the bride around the church, and she kisses all her girl friends good-by and is finally carried off to the bridegroom, who at last gets his wife from the hands of the best man.

Then the happy couple return to their intended home. Bridal tours are foreign to Serbian ideas and only the very rich or the nobility indulge in them.

Secretary Taft as a Reporter.

Like Chief Justice Fuller, Secretary Wilson and other men high in the public service and confidence, Secretary Taft began his career as a newspaper man. The first money earned by him after being graduated from Yale was as court reporter on a Cincinnati paper, the old Commercial-Gazette, then edited by Murat Halstead. Mr. Taft started at \$6 a week, and when he quit had worked up to "twenty per." All the time he was thus engaged he was studying law at night under his father's direction. Necessity did not drive him to the work, as his father was a man of ample fortune, but the Secretary chose it because it was the readiest entrance to active employment that brought him daily in contact with lawyers and court proceedings.

CHANGE IN FOOD Works Wonders in Health.

It is worth knowing that a change in food can cure dyspepsia. "I deem it my duty to let you know how Grape-Nuts food has cured me of indigestion."

"I had been troubled with it for years, until last year my doctor recommended Grape-Nuts food to be used every morning. I followed instructions and now I am entirely well."

"The whole family like Grape-Nuts, we use four packages a week. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you see fit."

The reason this lady was helped by the use of Grape-Nuts food, is that it is predigested by natural processes and therefore does not tax the stomach as the food she had been using; it also contains the elements required for building up the nervous system. If that part of the human body is in perfect working order, there can be no dyspepsia, for nervous energy represents the steam that drives the engine.

When the nervous system is run down, the machinery of the body works badly. Grape-Nuts food can be used by small children as well as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ready for instant use.

Read, "The Road to Wellville," in page "There's a Reason."

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Celebes, an island in the Malay archipelago, has the distinction of being the home of the smallest living representative of the wild cattle. An idea of the extremely diminutive proportions of the animal, as the animal in question, which has some of the characteristics of the buffalo, is called, may be gained when it is stated that its height at the shoulder is only 3 feet 4 inches.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 23 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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Oldest of Bank Notes.

The oldest bank notes in the world are the "flying money" or convenient money, first issued in China in 1097 B. C. One writer tells that the ancient Chinese bank notes were in many respects similar to those of the present day, bearing the name of the note, the signature of the official who issued it, and its value, in both figures and words. On top of these curious notes was the following philosophical injunction: "Produce all you can; spend with economy."

In reply to an advertisement for a woman typist at a salary of \$3.75 a week a London firm on March 4 replied no fewer than 397 replies.

Business of the gondoliers of Venice is being invaded by women and the men are organizing unions to drive them out.

PILES

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Carcarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Carcarets feel like a new man." George Lydard, Naples, Ga.



Best for The Bowels

They Work While You Sleep

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips, etc. Sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped G. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y.

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

Are You Ruptured?

Why not have it cured? Send at once letter or postal card, with your address, and principal factor. We will mail trial treatment, without cost to you, that will give immediate relief from the effects of "blue-rose" and dangerous strains. We also send our free book on the "Cause, Cure and Prevention of Rupture." This explains how you may be cured. Write at once to the H. H. H. Co., 459 W. S. Erie, Pa.

Use A NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

Because it's clean.
Because it's economical.
Because it saves time.
Because it gives best cooking results.
Because its flame can be regulated instantly.
Because it will not overheat your kitchen.
Because it is better than the coal or wood stove.
Because it is the perfected oil stove.

For other reasons see stove at your dealer's, or write our nearest agency.

Made in three sizes and fully warranted.



ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY, (Incorporated)

Perfect Womanhood

The greatest menace to woman's permanent happiness in life is the suffering that comes from some derangement of the feminine organs.

Many thousands of women have realized this too late to save their health, barely in time to save their lives.

To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging, that she gets easily tired, dark shadows appear under her eyes, she has backache, headache, bearing-down sensations, nervousness, irregularities or the "blues," she should start at once to build up her system by a tonic with specific powers, such as:

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

the great woman's remedy for woman's ills, made only of roots and herbs. It cures Female Complaints, such as Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and all Organic Diseases, and is invaluable in the Change of Life. It dissolves and Expels Tumors at an early stage. Subdues Faintness, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, and invigorates the whole female system. It is an excellent remedy for derangements of the Kidneys in either sex.



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TIRED OF WATERMELON.

The Result of a Thieving Boy's Experiences Told.

"Speaking of hard-luck stories," remarked Louis, the head barber at the California, "I think I had the toughest experience, as a small boy, that was ever crowded into one day of any youngster's career. With a bunch of adventurous boys I was stealing watermelons from a neighbor's watermelon patch at Fort Worth, Ind. We were pursued by the owner of the place, and just as I was getting safely over the fence a shotgun load of rock salt caught me where it usually does in such cases. Gee, but that there rock salt did lacerate my feelings! And when I reached home I was as pale as death. My mother took me in hand and scared a confession out of me. 'What!' she said. 'My boy a common thief?'"

"And she proceeded to apply a slipper where the rock salt was, subjecting me to nameless tortures. Then she sent me supperless to bed. Half an hour later my father came home, heard the story of his son's disgrace and came up to my room with a shawl strap.

"So you've been stealing watermelons?" he said sternly. "Fearing another whalloping, I denied it with all the fervor at my command. 'What!' he said. 'My son a liar as well as a thief?'"

"And I received another chastisement in the rock salt district. 'Do you know, I haven't cared very much for watermelons since.'—San Francisco Chronicle.

Ripples. A woman can bear anything with fortitude except wrinkles. The more a youth spends at college, the less he will earn when he gets out.

Nearly everybody who can do one thing well has an idea that he could do something else better. One reason why so many people are discontented is that they know too much.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Audience Ready to Help. At a representation of Schiller's "Don Carlos" in Belgrade Theatre the pistol with which Don Carlos should have shot the Marquis de Posa refused to go off, and the discomfited actors fled behind the curtain.

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, No Gripe. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripes, No Laxative. Sold in bulk. The genuine tablets stamped OTC. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

Are You Ruptured?

Why not have it cured? Send at once for our free booklet, with your address and principal cause. We will mail trial treatment, without cost to you, that will give immediate relief from the effects of over-exertion and dangerous strains. We also send our free book on the "Cause, Care and Cure of Rupture." This explains how you may be cured. Apply for it by mail cost by the Hercules Health Co., 450 W. St., Erie, Pa.



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BASE BALL UNIFORMS FOR BOYS. No. 4 quality, on team orders, \$1.00 per suit. No. 5 quality, on team orders, \$1.00 per suit. SPECIAL—No. 6 quality, \$1.00 per suit. Our Special No. 6 quality uniform consists of shirt, button front with open collar, trousers, cap, belt, and shoes. Padded pants in sizes up to 30 inch waist. Peak cap, web belt, and plain or striped stockings. ORDER NOW—Don't delay. Spalding manufactures everything for the athlete. Uniforms and equipment for every athlete sport.

BOOKS YOU NEED—10c. per copy. Postpaid.

No. 1, Spalding's Official Base Ball Guide. No. 2, How to Play Base Ball. No. 3, How to Bat. No. 4, How to Run Bases. No. 5, How to Pitch. No. 6, How to Catch. No. 7, How to Play First Base. No. 8, How to Play Second Base. No. 9, How to Play Third Base. No. 10, How to Play Shortstop. No. 11, How to Play Outfield. No. 12, How to Organize a Base Ball Team, Manager's Base Ball Club, Train and Captain's Team and Umpire's Game. Send for list of books on every athlete sport. New Base Ball Catalogue Free to any address. Free. Mail Order Dept. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., 126 Nassau St., NEW YORK.

FREE

To convince any woman that PAXTINE will improve her health and do all we claim for it, we will send her absolutely free a box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

PAXTINE

cleanses and heals mucous membrane of nose, throat, and lungs. It is a powerful and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE H. F. PATON CO., Boston, Mass.

P. N. U. 20, 1907.

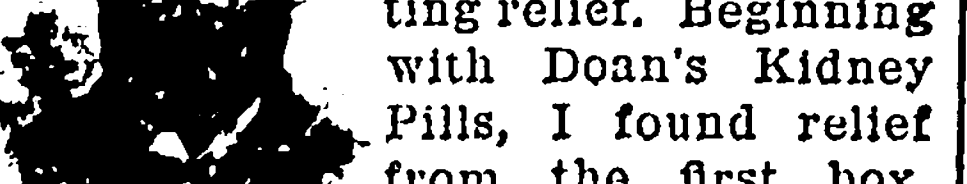
Thompson's Eye Water

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Profit by the Experience of One Who Has Found Relief.

James R. Keeler, retired farmer, of Penner St., Cazenovia, N. Y., says: "About fifteen years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. I doctored and used many remedies without getting relief. Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, I found relief from the first box, and two boxes restored me to good, sound condition. My wife and many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and I can earnestly recommend them."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Perfect Womanhood

The greatest menace to woman's permanent happiness in life is the suffering that comes from some derangement of the feminine organs.

Many thousands of women have realized this too late to save their health, barely in time to save their lives.

To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging, that she gets easily tired, dark shadows appear under her eyes, she has backache, headache, bearing-down sensations, nervousness, irregularities or the "blues," she should start at once to build up her system by a tonic with specific powers, such as—

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The great woman's remedy for woman's ills, made only of roots and herbs. It cures Female Complaints, such as Dragging, Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and all Organic Diseases, and is invaluable in the Change of Life. It dissolves and Expels Tumors at an early stage. Subdues Faintness, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, and invigorates the whole female system. It is an excellent remedy for derangements of the Kidneys in either sex.

New York's Population.

The rapid growth of the Nation's great metropolis is a source of national interest and pride. Statistics figure that the population of the city will exceed that of London by the year 1915, and will double in 25 years. The present generation will undoubtedly see in New York the world's greatest metropolis. Few persons realize that the population of New York City is already one in twenty of the population of the entire United States, or that the growth of New York City in the century past has been five times more rapid than the growth of the whole country.

BABY'S ECZEMA GREW WORSE.

Hospitals and Doctors Could Not Relieve Disease—Cuticura Remedies a Speedy, Permanent Cure.

"Eczema appeared when our baby was three months old. We applied to several doctors and hospitals, each of which gave us something different every time, but nothing brought relief. At last, one of our friends recommended to us Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. A few days afterwards improvement could be noted. Since then we have used nothing but Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and now the baby is six months old and is quite cured. All that we used was one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes Cuticura Ointment, costing in all \$1.25. C. F. Kara, 343 East 65th Street, New York, March 30, 1906."

Study Locomotive Economy.

The Pennsylvania system is investigating the problem as to how many miles a locomotive should make before being sent to the shop, irrespective of whether it is broken down or not. An expert engineer is studying the problem and is making exhaustive reports on the mileage that can be made economically by a locomotive before it should be sent to the shops for an overhauling. When this mileage is determined orders will be issued to send every engine to the shops when it makes the specified run, regardless of its general condition.—Iron Trade Review.

Marriage the Only Excitement.

The average English girl of the upper classes starts life hopelessly slack and indifferent. In her more or less sheltered, easy life, she has no particular interests, no opinions, no temptations. The only excitement of her life is her marriage, and even that she takes very mildly.—Ladies' Field.



THE SPALDING BASE BALL

FOR THIRTY YEARS STANDARD OF THE WORLD. The Official Ball Wherever Base Ball is Played, \$1.25 Each.

BASE BALL UNIFORMS FOR BOYS.
No. 1, Spalding's Official Base Ball uniform, No. 2, Spalding's Official Base Ball uniform, No. 3, Spalding's Official Base Ball uniform, No. 4, Spalding's Official Base Ball uniform, No. 5, Spalding's Official Base Ball uniform, No. 6, Spalding's Official Base Ball uniform, No. 7, Spalding's Official Base Ball uniform, No. 8, Spalding's Official Base Ball uniform, No. 9, Spalding's Official Base Ball uniform, No. 10, Spalding's Official Base Ball uniform.

BOOKS YOU NEED—10c. per copy. Postpaid.

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Send for list of books on every athletic sport. New Base Ball Catalogue free to any address. Free, P. N. U. 20, 1907.

A. G. SPALDING & SONS, 128 Nassau St., NEW YORK.

FREE To convince any woman that Paxtine is the best medicine for all ailments of the female system, we will send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

PAXTINE cleanses and heals mucous and membrane diseases, such as nasal catarrh, private catarrh and inflammation caused by feminine ills, sore eyes, sore throat, and mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

THE H. PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass.

P. N. U. 20, 1907.

Thompson's Eye Water

If afflicted with weak eyes, 50c. per bottle.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

A Janesville, Wis., grocer and butcher has contrived a way to dispense with ice for cooling his icebox in the winter time. He has run a furnace pipe from the box to the outer air, and by means of an electric fan drives the cold air from outdoors into the box, and finds that it serves very well as a substitute for ice.

A diamond is nothing but carbon, almost absolutely pure. If a diamond be raised to a white heat in the absence of oxygen it turns into a black mass, which is virtually the same as a piece of charcoal. Diamonds which are not absolutely white owe their tinge of color to the presence of oxides of various metals, such as iron.

The Pennsylvania system is investigating the problem as to how many miles a locomotive should make before being sent to the shop, irrespective of whether it is broken down or not. An expert engineer is studying the problem and is making exhaustive reports on the mileage that can be made economically by a locomotive before it should be sent to the shops for an overhauling. When this mileage has been determined orders will be issued to send every engine to the shops when it makes the specified run, regardless of its general condition.

When an automobile is running at high speed the rubber tires are rapidly warmed and the heat sometimes becomes very great, with resultant injury to the rubber. The cause of this accumulation of heat in the tire is ascribed to the kneading of the rubber, which generates heat faster than it can be radiated away. For this reason manufacturers have found it to be an advantage to have metal parts in the tread, such as the ends of rivets, in contact with the tire, because the metal, being a good radiator, helps to carry off the heat to the outer air.

One of the reasons why pneumatic tires gradually become exhausted, even when unpunctured, is that the compressed air within slowly escapes through the rubber, and this process is hastened by the oxidation of the rubber, which causes it to crack. As at least a partial remedy for this, it has been proposed to inflate tires not with ordinary air, but with nitrogen, an inert gas which does not affect the rubber. Tests of nitrogen-inflated tires for automobiles have been made in France, and the results are said to be encouraging.

TIRED OF WATERMELON.

The Result of a Thieving Boy's Experiences Told.

"Speaking of hard-luck stories," remarked Louis, the head barber at the California, "I think I had the toughest experience, as a small boy, that was ever crowded into one day of any youngster's career. With a bunch of adventurous boys I was stealing watermelons from a neighbor's watermelon patch at Fort Worth, Ind. We were pursued by the owner of the place, and just as I was getting safely over the fence a shotgun load of rock salt caught me where it usually does in such cases. Gee, but that there rock salt did lacerate my feelings! And when I reached home I was as pale as death. My mother took me in hand and scared a confession out of me.

"What!" she said. "My boy a common thief?"

"And she proceeded to apply a slipper where the rock salt was, subjecting me to nameless tortures. Then she sent me supperless to bed. Half an hour later my father came home, heard the story of his son's disgrace and came up to my room with a shawl strap.

"So you've been stealing watermelons?" he said sternly.

"Fearing another whalloping, I denied it with all the fervor at my command.

"What!" he said. "My son a liar as well as a thief?"

"And I received another chastisement in the rock salt district.

"Do you know, I haven't cared very much for watermelons since."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

Ripples.

A woman can bear anything with fortitude except wrinkles.

The more a youth spends at college, the less he will earn when he gets out.

Nearly everybody who can do one thing well has an idea that he could do something else better.

One reason why so many people are discontented is that they know too much.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Audience Ready to Help.

At a representation of Schiller's "Don Carlos" in Belgrade Theatre the pistol with which Don Carlos should have shot the Marquis de Posa refused to go off, and the discomfited actors fled behind the curtain.

Offers of loaded cannons were at once made by the admirers of the audience.

One of the Important Duties of Physicians and the Well-Informed of the World

is to learn as to the relative standing and reliability of the leading manufacturers of medicinal agents, as the most eminent physicians are the most careful as to the uniform quality and perfect purity of remedies prescribed by them, and it is well known to physicians and the Well-Informed generally that the California Fig Syrup Co., by reason of its correct methods and perfect equipment and the ethical character of its product has attained to the high standing in scientific and commercial circles which is accorded to successful and reliable houses only, and, therefore, that the name of the Company has become a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy.

TRUTH AND QUALITY

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the approval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent of family laxatives, and as its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well-Informed of the world to be the best of natural laxatives, we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects always note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package, whether you simply call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—is the one laxative remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. and the same heretofore known by the name—Syrup of Figs—which has given satisfaction to millions. The genuine is for sale by all leading druggists throughout the United States in original packages of one size only, the regular price of which is fifty cents per bottle.

Every bottle is sold under the general guarantee of the Company, filed with the Secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., that the remedy is not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1905.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal. U. S. A. New York, N. Y.
Louisville, Ky. London, England.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One lb. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye—Black and Mix Colors. PUTNAM DYE & CO., Unionville, Missouri.

Curious Marriage Customs.

Wedding customs in Serbia, that little kingdom of Europe, are curious, indeed, from an American standpoint. For instance, neither the bride nor the bridegroom is the most important figure in a Serbian wedding, but the best man takes the leading part. He carefully guards the bride all the day before the wedding takes place, and sleeps outside her chamber the night before the girl is to be married. He wears a big, stiff sash, made of heavy silk, carries a big white staff and a huge bouquet all for himself.

There are no bridesmaids, but two god-fathers, each of whom presents to the bride a silk dress. After the priest has performed the ceremony the best man takes the bride around the church, and she kisses all her girl friends good-by and is finally carried off to the bridegroom, who at last gets his wife from the hands of the best man.

Then the happy couple return to their intended home. Bridal tours are foreign to Serbian ideas and only the very rich or the nobility indulge in them.

Secretary Taft as a Reporter.

Like Chief Justice Fuller, Secretary Wilson and other men high in the public service and confidence, Secretary Taft began his career as a newspaper man. The first money earned by him after being graduated from Yale was as court reporter on a Cincinnati paper, the old Commercial-Gazette, then edited by Murat Halstead. Mr. Taft started at \$6 a week, and when he quit had worked up to "twenty per cent." All the time he was thus engaged he was studying law at night under his father's direction. Necessity did not drive him to the work, as his father was a man of ample fortune, but the Secretary chose it because it was the readiest entrance to active employment that brought him daily in contact with lawyers and court proceedings.

CHANGE IN FOOD

Works Wonders in Health.

It is worth knowing that a change in food can cure dyspepsia. "I deem it my duty to let you know how Grape-Nuts food has cured me of indigestion.

"I had been troubled with it for years, until last year my doctor recommended Grape-Nuts food to be used every morning. I followed instructions and now I am entirely well.

"The whole family like Grape-Nuts, we use four packages a week. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you see fit."

The reason this lady was helped by the use of Grape-Nuts food, is that it is predigested by natural processes and therefore does not tax the stomach as the food she had been using; it also contains the elements required for building up the nervous system. If that part of the human body is in perfect working order, there can be no dyspepsia, for nervous energy represents the steam that drives the engine.

When the nervous system is run down, the machinery of the body works badly. Grape-Nuts food can be used by small children as well as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ready for instant use.

Read, "The Road to Wellville," in page "There's a Reason."

World's Smallest Cattle.

Celebes, an island in the Malay archipelago, has the distinction of being the home of the smallest living representative of the wild cattle. An idea of the extremely diminutive proportions of the anoa, as the animal in question, which has some of the characteristics of the buffalo, is called, may be gained when it is stated that its height at the shoulder is only 3 feet 4 inches.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kimb's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kimb, Ltd., 101 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A Japanese shipping company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, has been formed to establish a line of vessels between Eastern Asia and America.

Spring always brings into special favor Nature's blood purifier, Garfield Tea. It is made wholly of clean, sweet herbs. It purifies the blood, cleanses the system, clears the complexion, eradicates disease and promotes Good Health. For young and old.

Oldest of Bank Notes.

The oldest bank notes in the world are the "flying money" or convenient money, first issued in China in 2697 B. C. One writer tells that the ancient Chinese bank notes were in many respects similar to those of the present day, bearing the name of the note, the signature of the official who issued it, and its value, in both figures and words. On top of these curious notes was the following philosophical injunction: "Produce all you can; spend with economy."

In reply to an advertisement for a woman typist at a salary of \$3.75 a week a London firm on March 4 received no fewer than 397 replies.

Business of the gondoliers of Venice is being invaded by women and the men are organizing unions to drive them out.

PILES

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Bryant, Naples, Ga.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. Sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped G. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. **ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES**

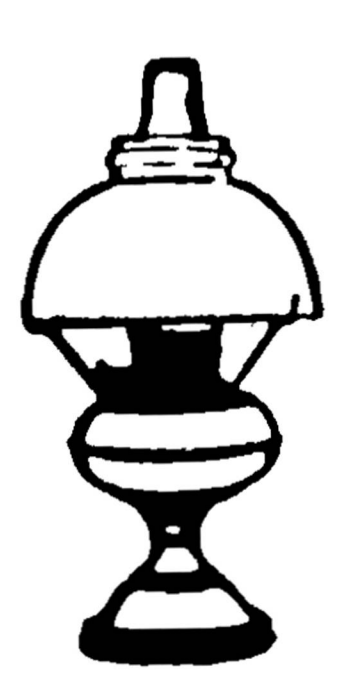
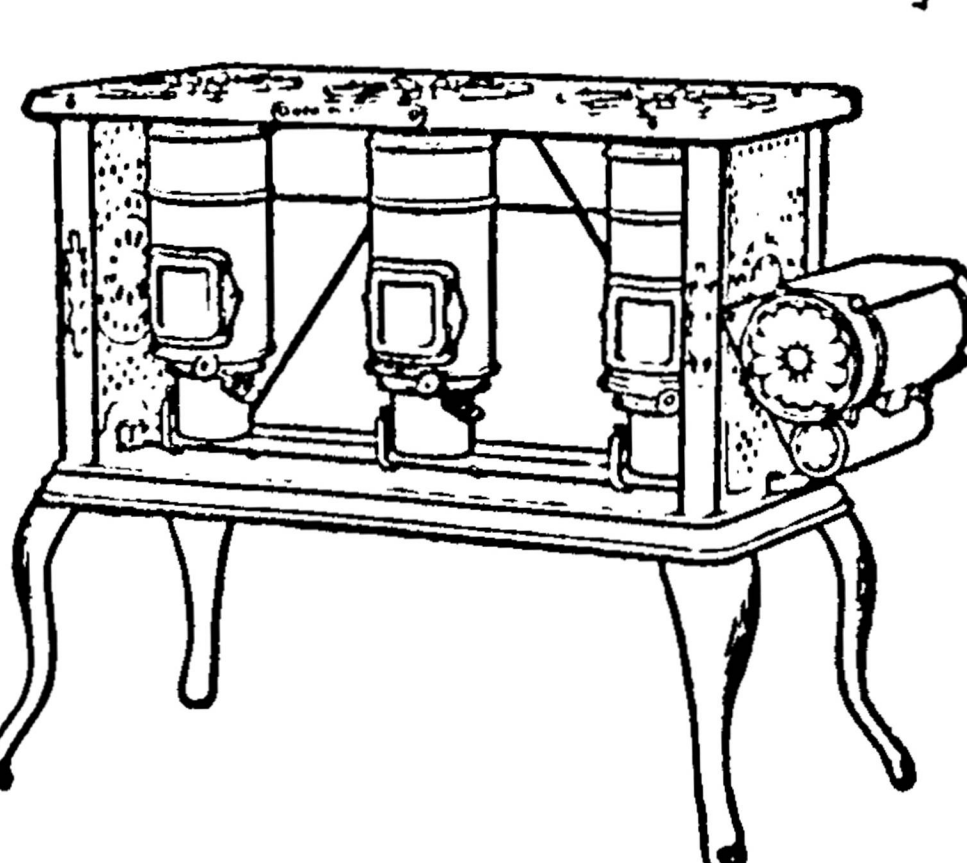
Are You Ruptured?

Why not have it cured? Send at once to our office, with your address and principal pains. We will mail trial treatment, without cost to you, that will give immediate relief from the effects of that terrible and dangerous trouble. We also send our free book on the "Cause, Care and Cure of Rupture." This explains how you may be entirely cured by mail, cost by Dr. H. R. Kimb, Ltd., 101 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Use A NEW PERFECTION

Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

Because it's clean.
Because it's economical.
Because it saves time.
Because it gives best cooking results.
Because its flame can be regulated instantly.
Because it will not overheat your kitchen.
Because it is better than the coal or wood stove.
Because it is the perfected oil stove.
For other reasons see stove at your dealer's, or write our nearest agency.
Made in three sizes and fully warranted.



The **Rayo Lamp** cannot be equaled for its bright and steady light, simple construction and absolute safety. Equipped with latest improved burner. Made of brass throughout and beautifully nickel-plated. An ornament to any room, whether library, dining-room, parlor or bedroom. Every lamp warranted. Write to our nearest agency if not at your dealer's.

ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY, (Incorporated)

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

Job Printing of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1907.

Here and There.

Three young men were arrested in Dillsburg last Sunday for playing poker. Each one had to pay a fine of \$5.

While walking along the railroad tracks at Gallitzin, Howard Beynon, an official of the Tunnel Coal Co., was struck and killed by a train.

While he was opening oysters, Philip Kerch, of Bethlehem, found a perfectly formed Pearl. It was as large as the tip of a man's small finger and valued at \$200.

Martin Debus, 75 years old, committed suicide in a cell in the police station at Hazleton, by swallowing arsenic after being arrested on a charge of intoxication.

A hot journal is blamed for the fire which destroyed the flour mill of W. B. Anthony, near Strasstown. About 1,000 bushels of wheat and quantities of other grain went up in smoke.

Because she rejected his attentions and gave her affections to another, Chas. Waroser residing in Shenandoah, Saturday shot and killed Mary Bolinsky. The victim was only 16 years old. Waroser was locked up.

Modie Cohen, a prominent business man of Lebanon, well known through the State, committed suicide at a sanitarium near Wernersville, Sunday, where he was taken for treatment a few days before.

James Seawright, of Frederickville, Pa., sprayed 200 peach trees with the lime and sulphur solution. He got it too strong and had to cut down every tree, as all were killed by the solution. The trees were in their prime and the loss will amount to over \$1,000.

Rendered delirious by sickness, Abraham L. Wolf, a hotel keeper of Lancaster, jumped from a second-story window at his home Friday, sustaining injuries from which he died in a short time. Deceased was 44 years of age.

A bushel of rats, or 176 in all, were killed Tuesday morning in the stable of the Baughman House, adjoining the court house, York. Proprietor John Baughman led the attack on the rodents and five men and three dogs also took part in the mix-up.

The body of Cornelius Mack, a merchant of Norristown, was fished out of Stritzinger's mill race by Police Sergeant Warren. Mack had been missing since last Saturday, and from the appearance of the body it had been in the water for several days. Mack, it is supposed, lay down to take a nap, rolled into the water and in that way was drowned.

For stomach troubles, biliousness and constipation try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Many remarkable cures have been effected by them. Price, 25 cents. Samples free. For sale by Ed. T. Auker.

C. A. Larue, a confectioner of York, was robbed of his pocketbook at the P. & R. railway station at Lititz. Saturday morning when a carrier opened one of the steel letter boxes in Lancaster city he found a pocketbook containing two checks. It was later identified as Larue's property.

George W. Rinehold, of Manchester, York county, would not be outdone by his fractious horse Friday morning and figured in two runaways. After the first affair Rinehold got another wagon and with the same horse attempted to take home the wrecked vehicle. But the animal was frightened a second time, ran away and threw the man against a fence, injuring him severely.

DON'T PAY ALIMONY—to be divorced from your appendix. There will be no occasion for it if you keep your bowels regular with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Their action is so gentle that the appendix never has cause to make the least complaint. Guaranteed by Ed. T. Auker, druggist, 25c. Try them.

Because, as he alleges, his sweetheart took his savings, amounting to \$500, with which he intended to furnish a home when she should become his bride, and left with another fellow, Frank Tarkin, a cement worker, of Fogelsville, shot himself on Saturday night and is in a precarious condition at the Allentown hospital. The girl is very handsome, and although she had promised to marry Tarkin next month, she left Fogelsville a few days ago, and is believed to have married her old suitor's rival.

GOOD WORDS FOR CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.—People everywhere take pleasure in testifying to the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mrs. Edward Phillips of Barclay, Mo., writes: "I wish to tell you that I can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. My little girl, Catharine, who is two years old, has been taking this remedy whenever she has had a cold since she was two months old. About a month ago I contracted a dreadful cold myself. I took Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and was soon as well as ever." This remedy is for sale by Ed. T. Auker.

Fishing with the hook was too slow a sport for Anthony Misowsky, a Girardville hotel proprietor, who went down to Lakeside with four companions. When the fish didn't bite fast enough they drew the water from the lower dam, catching many stranded on the shore. Deputy Game Warden Rinkenberger happened along about this time and it cost Misowsky just \$100.00 for 7 black bass he had under the legal size. The others escaped.

Verna Davis, 18 years old, was shot and instantly killed by her cousin, Lottie Dawson, 14 years of age, at the latter's home in Scranton Friday night. The shooting was done accidentally, while the girls were playing with a revolver. The children were playing in an upstairs room, when the family was alarmed by a report. Rushing upstairs they found the one child dead and the other sobbing over her body. The revolver was one that belonged to the dead girl's father.

Gettysburg, May 25.—Clayton S. Reaser, formerly of the Jacoby Furniture Co., York, on Thursday purchased the interest of Michael Engle in the Engle Furniture Co., in this place, and immediately assumed the control of the plant. Mr. Engle has moved to York, his former home. Mr. Reaser intends moving his family here in the near future. The other members of the company are Judge S. McC. Swope and David M. Wolf, both of Gettysburg.

Walter Fogel, 6 year old son of Wm. Fogel, of Allentown, is in a critical condition at the Allentown hospital. He was shot in the head by an unidentified man, and doctors say he can't recover. Walter was a favorite in the neighborhood. He had been playing with boy friends in the street in front of his home Saturday night, and sat on the curb to rest. Two strange men, apparently foreigners, came up, and one of them deliberately fired into his face. Before his frightened companions could explain to the neighbors, the two men had escaped.

Wilkes-Barre, May 25.—Jumping from a locomotive into Toby's creek today, brakeman Wm. Beesicker, of the D. & W. railroad, managed to save the life of a 4 year old boy who had fallen into the creek. The locomotive was running at about ten miles an hour at the time, and Beesicker, who was on it, saw a group of excited women running along the bank, while the small boy bobbed up and down in the swift water. He had gone down twice when the locomotive reached a point opposite him, and Beesicker sprang from it into the creek, seized the boy, and after a hard swim, reached the shore with him. As soon as he saw the boy was all right he got aboard the locomotive again, dried his clothes at the fire and continued his work.

MY BEST FRIEND.—Alexander Benton, who lives on Rural Route 1, Edward, N. Y., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is my best earthly friend. It cured me of asthma six years ago. It has also performed a wonderful cure of incipient consumption for my son's wife. The first bottle ended the terrible cough, and this accomplished, the other symptoms left one by one, until she was perfectly well. Dr. King's New Discovery's power over coughs and colds is simply marvelous." No other remedy has ever equaled it. Fully guaranteed by Ed. T. Auker druggist, 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

DOG RINGS BELL TO AROUSE SLEEPERS.

Oxford, Pa., May 25.—The wild pealing of the dinner bell rung just after midnight by a pet collie saved the family of William Beattie, a prosperous farmer of this section, from being burned to death last evening. As it was the warning came just in the nick of time, and they barely escaped with their lives. The house was burned to the ground, not a thing being saved. The fire started about midnight in one of the back rooms. The dogs immediately began barking, trying to arouse the family, but no attention was paid to them. Finally the collie, which had been trained to ring the bell for the men to come in from the fields, grasped the cord and in an instant the entire neighborhood was aroused.

Actual cost of L. & M. Paint about \$1.20 per gallon.
L. & M. Zinc hardens L. & M. Lead and makes L. & M. Paint wear like iron.
P. A. & S. SMALL, Wholesale Agents, York, Pa.

ED. T. AUKER,
YOUR DRUGGIST
& OPTICIAN,
ON THE SQUARE,
NEW OXFORD.

EYES EXAMINED FREE.
PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

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PILLS.
HAIR VIGOR.

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By Order of the Council.
5-16-4t T. E. BOWER, Sec'y.

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75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

For Afternoons, Church or Reception—we show in every wanted color Silks, in Taffetta, Poie de Cygnes, Poie de Soies—and Fancies, every one under price as the market is today. The only store in the County where you can find a variety in both qualities and colors.

Black Silks—in seven grades of 36 inch Taffetas alone—\$1.00 to \$1.25.

Wool Dress Goods, Chiffon Panamas—Wool Taffetas and the Voile family easily lead the others in light weight fabrics. Our stock is complete in the colors most in demand—Light Greys, Browns, Tans, Creams, Navies, Myrtles and others—Plain or Shadow Checks.

Prices 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Fancy Suitings for Separate Skirts, in great variety of qualities and colors.—50c to \$1.50.

All the Other Necessary Accessories to a Bride's Costume **Outfit** for any part of either the ceremony or Honey Moon. Do your shopping where you have the choice of a City store at much less price.

Trimming Braids and Laces of Every Character—so that you have to but choose your style of make—we have the garniture to complete.

The Bridal Gown.

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French Mousselines.
French Organdies.
French Batistes.
Persian Lawns.
Embroidered Swisses.
And Others.

Laces:--

German Round Mesh,
French Fine Mesh,
English Square Mesh,
Italian & Platts,
in all widths and qualities—Insertings & Edges.

English, French and Irish Laces
in Medallions, Bands, All Overs & Edges.
We have never shown a stock so well assorted.

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Gettysburg, Penn'a.

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new subscription.

Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

Job Printing of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1907.

Here and There.

Three young men were arrested in Dillsburg last Sunday for playing poker. Each one had to pay a fine of \$5.

While walking along the railroad tracks at Gallitzin, Howard Beynon, an official of the Tunnel Coal Co., was struck and killed by a train.

While he was opening oysters, Philip Kerch, of Bethlehem, found a perfectly formed Pearl. It was as large as the tip of a man's small finger and valued at \$200.

Martin Debus, 75 years old, committed suicide in a cell in the police station at Hazleton, by swallowing arsenic after being arrested on a charge of intoxication.

A hot journal is blamed for the fire which destroyed the flour mill of W. B. Anthony, near Strausstown. About 1,000 bushels of wheat and quantities of other grain went up in smoke.

Because she rejected his attentions and gave her affections to another, Chas. Waroser residing in Shenandoah, Saturday shot and killed Mary Bolinsky. The victim was only 16 years old. Waroser was locked up.

Modie Cohen, a prominent business man of Lebanon, well known through the State, committed suicide at a sanitarium near Wernersville, Sunday, where he was taken for treatment a few days before.

James Scarlett, of Frederickville, Pa., sprayed 200 peach trees with the lime and sulphur solution. He got it too strong and had to cut down every tree, as all were killed by the solution. The trees were in their prime and the loss will amount to over \$1,000.

Rendered delirious by sickness, Abraham L. Wolf, a hotel keeper of Lancaster, jumped from a second-story window at his home Friday, sustaining injuries from which he died in a short time. Deceased was 44 years of age.

A bushel of rats, or 176 in all, were killed Tuesday morning in the stable of the Baughman House, adjoining the court house, York. Proprietor John Baughman led the attack on the rodents and five men and three dogs also took part in the mix-up.

The body of Cornelius Mack, a merchant of Norristown, was fished out of Stritzinger's mill race by Police Sergeant Warren. Mack had been missing since last Saturday, and from the appearance of the body it had been in the water for several days. Mack, it is supposed, lay down to take a nap, rolled into the water and in that way was drowned.

For stomach troubles, biliousness and constipation try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Many remarkable cures have been effected by them. Price, 25 cents. Samples free. For sale by Ed. T. Auker.

C. A. Larue, a confectioner of York, was robbed of his pocketbook at the P. & R. railway station at Lititz. Saturday morning when a carrier opened one of the steel letter boxes in Lancaster city he found a pocketbook containing two checks. It was later identified as Larue's property.

George W. Rinehold, of Manchester, York county, would not be outdone by his fractious horse Friday morning and figured in two runaways. After the first affair Rinehold got another wagon and with the same horse attempted to take home the wrecked vehicle. But the animal was frightened a second time, ran away and threw the man against a fence, injuring him severely.

DON'T PAY ALIMONY—to be divorced from your appendix. There will be no occasion for it if you keep your bowels regular with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Their action is so gentle that the appendix never has cause to make the least complaint. Guaranteed by Ed. T. Auker, druggist, 25c. Try them.

Because, as he alleges, his sweetheart took his savings, amounting to \$500, with which he intended to furnish a home when she should become his bride, and left with another fellow, Frank Tarkin, a cement worker, of Fogelsville, shot himself on Saturday night and is in a precarious condition at the Allentown hospital. The girl is very handsome, and although she had promised to marry Tarkin next month, she left Fogelsville a few days ago, and is believed to have married her old suitor's rival.

GOOD WORDS FOR CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.—People everywhere take pleasure in testifying to the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mrs. Edward Phillips of Barclay, Mo., writes: "I wish to tell you that I can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. My little girl, Catharine, who is two years old, has been taking this remedy whenever she has had a cold since she was two months old. About a month ago I contracted a dreadful cold myself. I took Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and was soon as well as ever. This remedy is for sale by Ed. T. Auker.

Fishing with the hook was too slow a sport for Anthony Misowsky, a Girardville hotel proprietor, who went down to Lakeside with four companions. When the fish didn't bite fast enough they drew the water from the lower dam, catching many stranded on the shore. Deputy Game Warden Rinkenberg happened along about this time and it cost Misowsky just \$100.94 for 7 black bass he had under the legal size. The others escaped.

Verna Davis, 13 years old, was shot and instantly killed by her cousin, Lotie Dawson, 14 years of age, at the latter's home in Scranton Friday night. The shooting was done accidentally, while the girls were playing with a revolver. The children were playing in an upstairs room, when the family was alarmed by a report. Rushing upstairs they found the one child dead and the other sobbing over her body. The revolver was one that belonged to the dead girl's father.

Gettysburg, May 25.—Clayton S. Reaser, formerly of the Jacoby Furniture Co., York, on Thursday purchased the interest of Michael Engle in the Engle Furniture Co., in this place, and immediately assumed the control of the plant. Mr. Engle has moved to York, his former home. Mr. Reaser intends moving his family here in the near future. The other members of the company are Judge S. McC. Swope and David M. Wolf, both of Gettysburg.

Walter Fogel, 6 year old son of Wm. Fogel, of Allentown, is in a critical condition at the Allentown hospital. He was shot in the head by an unidentified man, and doctors say he can't recover. Walter was a favorite in the neighborhood. He had been playing with boy friends in the street in front of his home Saturday night, and sat on the curb to rest. Two strange men, apparently foreigners, came up, and one of them deliberately fired into his face. Before his frightened companions could explain to the neighbors, the two men had escaped.

Wilkes-Barre, May 25.—Jumping from a locomotive into Toby's creek today, brakeman Wm. Beesicker, of the D. L. & W. railroad, managed to save the life of a 4 year old boy who had fallen into the creek. The locomotive was running at about ten miles an hour at the time, and Beesicker, who was on it, saw a group of excited women running along the bank, while the small boy bobbed up and down in the swift water. He had gone down twice when the locomotive reached a point opposite him, and Beesicker sprang from it into the creek, seized the boy, and, after a hard swim, reached the shore with him. As soon as he saw the boy was all right he got aboard the locomotive again, dried his clothes at the fire and continued his work.

MY BEST FRIEND.—Alexander Benton, who lives on Rural Route 1, Edward, N. Y., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is my best earthly friend. It cured me of asthma six years ago. It has also performed a wonderful cure of incipient consumption for my son's wife. The first bottle ended the terrible cough, and this accomplished, the other symptoms left one by one, until she was perfectly well. Dr. King's New Discovery's power over coughs and colds is simply marvelous." No other remedy has ever equaled it. Fully guaranteed by Ed. T. Auker druggist, 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

DOG RINGS BELL TO AROUSE SLEEPERS.

Oxford, Pa., May 26.—The wild pealing of the dinner bell rung just after midnight by a pet collie saved the family of William Beattie, a prosperous farmer of this section, from being burned to death last evening. As it was the warning came just in the nick of time, and they barely escaped with their lives. The house was burned to the ground, not a thing being saved. The fire started about midnight in one of the back rooms. The dogs immediately began barking, trying to arouse the family, but no attention was paid to them. Finally the collie, which had been trained to ring the bell for the men to come in from the fields, grasped the cord and in an instant the entire neighborhood was aroused.

Actual cost of L. & M. Paint about \$1.20 per gallon.
L. & M. Zinc hardens L. & M. Lead and makes L. & M. Paint wear like iron.
P. A. & S. SMALL, Wholesale Agents, York, Pa.

ED. T. AUKER,
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Gettysburg, Penn'a.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Primaries next Saturday; first under the new law.

F. S. Smith has beautified his home on Pitt street, by having it repainted.

Children's day services at Hampton in the Reformed church on Sunday evening, June 9.

Four different parties in East Berlin own automobiles. So far New Oxford has none.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sneeringer of Brush Run, Mountpleasant township, a son.

To-day being Memorial Day, the bank and most of the business places in town will remain closed.

Mr. C. A. Diehl is having the frame work of his brick residence on Philadelphia street repainted.

The engagement of Miss Ortena Stumpf of York, and Dr. Henry S. Crouse of Littlestown, has been announced.

Mr. Orner of Cashtown, who was working on the pipe line had one of his great toes smashed by a pipe falling on it.

Squire R. M. Straley, wife and daughter, of Center Square, who have been suffering from tonsillitis have fully recovered.

Charles Wolf of Baltimore, who has a large strawberry patch says he will lose about \$250 through the berries being frozen.

The Dr. White property with improvements and 10 acres of land in Hampton, was sold at public sale to J. B. Crist for \$1,425.

ALL HATS—Trimmed and untrimmed shapes, will be sold at a great sacrifice as we do not carry any stock over from one season to another. ELISE KLINGEL.

H. J. Gulden & Sons are erecting a large planing mill at Aspers. They expect to have the machinery in place in a very short time.

Mrs. Emma M. Smith of Hanover, is having her dwelling and store building on Center Square, occupied by Squire R. M. Straley, repainted. E. C. Stough is doing the work.

A three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Webber, of Hanover, fell from the coping in front of his home Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock and broke his right collar bone.

For social, medicinal of household uses I. W. HARPER whiskey is the best and safest. The most popular high grade whiskey on the market. Sold by C. T. HERSH.

Wm. A. McSherry, a native Adams countyman, but for many years a real estate dealer in Baltimore, died May 22 at his home in that city from heart failure, after four years illness.

Owing to the very inclement weather, the annual love-feast at Mummert's meeting house, near East Berlin, on Saturday and Sunday was not as largely attended as on former occasions.

WANTED.—By an aged couple, a middle aged woman for general house work, in a small house. A good home and good wages. Address: G. W. WEAVER, 2t Gettysburg, Pa.

Frank Eberhart, the well-known hotel man, formerly proprietor of the Eagle Gettysburg, has purchased the Hotel Victoria, at Saratoga Springs, and will move with his family to that place in the near future.

Garber, the "White" sewing machine man of Hanover, has put a handsome new delivery wagon on the road. The wagon was built by Bond & Co., of this place, and is painted entirely white, with shaded gold lettering.

Mr. M. M. Bowser, the East Berlin buggy dealer, desires us to state that his carload of Staver Buggies arrived last Tuesday. They consist of rubber and steel tire buggies and runabouts, and are a fine lot of vehicles.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Mary Dinwiddle Hoke to Francis W. Seabright, both of Gettysburg. The ceremony will take place at 12:30 o'clock on June 6, at the home of the Misses Hoke in Gettysburg.

J. Cyrei Eby, second son of J. W. Eby and wife, formerly of Adams county, now of Baltimore, was one of the 12 successful candidates out of a class of 42 who passed the examination of the Maryland State Board of Pharmacy as a pharmacist.

One day last week Wm. Hayberger of Aspers, was unfortunate enough to lose three of his fingers and the fourth was badly lacerated. He was assisting in doing some sawing when in some manner he got his hand against the circular saw.

Miss Carry King, residing with Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Swartz, Philadelphia street, on Friday had the remains of her parents, Henry King and wife, and brother and sister removed from the old grave yard at the Reformed church, to the New Oxford Cemetery.

The Western Maryland Railroad Company has announced that it will discontinue the tri-weekly dollar excursions from York to Pen Mar, which have been so popular for the past decade, and only run one excursion, which will be on Sundays.

Charles J. Griest of near York Springs, expects about 1200 of wool off his large flock of sheep. The shearing is done by a patent clipper which does the work very fast.

Burton Kuhn has sold the good will and fixtures of the Exchange Hotel, Hanover, to Lewis Eline of McSherrystown, at private terms. Mr. Eline, who formerly conducted Hotel Columbus, McSherrystown, will take possession as soon as the license is transferred.

Every citizen should turn out and patronize the festival and lawn fete on the lawn near the depot, Pitt street, for the benefit of the Citizens Band this evening. Show your appreciation of their fine concerts and encourage them in their good work by patronizing the festival.

While Mrs. Anna Myers of Williams' Grove, was out driving, her horse became frightened and threw her from the buggy, breaking her collar bone and two ribs causing great suffering. The unfortunate woman is a daughter-in-law of Mrs. J. E. Myers, Philadelphia street, this place.

The Julius Bros., Littlestown, were fined \$25 by Deputy Factory Inspector Quinn for giving employment to a son of Amos Miller of that place, a boy under thirteen years of age. The firm had given the boy employment on his own earnest solicitation believing him to be over the required age.

A class of children will make their first Holy Communion in a High Mass at 8 o'clock a. m., in the Church of the Immaculate Conception on the second Sunday of June. In the evening of the same day a large number of young people of the congregation will be received into the B. V. Sodality.

Several inquiries have been made concerning the closing of saloons on June 1, the day of the primary elections. The law requires bars to be closed from 1 until 9 p. m. The election is held from 2 until 8 p. m. The saloons must close an hour before the polls open and remain closed until an hour after the votes have been cast.

Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Burger and son, Keith Burger, of Gunter, India, were passengers of steamer Republic, which arrived in New York, Tuesday. They are now in Gettysburg at the home of Mrs. Burger's mother, Mrs. Helen Keith. Rev. Burger is a missionary of the Lutheran Church and is a graduate of the Lutheran College and Seminary at Gettysburg.

The following officers were elected by the Gettysburg Classis of the Reformed Church in session at Dubs' church in West Manheim township, York county: President, Rev. S. P. Manger, Hanover; Vice President, Elder H. T. Weaver, Gettysburg; Stated Clerk, Rev. Dr. T. J. Barkley, Gettysburg; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. T. C. Hesson, Arendtsville.

The cornerstone laying at Bart's church, Union township, did not take place Sunday, owing to the inclement weather, and the fact that all the services during the building of the new church must be held in the adjoining grove. Arrangements are being made to have Bishop J. S. Mills, D. D., of Annapolis, Pa., perform the ceremony next Sunday afternoon, June 2.

Mrs. Charles Small of Midway, while operating a bunch-breaking machine at the factory of the Centennial Cigar Company, Hanover, Friday morning, had her right hand and forearm drawn into the machine, crushing the arm. Fortunately no bones were broken. The arm was so tightly wedged between the rollers that the machine had to be taken apart to release the member.

A strange dog, supposed to be mad, which appeared in New Baltimore Thursday morning bit Mrs. Henry F. Bair and a young man by the name of John Raubenstein. The animal, which showed symptoms of hydrophobia, was followed by a crowd and killed by John Myers. Mrs. Bair, who was bitten on the right ankle, went immediately to the office of Dr. J. H. Bittinger, who cauterized the wound.

Mrs. M. O. Smith of Hanover, had a narrow escape from serious, if not fatal, injuries by an explosion of gas on Saturday last, at Charleston, W. Va., where she was the guest of her foster-daughter, Mrs. John Laing. Mrs. Smith opened the oven-door of a range using natural gas as fuel, when an explosion occurred, burning her face and neck and left fore-arm severely. The arm was badly blistered. Her hair and eyebrows were singed.

A correspondent at Aspers writes: Mrs. Josiah Prickett, while out driving on Thursday evening came in contact with the large steam roller that is to be used in the construction of the macadamized road which caused the horse to become frightened and run away, throwing her from the buggy and dragging her some distance until the horse became entangled in a wire fence where he was caught. The lady was somewhat bruised but not seriously, and some damage done the buggy.

MEN'S TAILORED SUITS.

Saturday, May 18, to June 1, we will take orders for 50 suits to be made to order in our tailoring department, regular price \$18 suits at special price of \$13.50. This cloth is of good quality all wool material.

G. B. NACE, SON & Co., 11-13 Carlisle Street, Hanover.

Horse, Buggy and Harness Stolen.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock Tuesday morning some thief or thieves entered the barn of Mr. Howard Mummert, residing on the farm of Mrs. Catharine Diehl, along the Carlisle pike, about two miles North of town, and taken therefrom a horse, buggy and harness. The animal taken is a dark bay pacing horse with a few white spots on front of shoulders and is about 15 hands high. The buggy is a new falling-top with red running part and end springs. The harness are also new with rubber mounting, the bridle having a J I C bit; and owing to recent usage the harness were somewhat dirty. On leaving the premises the thief started in the direction of Hampton with the team. The loss has been telephoned over the county and placed in the hands of detectives.

Mr. Mummert, who is a poor man, has been indeed very unfortunate within the past few weeks. Two weeks ago he lost by death a very valuable mare, caused by indigestion, and on Sunday night one of his pair of fine mules died from the same cause, and on Tuesday night his team was taken away by robbers.

The barn of Mr. Edward Chronister, near the home of Mr. Mummert was also visited on Tuesday night and a set of single harness stolen therefrom.

MAN JAILED—TEAM SAFE.

Tuesday afternoon a message from Police headquarters at Carlisle stated that the man was in jail and the stolen team was safe and sound at a livery stable and was being cared for. The police at that place, on getting a description of the man and team, left for a Gipsy camp about 5 miles east of the town and there found the man with the stolen team in the act of making a deal with the Gipsies. Mr. Mummert the owner of the team, was out on a hunt for the team and being located by phone at York Springs, was informed of the whereabouts of his team and proceeded to Carlisle to procure his property, and at the same time the District Attorney at Gettysburg was notified and made out the necessary papers to have the man brought to Gettysburg jail. The man in whose possession the team was found was a "knight of the road" and worked for Mr. Mummert for about six weeks this spring, quitting his job on Ascension Day. He also worked for liveryman J. C. Myers, this place, for a short time during the winter, and was noticed about town on Monday evening. He went under the name of Charles Stover, but from where he drifted is not known.

Wreck on the Reading.

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Thrown From Buggy.

Misses Corine and Flora Smith, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Greg. F. Smith of near Iriestown, Oxford township, were somewhat injured by being thrown from a buggy one morning last week. The ladies are employed at cigarmaking at Mt. Rock, and while driving to that place and nearing their destination the horse they were driving became frightened at a child running along side the road with a small express wagon. The animal ran up an embankment overturning the vehicle and throwing the occupants to the road. One of the rear wheels of the buggy passed over both ladies, and Miss Coriene, who was doing the driving, held onto the lines and was dragged a short distance before the animal, which, fortunately, was a very quiet one, was brought to a halt. Miss Coriene sustained a fractured rib besides other painful bruises while her sister escaped with but a few slight injuries. The only other damage was a slight break to the buggy.

Corpus Christi.

This Thursday being the feast of Corpus Christi, the occasion will be appropriately observed at Conewago Chapel by a Grand High Mass at 10 o'clock a. m., which will be followed by the usual grand open air procession, in all its pomp and splendor.

On last Tuesday a 5-year-old girl of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Sanders while walking across the foot-log opposite Iron Springs school house fell into the creek and Mrs. Sanders seeing the child fall was just in time to rescue the girl from drowning.

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

Death's Doings.

Elsie G. Oyler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Oyler died at her home in Gettysburg Wednesday morning of pneumonia aged 7 years, 6 months and 22 days.

Ralph Bair, son of John Bair, residing along the Laneytown road, a few miles from Littlestown, died very suddenly Sunday afternoon, May 19, a victim of malignant diphtheria. Mr. Bair had been a sufferer from the dread disease about a week, but was apparently recovering when there was a sudden turn for the worse. He died about 22 years of age.

Mrs. Catharine Pitzer Kauffman died at the home of her niece, Mrs. Emanuel Trostle in York Springs, Sunday evening aged about 79 years. Death was due to gangrene of the foot from which the deceased had been afflicted for the past month. Mrs. Kauffman was born near Gettysburg and was the last surviving member of a family of eight children. She was married to Wm. Kauffman and they resided for many years along the Fairfield road in Cumberland township. He died about seven years ago and since that time she has made her home in York Springs.

Mr. Robert Sheads, the oldest native born citizen of Gettysburg, died Monday morning at his home on Seminary Ridge from the infirmities of old age. Death occurred at 4:30. Mr. Sheads passed his 84th birthday February of this year. Mr. Sheads has lived in Gettysburg practically all his life. He was engaged in various kinds of business. For some time he and the late Col. C. H. Buehler were associated in the stove business. Mr. Sheads' wife died about four years ago. He is survived by one sister, Mrs. Salome Culp of Chambersburg.

Harry E. Rupp died at his home in Gettysburg Saturday night at 10:15 of inflammation of the bowels after an illness of one week aged 35 years, 9 months and 16 days. Mr. Rupp was in the employ of the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission and a member of the local lodge P. O. S. of A. He is survived by his wife, and mother, Mrs. Ellen Rupp, and two sisters.

Mrs. Catharine Ross, widow of the late William Ross, died at the home of Abraham Keckler in Cumberland township at 8 o'clock Sunday morning, aged 75 years, 10 months and 22 days. She suffered a paralytic stroke last Thursday afternoon, the effects of which caused her death.

Noah Klinefelter for many years a miller and farmer near Kingsdale, this county died at his home in Hanover on last Thursday aged 67 years, 11 months and 18 days.

Mrs. Eliza Spangler, widow of George Spangler died at the home of her son, Beniah Spangler, in Gettysburg on Monday night between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock. She was a daughter of Cornelius Brinkerhoff of Mountpleasant township, and lived the greater part of her life on the Spangler farm between Round Top and the Baltimore pike and in recent years along the pike.

Near York Springs, Adams county, Pa., Oct. 24, 1824, was born Deborah Jane Robinette, daughter of Allen and Martha McCleary Robinette. Nov. 11, 1845, at Gettysburg, Pa., she and Franklin W. Dinwiddle were married. For more than 61 years they have lived happily together. In the fall of 1847, Mr. and Mrs. Dinwiddle removed from Gettysburg to Greencastle, Ind. They came to Rockville, Rockville to make their home in May, 1848. For 49 years they have resided in this home. On May 3, she was stricken with paralysis, under which she gradually failed until the day of her release, Monday, May 13.—Rockville Exchange.

Boy Badly Bruised by Being Dragged.

Roy Dugan the young son of John Dugan of near Biglerville had a remarkably narrow escape from death on Wednesday evening. The boy had been plowing and while transferring mules from the plow to a wagon one of the animals got excited and started to run. The boy's foot caught in the trace and held him fast while the animal started away over the rough fields.

The entire lower portion of Young Dugan's shoe was torn off but the trace still held. One who saw the affair said that every time the boy struck the ground he would bounce in the air four or five feet. After being pulled along in this manner nearly a half mile a ditch was reached and in jumping this the trace broke.

The boy was carried to his home nearby and a physician hastily summoned who upon examination, found no bones broken but that internal injuries were possible. He was badly bruised and it was almost miraculous that no fatal results followed the awful experience.

Farmers' Institutes.

The County Board of Farmers' Institute Managers, will meet at the County Commissioners' office on the second Tuesday of June, to arrange for the place where Institutes are to be held this season. All of our people who desire Institutes, ought to attend this meeting and present their claims. This Board is composed of the local members of the State Board of Agriculture, and one representative from each County Agricultural Society, the Pomona Grange and County Alliance. If you find that you cannot attend this meeting, address a letter with your request to Chairman of Board of Institute Managers, care of County Commissioners.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Wm. Wiest and wife of Hanover, spent the past week with friends in town.

Mr. Emmert Glasscock of Baltimore, spent a few days with friends here.

Mrs. William Ditzler of Lititz, Lancaster county, is spending some weeks with friends in town. Mr. Ditzler accompanied her here on Sunday morning, returning home the same evening.

Miss Mary Kurtz, the faithful housekeeper at the Immaculate Conception rectory, is on a ten days visit to friends at Martinsburg, Pa.

Mrs. C. S. Myers of Baltimore, is spending some time at the home of her sister, Mrs. C. H. Deatrich, on East High street.

Mrs. Myers came here to visit her mother, Mrs. Zook, who has been ill for some weeks, but is now convalescing.

Miss Emily Elise Henking, of Gallipolis, Ohio, is the guest of Miss Myrna Miller, Pitt street.

Mr. John Swamley, clerk in the large store of G. W. Weaver & Son, Gettysburg, spent Sunday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Swamley, this place.

Mrs. W. F. Sheely of Philadelphia St., is spending some time with friends in York.

Hymenial.

At 11 o'clock Tuesday evening Rev. Ira W. Trostle of Arendtsville, who graduated from Seminary last week, and Miss Ella Weidner, of Arendtsville, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Solomon Weidner. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. T. Koser and Rev. T. C. Hesson. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Trostle left Wednesday morning for Dillsburg where Mr. Koser has accepted the pastorate of a Lutheran church.

Leroy L. Bittinger, youngest son of Hon. John R. Bittinger, of Bittinger, and Miss Katharine M. Rohrbaugh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rohrbaugh, were married Tuesday evening at the home of the bride, along the Abbottstown pike near Hanover. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. C. M. Stock.

Mr. David F. Sneeringer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sneeringer of near Bonneville, was united in marriage Tuesday of last week, to Miss Pearl Cole of Pittsburg, of which city the groom is also a resident. The ceremony took place at a Nuptial Mass in Sacred Heart church, Pittsburg.

John E. Collins, of White Hall, and Miss Estella C. Small, of McSherrystown, were married at 7:30 p. m. Saturday, May 25, by Justice Lewis D. Sell at Hanover.

Honor Our Heroic Dead.

Following is the program of the Memorial Day exercises at this place, this Thursday evening:

The parade will be in charge of Wm. Gilbert, as Chief Marshal. The parade will form on Center Square and will move promptly at 5 p. m. to the Immaculate Conception Cemetery, thence to New Oxford Cemetery in the following order: Sunday Schools. New Oxford Citizens Band. Patriotic Order Sons of America. Sons of Veterans. G. A. R. and old Veterans.

The following will be the order of exercises at the New Oxford Cemetery: Invocation by Minister. Singing "America," by audience. Ceremonies by Sons of Veterans. Oration—Rev. L. M. Gardner. Music by Band and Strewing of flowers. Firing Salute by Sons of Veterans. Benediction.

As stated last week, Mr. Frank Lawrence, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence of near Mt. Rock, was taken to the York Hospital for the purpose of having a large growth removed from his back. No operation was performed, however, as the hospital surgeons found it impossible to remove the growth. As mentioned heretofore the growth was the outcome of a bruise caused by falling from a load of hay about two years ago.

Many newspaper the country over are raising the subscription price. Paper material and all expenses have reached a point higher than ever was thought possible when the present subscription prices were adopted. The subscription price of the Item will remain as it is, but we kindly ask those of our patrons who are in the habit of allowing their subscriptions to run annual for several years to be more punctual in their payments, and also those who are now in arrears for a number of years to come forward with amount due. We need the money.

Tax Notice.

The time for the 5 per cent. abatement on County and State Tax expires on Saturday, June 1. All persons desiring to make this abatement must settle before said date. S. F. KEENEY, Collector.

Sustains Serious Injury in Runaway.

Biglerville, May 24.—While driving south of Biglerville last evening Mr. Samuel Spangler was thrown from his buggy and very seriously injured, his horse becoming frightened at a passing automobile which was carrying no lighted lamps. His horse shied and threw Mr. Spangler from the buggy, falling with great force on the road. He was taken to his home and Dr. Hildebrand summoned. The physician saw at once that the injuries were of a very serious nature though no bones were broken. He fixed the unfortunate man as comfortable as possible. The car that caused the trouble is said to have been driven by Charles Markle, formerly of Center Mills but now of Harrisburg. The horse was caught and no damage of any consequence done to the buggy.

Held Quarterly Meeting.

Pomona Grange No. 40, P. of H., of York County, held their quarterly meeting in Miller's Hall, New Oxford, on Saturday afternoon and evening. The public meeting in the afternoon was fairly well attended and an interesting program rendered. The address of welcome was made by S. H. Klinefelter, Master of Conewago Grange 1336, he speaking of agriculture and the benefit of the Grange. The response was made by Hon. D. S. Dubs, followed by D. P. Forney, Prof. Daniel Eberly and P. S. Bowman. They spoke of the great interest the Grange is to the farmer. The speaking was interspersed with fine selections of instrumental music. This meeting adjourned at 4 p. m. At 7 o'clock Pomona Grange held a private meeting when the fifth degree was conferred in full form on thirteen members of the local grange. The exercises were beautiful and impressive. The visitors took supper at Hotel Oxford, and refreshments in abundance were served in the hall after the evening session. J.

Five-Year-Old Child

Kills His Mother.

Mrs. Frank Doll was shot dead Saturday morning by her 5-year-old son, Ernest Doll, who playfully pointed his father's gun at his mother. The tragedy occurred at the Doll home, in Airville, York county, where Mrs. Doll's husband was away. "I shoot you!" shouted the child, standing in the middle of the kitchen floor with his father's gun, when Mrs. Doll returned after a few moments' absence. "You do?" said the mother, with mock alarm, as she had often done when the child played with the empty gun. Child and mother shouted with merriment. In the next second there was a report. The mother dropped dead with her head shattered by the gun discharge, and the child ran crying and screaming from the house. Mr. Doll testified at the inquest that he had left the gun unloaded on the kitchen table, together with a box of loaded shells. The child is supposed to have managed to load the gun in his parents' absence, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death. Mrs. Doll, who was of middle age, is survived by her husband and three children.

RELIEF FROM RHEUMATIC PAINS.—"I suffered with rheumatism for over two years," says Mr. Roland Curry, a patrolman, of Key West, Fla. "Sometimes it settled in my knees and lamed me so I could hardly walk, at other times it would be in my feet and hands so I was incapacitated for duty. One night when I was in severe pain and lame from it my wife went to the drug store here and came back with a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I was rubbed with it and found the pain had nearly gone during the night. I kept on using it for a little more than two weeks and found that it drove the rheumatism away. I have not had any trouble from that disease for over three months." For sale by E. T. AUKER.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$ 90
No. 2 ".....85
Raked ".....50
Rye.....40 @ 45
Corn.....40 @ 45
Oats.....25 @ 30
Clover seed, per lb.....10 @ 13
Timothy seed.....1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw.....6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay.....10 00 @ 14 00

THE JUDGE USES FORCEFUL LANGUAGE.

Judge W. B. Simmons of Fincastle, Va., told the reporter that L. & M. Paint was used on his residence in 1882, and held its color well for 21 years; he furthermore said that 3 years ago he was induced to use another paint and is sorry he did, because the other paint didn't make good. The Judge will now always use L. & M., because he knows if any defect exists in L. & M. Paint the house will be repainted for nothing. The L. & M. Zinc hardens the L. & M. White Lead and makes L. & M. Paint wear like iron for 10 to 15 years. Actual cost of L. & M. about \$1.20 per gallon. Donations of L. & M. made to church Sold by P. A. & S. SMALL, York, P.



That hacking cough continues
Because your system is exhausted and
your powers of resistance weakened.
Take **Scott's Emulsion**.
It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so
prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Primaries next Saturday; first under the new law.

F. S. Smith has beautified his home on Pitt street, by having it repainted.

Children's day services at Hampton in the Reformed church on Sunday evening, June 9.

Four different parties in East Berlin own automobiles. So far New Oxford has none.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sneeringer of Brush Run, Mountpleasant township, a son.

To-day being Memorial Day, the bank and most of the business places in town will remain closed.

Mr. C. A. Diehl is having the frame work of his brick residence on Philadelphia street repainted.

The engagement of Miss Ortena Stumpf of York, and Dr. Henry S. Crouse of Littlestown, has been announced.

Mr. Orner of Cashtown, who was working on the pipe line had one of his great toes smashed by a pipe falling on it.

Squire R. M. Straley, wife and daughter, of Center Square, who have been suffering from typhoid fever have fully recovered.

Charles Wolf of Latimore, who has a large strawberry patch says he will lose about \$250 through the berries being frozen.

The Dr. White property with improvements and 10 acres of land in Hampton, was sold at public sale to J. B. Crist for \$1,425.

ALL HATS—Trimmed and untrimmed shapes, will be sold at a great sacrifice as we do not carry any stock over from one season to another. **ELSIE KLINGEL.**

H. J. Gulden & Sons are erecting a large planing mill at Aspers. They expect to have the machinery in place in a very short time.

Mrs. Emma M. Smith of Hanover, is having her dwelling and store building on Center Square, occupied by Squire R. M. Straley, repainted. E. C. Stough is doing the work.

A three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Webber, of Hanover, fell from the coping in front of his home Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock and broke his right collar bone.

For social, medicinal of household uses I. W. HARPER whiskey is the best and safest. The most popular high grade whiskey on the market. Sold by C. T. HERSH.

Wm. A. McSherry, a native Adams county, but for many years a real estate dealer in Baltimore, died May 22 at his home in that city from heart failure, after four years illness.

Owing to the very inclement weather, the annual love-feast at Mummert's meeting house, near East Berlin, on Saturday and Sunday was not as largely attended as on former occasions.

WANTED.—By an aged couple, a middle aged woman for general house work, in a small house. A good home and good wages. Address: G. W. WEAVER, 2t Gettysburg, Pa.

Frank Eberhart, the well-known hotel man, formerly proprietor of the Eagle Gettysburg, has purchased the Hotel Victoria, at Saratoga Springs, and will move with his family to that place in the near future.

Garber, the "White" sewing machine man of Hanover, has put a handsome new delivery wagon on the road. The wagon was built by Bond & Co., of this place, and is painted entirely white, with shaded gold lettering.

Mr. M. M. Bower, the East Berlin buggy dealer, desires us to state that his carload of Staver Buggies arrived last Tuesday. They consist of rubber and steel tire buggies and runabouts, and are a fine lot of vehicles.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Mary Dinwiddle Hoke to Francis W. Seabright, both of Gettysburg. The ceremony will take place at 12:30 o'clock on June 6, at the home of the Misses Hoke in Gettysburg.

J. Cyrel Eby, second son of J. W. Eby and wife, formerly of Adams county, now of Baltimore, was one of the 12 successful candidates out of a class of 42 who passed the examination of the Maryland State Board of Pharmacy as a pharmacist.

One day last week Wm. Hayberger of Aspers, was unfortunate enough to lose three of his fingers and the fourth was badly lacerated. He was assisting in doing some sawing when in some manner he got his hand against the circular saw.

Miss Carry King, residing with Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Swartz, Philadelphia street, on Friday had the remains of her parents, Henry King and wife, and brother and sister removed from the old grave yard at the Reformed church, to the New Oxford Cemetery.

The Western Maryland Railroad Company has announced that it will discontinue the tri-weekly dollar excursions from York to Pen Mar, which have been so popular for the past decade, and only run one excursion, which will be on Sunday.

Charles J. Grist of near York Springs, expects about 1200 of wool off his large flock of sheep. The shearing is done by a patent clipper which does the work very fast.

Burton Kuhn has sold the good will and fixtures of the Exchange Hotel, Hanover, to Lewis Eline of McSherrystown, at private terms. Mr. Eline, who formerly conducted Hotel Columbus, McSherrystown, will take possession as soon as the license is transferred.

Every citizen should turn out and patronize the festival and lawn fete on the lawn near the depot, Pitt street, for the benefit of the Citizens Band this evening. Show your appreciation of their fine concerts and encourage them in their good work by patronizing the festival.

While Mrs. Anna Myers of Williams' Grove, was out driving, her horse became frightened and threw her from the buggy, breaking her collar bone and two ribs causing great suffering. The unfortunate woman is a daughter-in-law of Mrs. J. E. Myers, Philadelphia street, this place.

The Julius Bros., Littlestown, were fined \$25 by Deputy Factory Inspector Quinn for giving employment to a son of Amos Miller of that place, a boy under thirteen years of age. The firm had given the boy employment on his own earnest solicitation believing him to be over the required age.

A class of children will make their first Holy Communion in a High Mass at 8 o'clock a. m., in the Church of the Immaculate Conception on the second Sunday of June. In the evening of the same day a large number of young people of the congregation will be received into the B. V. Sodality.

Several inquiries have been made concerning the closing of saloons on June 1, the day of the primary elections. The law requires bars to be closed from 1 until 9 p. m. The election is held from 1 until 8 p. m. The saloons must close an hour before the polls open and remain closed until an hour after the votes have been cast.

Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Burger and son, Keith Burger, of Gunter, India, were passengers of steamer Republic, which arrived in New York, Tuesday. They are now in Gettysburg at the home of Mrs. Burger's mother, Mrs. Helen Keith. Rev. Burger is a missionary of the Lutheran Church and is a graduate of the Lutheran College and Seminary at Gettysburg.

The following officers were elected by the Gettysburg Classis of the Reformed Church in session at Dubs' church in West Manheim township, York county: President, Rev. S. P. Mauger, Hanover; Vice President, Elder H. T. Weaver, Gettysburg; Stated Clerk, Rev. Dr. T. J. Barkley, Gettysburg; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. T. C. Hesson, Arendtsville.

The corner stone laying at Bart's church, Union township, did not take place Sunday, owing to the inclement weather, and the fact that all the services during the building of the new church must be held in the adjoining grove. Arrangements are being made to have Bishop J. S. Mills, D. D., of Annville, Pa., perform the ceremony next Sunday afternoon, June 2.

Mrs. Charles Small of Midway, while operating a bunch-breaking machine at the factory of the Centennial Cigar Company, Hanover, Friday morning, had her right hand and forearm drawn into the machine, crushing the arm. Fortunately no bones were broken. The arm was so tightly wedged between the rollers that the machine had to be taken apart to release the member.

A strange dog, supposed to be mad, which appeared in New Baltimore Thursday morning bit Mrs. Henry F. Bair and a young man by the name of John Raubenstein. The animal, which showed symptoms of hydrophobia, was followed by a crowd and killed by John Myers. Mrs. Bair, who was bitten on the right ankle, went immediately to the office of Dr. J. H. Bittinger, who cauterized the wound.

Mrs. M. O. Smith of Hanover, had a narrow escape from serious, if not fatal, injuries by an explosion of gas on Saturday last, at Charleston, W. Va., where she was the guest of her foster-daughter, Mrs. John Laing. Mrs. Smith opened the oven-door of a range using natural gas as fuel, when an explosion occurred, burning her face and neck and left forearm severely. The arm was badly blistered. Her hair and eyebrows were singed.

A correspondent at Aspers writes: Mrs. Josiah Prickett, while out driving on Thursday evening came in contact with the large steam roller that is to be used in the construction of the macadamized road which caused the horse to become frightened and run away, throwing her from the buggy and dragging her some distance until the horse became entangled in a wire fence where he was caught. The lady was somewhat bruised but not seriously, and some damage done the buggy.

MEN'S TAILORED SUITS.

Saturday, May 18, to June 1, we will take orders for 50 suits to be made to order in our tailoring department, regular price \$18 suits at special price of \$13.50. This cloth is of good quality all wool material.

G. B. NACE, SON & CO., 11-13 Carlisle Street, Hanover.

Horse, Buggy and Harness Stolen.

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The barn of Mr. Edward Chronister near the home of Mr. Mummert was also visited on Tuesday night and a set of single harness stolen therefrom.

MAN JAILED—TEAM SAFE.

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Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

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Boy Badly Bruised by Being Dragged.

Roy Dugan the young son of John Dugan of near Biglerville had a remarkably narrow escape from death on Wednesday evening. The boy had been plowing and while transferring mules from the plow to a wagon one of the animals got excited and started to run. The boy's foot caught in the trace and held him fast while the animal started away over the rough fields. The entire lower portion of Young Dugan's shoe was torn off but the trace still held. One who saw the affair said that every time the boy struck the ground he would bounce in the air four or five feet. After being pulled along in this manner nearly a half mile a ditch was reached and in jumping this the trace broke.

The boy was carried to his home nearby and a physician hastily summoned who upon examination, found no bones broken but that internal injuries were possible. He was badly bruised and it was almost miraculous that no fatal results followed the awful experience.

Farmers' Institutes.

The County Board of Farmers' Institute Managers, will meet at the County Commissioners' office on the second Tuesday of June, to arrange for the place where Institutes are to be held this season. All of our people who desire Institutes, ought to attend this meeting and present their claims. This Board is composed of the local members of the State Board of Agriculture, and one representative from each County Agricultural Society, the Pomona Grange and County Alliance. If you find that you cannot attend this meeting, address a letter with your request to Chairman of Board of Institute Managers, care of County Commissioners.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Wm. Wiest and wife of Hanover, spent the past week with friends in town.

Mr. Emmert Glasscock of Baltimore, spent a few days with friends here.

Mrs. William Ditzler of Littleton, Lancaster county, is spending some weeks with friends in town. Mr. Ditzler accompanied her here on Sunday morning, returning home the same evening.

Miss Mary Kurtz, the faithful housekeeper at the Immaculate Conception rectory, is on a ten days visit to friends at Martinsburg, Pa.

Mrs. C. S. Myers of Baltimore, is spending some time at the home of her sister, Mrs. C. H. Deatrich, on East High street. Mrs. Myers came here to visit her mother, Mrs. Zook, who has been ill for some weeks, but is now convalescing.

Miss Emily Elise Henking, of Gallipolis, Ohio, is the guest of Miss Myrna Miller, Pitt street.

Mr. John Swamley, clerk in the large store of G. W. Weaver & Son, Gettysburg, spent Sunday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Swamley, this place.

Mrs. W. F. Sheely of Philadelphia St., is spending some time with friends in York.

Hymenial.

At 11 o'clock Tuesday evening Rev. Ira W. Trostle of Arendtsville, who graduated from Seminary last week, and Miss Ella Weidner, of Arendtsville, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Solomon Weidner. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. T. Koser and Rev. T. C. Hesson. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Trostle left Wednesday morning for Dillsburg where Mr. Koser has accepted the pastorate of a Lutheran church.

Leroy L. Bittinger, youngest son of Hon. John R. Bittinger, of Bittinger, and Miss Katharine M. Rohrbach, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rohrbach, were married Tuesday evening at the home of the bride, along the Abbottstown 'pike near Hanover. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. C. M. Stock.

Mr. David F. Sneeringer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sneeringer of near Bon-neauville, was united in marriage Tuesday last week, to Miss Pearl Cole of Pittsburg, of which city the groom is also a resident. The ceremony took place at a Nuptial Mass in Sacred Heart church, Pittsburg.

John E. Collins, of White Hall, and Miss Estella C. Small, of McSherrystown, were married at 7:30 p. m. Saturday, May 25, by Justice Lewis D. Sell at Hanover.

Honor Our Heroic Dead.

Following is the program of the Memorial Day exercises at this place, this Thursday evening:

The parade will be in charge of Wm. Gilbert, as Chief Marshal. The parade will form on Center Square and will move promptly at 5 p. m. to the Immaculate Conception Cemetery, thence to New Oxford Cemetery in the following order: Sunday Schools. New Oxford Citizens Band. Patriotic Order Sons of America. Sons of Veterans. G. A. R. and old Veterans.

The following will be the order of exercises at the New Oxford Cemetery: Invocation by Minister. Singing "America," by audience. Ceremonies by Sons of Veterans. Oration—Rev. L. M. Gardner. Music by Band and Strewing of flowers. Firing Salute by Sons of Veterans. Benediction.

As stated last week, Mr. Frank Lawrence, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence of near Mt. Rock, was taken to the York Hospital for the purpose of having a large growth removed from his back. No operation was performed, however, as the hospital surgeons found it impossible to remove the growth. As mentioned heretofore the growth was the outcome of a bruise caused by falling from a load of hay about two years ago.

Many newspaper the country over are raising the subscription price. Paper material and all expenses have reached a point higher than ever was thought possible when the present subscription prices were adopted. The subscription price of the ITEM will remain as it is, but we kindly ask those of our patrons who are in the habit of allowing their subscriptions to run along for several years to be more punctual in their payments, and also those who are now in arrears for a number of years to come forward with amount due. We need the money.

Tax Notice.

The time for the 5 per cent. abatement on County and State Tax expires on Saturday, June 1. All persons desiring to make this abatement must settle before said date. S. F. KEENEY, Collector.

Sustains Serious Injury in Runaway.

Biglerville, May 24.—While driving south of Biglerville last evening Mr. Samuel Spangler was thrown from his buggy and very seriously injured, his horse becoming frightened at a passing automobile. The accident happened shortly before dark. Mr. Spangler had reached the Sillick farm when he met the automobile which was carrying no lighted lamps. His horse shied and threw Mr. Spangler from the buggy, falling with great force on the road. He was taken to his home and Dr. Hildebrand summoned. The physician saw at once that the injuries were of a very serious nature though no bones were broken. He fixed the unfortunate man as comfortable as possible. The car that caused the trouble is said to have been driven by Charles Markle, formerly of Center Mills but now of Harrisburg. The horse was caught and no damage of any consequence done to the buggy.

Held Quarterly Meeting.

Pomona Grange No. 40, P. of H., of York County, held their quarterly meeting in Miller's Hall, New Oxford, on Saturday afternoon and evening. The public meeting in the afternoon was fairly well attended and an interesting program rendered. The address of welcome was made by S. H. Klinefelter, Master of Conewago Grange 1336, he speaking of agriculture and the benefit of the Grange. The response was made by Hon. D. S. Dubbs, followed by D. P. Forney, Prof. Daniel Eberly and P. S. Bowman. They spoke of the great interest the grange is to the farmer. The speaking was interspersed with fine selections of instrumental music. This meeting adjourned at 4 p. m. At 7 o'clock Pomona Grange held a private meeting when the fifth degree was conferred in full form on thirteen members of the local grange. The exercises were beautiful and impressive. The visitors took supper at Hotel Oxford, and refreshments in abundance were served in the hall after the evening session. J.

Five-Year-Old Child Kills His Mother.

Mrs. Frank Doll was shot dead Saturday morning by her 5 year-old son, Ernest Doll, who playfully pointed his father's gun at his mother. The tragedy occurred at the Doll home, in Airville, York county, while Mrs. Doll's husband was away. "I shoot you!" shouted the child, standing in the middle of the kitchen floor with his father's gun, when Mrs. Doll returned after a few moments' absence. "You do?" said the mother, with mock alarm, as she had often done when the child played with the empty gun. Child and mother shouted with merriment. In the next second there was a report. The mother dropped dead with her head shattered by the gun discharge, and the child ran crying and screaming from the house. Mr. Doll testified at the inquest that he had left the gun unloaded on the kitchen table, together with a box of loaded shells. The child is supposed to have managed to load the gun in his parents' absence, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death. Mrs. Doll, who was of middle age, is survived by her husband and three children.

RELIEF FROM RHEUMATISM PAINS.—"I suffered with rheumatism for over two years," says Mr. Roland Curry, a patrolman, of Key West, Fla. "Sometimes it settled in my knees and lamed me so I could hardly walk, at other times it would be in my feet and hands so I was incapacitated for duty. One night when I was in severe pain and lame from it my wife went to the drug store here and came back with a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I was rubbed with it and found the pain had nearly gone during the night. I kept on using it for a little more than two weeks and found that it drove the rheumatism away. I have not had any trouble from that disease for over three months." For sale by Ed. T. AUKRIL.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$ 90
No. 2 ".....85
Raked ".....50
Rye.....40 @ 45
Corn.....40 @ 45
Oats.....25 @ 30
Clover seed, per lb.....10 @ 12
Timothy seed.....1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw.....0 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay.....10 00 @ 14 00

THE JUDGE USES FORCEFUL LANGUAGE.
Judge W. B. Simmons of Pinesburg, Pa., told the reporter that L. & M. Paint was used on his residence in 1889, and he had his color well for 21 years; he furthermore said that 8 years ago he was induced to use another paint and is sorry he did, because the other paint didn't make good. The Judge will now always use L. & M., because he knows if any defect exists in L. & M. Paint the house will be repainted for nothing.
The L. & M. Zinc hardens the L. & M. White Lead and makes the L. & M. Paint wear like iron for 10 to 15 years.
Actual cost of L. & M. about \$1.30 per gallon.
Donations of L. & M. made to church Sold by P. A. & S. SMALL, York, P.



That hacking cough continues

Because your system is exhausted and your powers of resistance weakened.

Take Scott's Emulsion.

It builds up and strengthens your entire system.

It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1907.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Primaries next Saturday: first under the new law.

F. S. Smith has beautified his home on Pitt street, by having it repainted.

Children's day services at Hampton in the Reformed church on Sunday evening, June 9.

Four different parties in East Berlin own automobiles. So far New Oxford has none.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sneeringer of Brush Run, Mountpleasant township, a son.

To-day being Memorial Day, the bank and most of the business places in town will remain closed.

Mr. C. A. Diehl is having the frame work of his brick residence on Philadelphia street repainted.

The engagement of Miss Ortena Stumpf of York, and Dr. Henry S. Crouse of Littlestown, has been announced.

Mr. Orner of Cashtown, who was working on the pipe line had one of his great toes smashed by a pipe falling on it.

Squire R. M. Straley, wife and daughter, of Center Square, who have been suffering from typhoid fever have fully recovered.

Charles Wolf of Latimore, who has a large strawberry patch says he will lose about \$250 through the berries being frozen.

The Dr. White property with improvements and 10 acres of land in Hampton, was sold at public sale to J. B. Crist for \$1,425.

ALL HATS—Trimmed and untrimmed shapes, will be sold at a great sacrifice as we do not carry any stock over from one season to another. ELISIE KLINGEL.

H. J. Gulden & Sons are erecting a large planing mill at Aspers. They expect to have the machinery in place in a very short time.

Mrs. Emma M. Smith of Hanover, is having her dwelling and store building on Center Square, occupied by Squire R. M. Straley, repainted. E. C. Stough is doing the work.

A three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Weber, of Hanover, fell from the coping in front of his home Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock and broke his right collar bone.

For social, medicinal of household uses I. W. HARPER whiskey is the best and safest. The most popular high grade whiskey on the market. Sold by C. T. HERSH.

Wm. A. McSherry, a native Adams county, but for many years a real estate dealer in Baltimore, died May 22 at his home in that city from heart failure, after four years illness.

Owing to the very inclement weather, the annual love-feast at Mummert's meeting house, near East Berlin, on Saturday and Sunday was not as largely attended as on former occasions.

WANTED.—By an aged couple, a middle aged woman for general house work, in a small house. A good home and good wages. Address: G. W. WEAVER, 2t Gettysburg, Pa.

Frank Eberhart, the well-known hotel man, formerly proprietor of the Eagle Gettysburg, has purchased the Hotel Victoria, at Saratoga Springs, and will move with his family to that place in the near future.

Garber, the "White" sewing machine man of Hanover, has put a handsome new delivery wagon on the road. The wagon was built by Bond & Co., of this place, and is painted entirely white, with shaded gold lettering.

Mr. M. M. Bower, the East Berlin buggy dealer, desires us to state that his carload of Staver Buggies arrived last Tuesday. They consist of rubber and steel tire buggies and runabouts, and are a fine lot of vehicles.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Mary Dinwiddle Hoke to Francis W. Seabright, both of Gettysburg. The ceremony will take place at 12:30 o'clock on June 6, at the home of the Misses Hoke in Gettysburg.

J. Cyrel Eby, second son of J. W. Eby and wife, formerly of Adams county, now of Baltimore, was one of the 12 successful candidates out of a class of 42 who passed the examination of the Maryland State Board of Pharmacy as a pharmacist.

One day last week Wm. Hayberger of Aspers, was unfortunate enough to lose three of his fingers and the fourth was badly lacerated. He was assisting in doing some sawing when in some manner he got his hand against the circular saw.

Miss Carry King, residing with Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Swartz, Philadelphia street, on Friday had the remains of her parents, Henry King and wife, and brother and sister removed from the old grave yard at the Reformed church, to the New Oxford Cemetery.

The Western Maryland Railroad Company has announced that it will discontinue the tri-weekly dollar excursions from York to Pen Mar, which have been so popular for the past decade, and only run one excursion, which will be on Sundays.

Charles J. Griest of near York Springs, expects about 1200 of wool off his large flock of sheep. The shearing is done by a patent clipper which does the work very fast.

Burton Kuhn has sold the good will and fixtures of the Exchange Hotel, Hanover, to Lewis Eline of McSherrystown, at private terms. Mr. Eline, who formerly conducted Hotel Columbus, McSherrystown, will take possession as soon as the license is transferred.

Every citizen should turn out and patronize the festival and lawn fete on the lawn near the depot, Pitt street, for the benefit of the Citizens Band this evening. Show your appreciation of their fine concerts and encourage them in their good work by patronizing the festival.

While Mrs. Anna Myers of Williams Grove, was out driving, her horse became frightened and threw her from the buggy, breaking her collar bone and two ribs causing great suffering. The unfortunate woman is a daughter-in-law of Mrs. J. E. Myers, Philadelphia street, this place.

The Julius Bros., Littlestown, were fined \$25 by Deputy Factory Inspector Quinn for giving employment to a son of Amos Miller of that place, a boy under thirteen years of age. The firm had given the boy employment on his own earnest solicitation believing him to be over the required age.

A class of children will make their first Holy Communion in a High Mass at 8 o'clock a. m., in the Church of the Immaculate Conception on the second Sunday of June. In the evening of the same day a large number of young people of the congregation will be received into the B. V. Sodality.

Several inquiries have been made concerning the closing of saloons on June 1, the day of the primary elections. The law requires bars to be closed from 1 until 9 p. m. The election is held from 2 until 8 p. m. The saloons must close an hour before the polls open and remain closed until an hour after the votes have been cast.

Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Burger and son, Keith Burger, of Gunter, India, were passengers of steamer Republic, which arrived in New York, Tuesday. They are now in Gettysburg at the home of Mrs. Burger's mother, Mrs. Helen Keith. Rev. Burger is a missionary of the Lutheran Church and is a graduate of the Lutheran College and Seminary at Gettysburg.

The following officers were elected by the Gettysburg Classis of the Reformed Church in session at Dubs' church in West Manheim township, York county: President, Rev. S. P. Mauger, Hanover; Vice President, Elder H. T. Weaver, Gettysburg; Stated Clerk, Rev. Dr. T. J. Barkley, Gettysburg; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. T. C. Hesson, Arendtsville.

The corner stone laying at Bart's church, Union township, did not take place Sunday, owing to the inclement weather, and the fact that all the services during the building of the new church must be held in the adjoining grove. Arrangements are being made to have Bishop J. S. Mills, D. D., of Annapolis, Pa., perform the ceremony next Sunday afternoon, June 2.

Mrs. Charles Small of Midway, while operating a bunch-breaking machine at the factory of the Centennial Cigar Company, Hanover, Friday morning, had her right hand and forearm drawn into the machine, crushing the arm. Fortunately no bones were broken. The arm was so tightly wedged between the rollers that the machine had to be taken apart to release the member.

A strange dog, supposed to be mad, which appeared in New Baltimore Thursday morning bit Mrs. Henry F. Bair and a young man by the name of John Raubenstein. The animal, which showed symptoms of hydrophobia, was followed by a crowd and killed by John Myers. Mrs. Bair, who was bitten on the right ankle, went immediately to the office of Dr. J. H. Bittinger, who cauterized the wound.

Mrs. M. O. Smith of Hanover, had a narrow escape from serious, if not fatal, injuries by an explosion of gas on Saturday last, at Charleston, W. Va., where she was the guest of her foster-daughter, Mrs. John Laing. Mrs. Smith opened the oven-door of a range using natural gas as fuel, when an explosion occurred, burning her face and neck and left fore-arm severely. The arm was badly blistered. Her hair and eyebrows were singed.

A correspondent at Aspers writes: Mrs. Josiah Prickett, while out driving on Thursday evening came in contact with the large steam roller that is to be used in the construction of the macadamized road which caused the horse to become frightened and run away, throwing her from the buggy and dragging her some distance until the horse became entangled in a wire fence where he was caught. The lady was somewhat bruised but not seriously, and some damage done the buggy.

MEN'S TAILORED SUITS.

Saturday, May 18, to June 1, we will take orders for 50 suits to be made to order in our tailoring department, regular price \$18 suits at special price of \$15.50. This cloth is of good quality all wool material.

G. B. NACE, SON & CO., 11-13 Carlisle Street, Hanover.

Horse, Buggy and Harness Stolen.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock Tuesday morning some thief or thieves entered the barn of Mr. Howard Mummert, residing on the farm of Mrs. Catharine Diehl, along the Carlisle pike, about two miles North of town, and taken therefrom a horse, buggy and harness. The animal taken is a dark bay pacing horse with a few white spots on front of shoulders and is about 15 hands high. The buggy is a new falling-top with red running part and end springs. The harness are also new with rubber mounting, the bridle having a J I C bit; and owing to recent usage the harness were somewhat dirty. On leaving the premises the thief started in the direction of Hampton with the team. The loss has been telephoned over the county and placed in the hands of detectives.

Mr. Mummert, who is a poor man, has been indeed very unfortunate within the past few weeks. Two weeks ago he lost by death a very valuable mare, caused by indigestion, and on Sunday night one of his pair of fine mules died from the same cause, and on Tuesday night his team was taken away by robbers.

The barn of Mr. Edward Chronister near the home of Mr. Mummert was also visited on Tuesday night and a set of single harness stolen therefrom.

MAN JAILED—TEAM SAFE.

Tuesday afternoon a message from Police headquarters at Carlisle stated that the man was in jail and the stolen team was safe and sound at a livery stable and was being cared for. The police at that place, on getting a description of the man and team, left for a Gipsy camp about 5 miles east of the town and there found the man with the stolen team in the act of making a deal with the Gipsies. Mr. Mummert the owner of the team, was out on a hunt for the team and being located by phone at York Springs, was informed of the whereabouts of his team and proceeded to Carlisle to procure his property, and at the same time the District Attorney at Gettysburg was notified and made out the necessary papers to have the man brought to Gettysburg jail. The man in whose possession the team was found was a "knight of the road" and worked for Mr. Mummert for about six weeks this spring, quitting his job on Ascension Day. He also worked for liveryman J. C. Myers, this place, for a short time during the winter, and was noticed about town on Monday evening. He went under the name of Charles Stover, but from where he drifted is not known.

Wreck on the Reading.

Gettysburg, May 24.—The following are the details of the wreck which occurred on the G. & H. Railroad yesterday. The combination milk and passenger train left here as usual at 1:15 yesterday. Between Starner's and Gardner's the milk car jumped the track and rolled over the ten foot fill, carrying the combination baggage and smoker with it and also taking the passenger coach off the track. The combination car was thrown with one end down in the ground. Baggage-master William Young was thrown in the corner near the door and all the baggage came piling on him, bruising him badly. All those in the passenger end of the car were more or less badly bruised and shaken up in addition to being thoroughly frightened. P. M. Bruner was the most severely hurt having his hip injured, his leg and shoulder bruised and otherwise injured. Miss Ruth Wilson and L. D. Plank both of Gettysburg, were also on the train but escaped injury. The cause of the wreck was the derailment of the milk car which is thought to have been due to a defective truck the car having had several other experiences of like nature. The passenger train leaving here at 4 o'clock reached the wreck before the wrecking crew and was held there until 7:15. It then ran to Carlisle Junction where it transferred passengers returning about 9:45.

Thrown From Buggy.

Misses Corine and Flora Smith, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Greg. F. Smith of near Irishtown, Oxford township, were somewhat injured by being thrown from a buggy one morning last week. The ladies are employed at cigarmaking at Mt. Rock, and while driving to that place and nearing their destination the horse they were driving became frightened at a child running along side the road with a small express wagon. The animal ran up an embankment overturning the vehicle and throwing the occupants to the road. One of the rear wheels of the buggy passed over both ladies, and Miss Corine, who was doing the driving, held onto the lines and was dragged a short distance before the animal, which, fortunately, was a very quiet one, was brought to a halt. Miss Corine sustained a fractured rib besides other painful bruises while her sister escaped with but a few slight injuries. The only other damage was a slight break to the buggy.

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Boy Badly Bruised by Being Dragged.

Roy Dugan the young son of John Dugan of near Biglerville had a remarkably narrow escape from death on Wednesday evening. The boy had been plowing and while transferring mules from the plow to a wagon one of the animals got excited and started to run. The boy's foot caught in the trace and held him fast while the animal started away over the rough fields. The entire lower portion of Young Dugan's shoe was torn off but the trace still held. One who saw the affair said that every time the boy struck the ground he would bounce in the air four or five feet. After being pulled along in this manner nearly a half mile a ditch was reached and in jumping this trace broke.

The boy was carried to his home nearby and a physician hastily summoned who upon examination, found no bones broken but that internal injuries were possible. He was badly bruised and it was almost miraculous that no fatal results followed the awful experience.

Farmers' Institutes.

The County Board of Farmers' Institute Managers, will meet at the County Commissioners' office on the second Tuesday of June, to arrange for the place where Institutes are to be held this season. All of our people who desire Institutes, ought to attend this meeting and present their claims. This Board is composed of the local members of the State Board of Agriculture, and one representative from each County Agricultural Society, the Pomona Grange and County Alliance. If you find that you cannot attend this meeting, address a letter with your request to Chairman of Board of Institute Managers, care of County Commissioners.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Wm. Wiest and wife of Hanover, spent the past week with friends in town. Mr. Emmert Glascock of Baltimore, spent a few days with friends here.

Mrs. William Ditzler of Lititz, Lancaster county, is spending some weeks with friends in town. Mr. Ditzler accompanied her here on Sunday morning, returning home the same evening.

Miss Mary Kurtz, the faithful housekeeper at the Immaculate Conception rectory, is on a ten days visit to friends at Martinsburg, Pa.

Mrs. C. S. Myers of Baltimore, is spending some time at the home of her sister, Mrs. C. H. Deatrich, on East High street. Mrs. Myers came here to visit her mother, Mrs. Zook, who has been ill for some weeks, but is now convalescing.

Miss Emily Elise Henke, of Gallipolis, Ohio, is the guest of Miss Myrna Miller, Pitt street.

Mr. John Swamley, clerk in the large store of G. W. Weaver & Son, Gettysburg, spent Sunday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Swamley, this place.

Mrs. W. F. Shoely of Philadelphia St., is spending some time with friends in York.

Hymenial.

At 11 o'clock Tuesday evening Rev. Ira W. Trostle of Arendtsville, who graduated from Seminary last week, and Miss Ella Weidner, of Arendtsville, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Solomon Weidner. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. T. Koser and Rev. T. C. Hesson. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Trostle left Wednesday morning for Dillsburg where Mr. Koser has accepted the pastorate of a Lutheran church.

Leroy L. Bittinger, youngest son of Hon. John R. Bittinger, of Bittinger, and Miss Catharine M. Rohrbaugh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rohrbaugh, were married Tuesday evening at the home of the bride, along the Abbottstown 'pike near Hanover. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. C. M. Stock.

Mr. David F. Sneeringer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sneeringer of near Bonneauville, was united in marriage Tuesday of last week, to Miss Pearl Cole of Pittsburg, of which city the groom is also a resident. The ceremony took place at a Nuptial Mass in Sacred Heart church, Pittsburg.

John E. Collins, of White Hall, and Miss Estella C. Small, of McSherrystown, were married at 7:30 p. m. Saturday, May 25, by Justice Lewis D. Sell at Hanover.

Honor Our Heroic Dead.

Following is the program of the Memorial Day exercises at this place, this Thursday evening:

The parade will be in charge of Wm. Gilbert, as Chief Marshal. The parade will form on Center Square and will move promptly at 5 p. m. to the Immaculate Conception Cemetery, thence to New Oxford Cemetery in the following order:

Sunday Schools.
New Oxford Citizens Band.
Patriotic Order Sons of America.
Sons of Veterans.
G. A. R. and old Veterans.

The following will be the order of exercises at the New Oxford Cemetery: Invocation by Minister.
Singing "America," by audience.
Ceremonies by Sons of Veterans.
Oration—Rev. L. M. Gardner.
Music by Band and Strewing of flowers.
Firing Salute by Sons of Veterans.
Renaissance.

As stated last week, Mr. Frank Lawrence, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence of near Mt. Rock, was taken to the York Hospital for the purpose of having a large growth removed from his back. No operation was performed, however, as the hospital surgeons found it impossible to remove the growth. As mentioned heretofore the growth was the outcome of a bruise caused by falling from a load of hay about two years ago.

Many newspaper the country over are raising the subscription price. Paper material and all expenses have reached a point higher than ever was thought possible when the present subscription prices were adopted. The subscription price of the ITEM will remain as it is, but we kindly ask those of our patrons who are in the habit of allowing their subscriptions to run along for several years to be more punctual in their payments, and also those who are now in arrears for a number of years to come forward with amount due. We need the money.

Tax Notice.

The time for the 5 per cent. abatement on County and State Tax expires on Saturday, June 1. All persons desiring to make this abatement must settle before said date. S. F. KEENEY, Collector.

Sustains Serious Injury in Runaway

Biglerville, May 24.—While driving south of Biglerville last evening Mr. Samuel Spangler was thrown from his buggy and very seriously injured, his horse becoming frightened at a passing automobile. The accident happened shortly before dark. Mr. Spangler had reached the Sillick farm when he met the automobile which was carrying no lighted lamps. His horse shied and threw Mr. Spangler from the buggy, falling with great force on the road. He was taken to his home and Dr. Hildebrand summoned. The physician saw at once that the injuries were of a very serious nature though no bones were broken. He fixed the unfortunate man as comfortable as possible. The car that caused the trouble is said to have been driven by Charles Markle, formerly of Center Mills but now of Harrisburg. The horse was caught and no damage of any consequence done to the buggy.

Held Quarterly Meeting.

Pomona Grange No. 40, P. of H., of York County, held their quarterly meeting in Miller's Hall, New Oxford, on Saturday afternoon and evening. The public meeting in the afternoon was fairly well attended and an interesting program rendered. The address of welcome was made by S. H. Klinefelter, Master of Conewago Grange 1336, his speaking of agriculture and the benefit of the Grange. The response was made by Hon. D. S. Dubbs, followed by D. P. Forney, Prof. Daniel Eberly and P. S. Bowman. They spoke of the great interest the grange is to the farmer. The speaking was interspersed with fine selections of instrumental music. This meeting adjourned at 4 p. m. At 7 o'clock Pomona Grange held a private meeting when the fifth degree was conferred in full form on thirteen members of the local grange. The exercises were beautiful and impressive. The visitors took supper at Hotel Oxford, and refreshments in abundance were served in the hall after the evening session. J.

Five-Year-Old Child Kills His Mother.

Mrs. Frank Doll was shot dead Saturday morning by her 5 year-old son, Ernest Doll, who playfully pointed his father's gun at his mother. The tragedy occurred at the Doll home, in Airville, York county, while Mrs. Doll's husband was away. "I shoot you!" shouted the child, standing in the middle of the kitchen floor with his father's gun, when Mrs. Doll returned after a few moments' absence. "You do?" said the mother, with mock alarm, as she had often done when the child played with the empty gun. Child and mother shouted with merriment. In the next second there was a report. The mother dropped dead with her head shattered by the gun discharge, and the child ran crying and screaming from the house. Mr. Doll testified at the inquest that he had left the gun unloaded on the kitchen table, together with a box of loaded shells. The child is supposed to have managed to load the gun in his parents' absence, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death. Mrs. Doll, who was of middle age, is survived by her husband and three children.

RELIEF FROM RHEUMATIC PAINS—"I suffered with rheumatism for over two years," says Mr. Roland Curry, a patrolman, of Key West, Fla. "Sometimes it settled in my knees and at other times it would be in my feet and hands so I was incapacitated for duty. One night when I was in severe pain and lame from it my wife went to the drug store here and came back with a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I was rubbed with it and found the pain had nearly gone during the night. I kept on using it for a little more than two weeks and found that it drove the rheumatism away. I have not had any trouble from that disease for over three months." For sale by Ed. T. AUKEN.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$ 90
No. 2 85
Raked " 80
Rye..... 40 @ 45
Corn..... 25 @ 30
Oats..... 10 @ 15
Clover seed, per lb..... 1.00 @ 1.50
Timothy seed 1.00 @ 1.50
Rye straw 6.00 @ 7.00
Timothy hay..... 10.00 @ 14.00

THE JUDGE USES FORCEFUL LANGUAGE.

Judge W. B. Simmons of Flucastle, Va., told the reporter that L. & M. Paint was used on his residence in 1882, and held its color well for 25 years; he furthermore said that 3 years ago he was induced to use another paint and is sorry he did, because the other paint didn't make good. The Judge will now always use L. & M., because he knows if any defect exists in L. & M. Paint the house will be repainted for nothing.
The L. & M. Zinc hardens the L. & M. White Lead and makes L. & M. Paint wear like iron for 10 to 15 years.
Actual cost of L. & M. about \$1.20 per gallon.
Donations of L. & M. made to church Sold by P. A. & S. SMALL, York, P.

That hacking cough continues
Because your system is exhausted and
your powers of resistance weakened.
Take **Scott's Emulsion**.
It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so
prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

WHISTLE!

As a boy when coming homeward,
When the sun had said "Good night,"
Just before the stars were shining,
When the road was scarce in sight,
When the woods seemed thrilled like people,
When the seconds dragged like years,
Did you whistle through the darkness,
Just to drown your mounting fears?

When the owls had joined in hooting,
Sending down your back the chill;
When the silence fell upon you,
Rousing weird and ghastly thrills;
When the prancing, dancing phantoms,
Chased each other here and there;
Did you whistle through the darkness,
That you might not seem to care?

When upon life's homeward journey,
Shadows fall across the way;
When the seeming dangers threaten,
When 'tis neither night nor day;
When the hours with fears are freighted,
When the road is scarcely plain;
Whistle! Whistle through the darkness,
Whistling is not always vain.

Whistle, man, and whistle loudly!
Make the world with music ring;
Never mind the tune you whistle,
Whistle! Whistle anything!
Phantoms vanish when you whistle,
Half the dangers disappear;
Whistle, then! Oh, whistle! Whistle!
You at least can conquer fear.

—The Dreamer, in Town Topics.

Pauline's Pendant

"Father, it has disappeared."
Sir Nevil Masterton and I were sitting in his study at Masterton Priory after breakfast when his only daughter, Pauline, rushed in with a white face.

"My dear little girl, what has disappeared?" inquired her father in a soothing tone.

"My pearl and diamond pendant! The one you gave me just before the wedding! Oh, father, who can have taken it?"

Sir Nevil smiled. "You have mislaid it, that's all! We don't have anything so exciting as burglaries here."

"But, father, here is the empty case, which I found in the drawer where I locked it up yesterday morning with the pendant safe inside."

Sir Nevil looked grave. "That sounds odd," he said, slowly. "Tell us all about it, little girl."

The "little girl" was a fine, tall young woman of two-and-twenty. Her mother had died when she was a child, and Sir Nevil's eldest sister, Miss Priscilla Masterton, had played hostess at the priory while Pauline was growing up. She adored her niece, and Pauline could always get her own way so far as Aunt Prissy was concerned.

A few months ago the little household had received a shock—the announcement of Sir Nevil Masterton's second marriage. Every one had come to look upon him as a confirmed widower.

The new Lady Masterton was the famous stage beauty, Miss Lydia Beaugarde. She was principal show-girl at the Majestic Theatre, where her lovely face and matchless figure brought her admiration and a handsome salary, while her strong common sense and excellent capacity for looking after herself had kept all admirers at a respectful distance until Nevil Masterton placed his baronetcy and his rent roll at her feet.

Pauline tearfully explained to her father the exact circumstances of her loss. She was in the habit of locking her jewelry in a certain drawer, and then hiding the keys in the corner of another drawer. The fact that the keys and the case of the pendant were both in their proper places seemed evidence that the pendant had been removed by some one intimately acquainted with its owner's habits.

Her father tried to comfort her, and added: "Leave me to talk it over with Mr. Carter, here. If your pendant has really been stolen he is more likely to get it back for you than any one else!"

I realized that to possess a reputation as a sort of amateur Sherlock Holmes involves one occasionally in awkward responsibilities, but I hastened to reassure her as far as possible.

"You are in for it now, Carter!" said Sir Nevil grimly.

"That's all right," I said, quietly. "Just tell me a little about the history of the pendant before we go any further."

"Well, you see," he began, "we have a good many family jewels, which Pauline had come to look upon as her own particular property. So that when I brought my wife here, a month or two ago, Pauline did not altogether like parting with what she considered her treasures."

"It was to make up for this," continued Sir Nevil, "that I bought her a pendant, a diamond crown with two fine pear-shaped pearls hanging down on little platinum chains. And it is this pendant that has now disappeared."

"I see," I said, thoughtfully.

"What about your servants, Masterton?"

"They have all been with me for years," he said, warmly. "I should never suspect any of them."

"What about Lady Masterton's maid?"

"Oh, yes—Rayner. I forgot about her. She is a girl whom my wife has known for a long time and in whom she has every confidence."

I began to perceive that I was going to have a rather unpleasant time, at lunch every one was talking about the pendant, and Lady Masterton in particular seemed much concerned at her stepdaughter's loss.

It was difficult to see what possible motive Lady Masterton could have had for being concerned in the mysterious disappearance of her stepdaughter's ornaments.

I found myself wondering whether this brilliant beauty might not have some poor relation in desperate need of money, for whom she might have committed the theft, not daring to part with any of her own jewelry for fear of being discovered. Personally, however, I was much prepossessed in Lady Masterton's favor.

credit upon her newly acquired step-mother?

I was sitting alone in Sir Nevil's study after lunch, when the door was softly opened. I was a good deal surprised to see Miss Priscilla, or "Aunt Prissy," as she was always called.

"Mr. Carter," she began, in a mysterious whisper, "I want to speak to you about the loss of Pauline's pendant." Miss Masterton sighed. "I am afraid, Mr. Carter, that the information I have to give you is of a distressing character."

"Nothing can be more distressing than the present uncertainty," I declared.

"I—I felt it was my duty to tell you," she said, awkwardly.

The faded old maid produced her pocket-handkerchief, and then said:

"Pauline's room is in the left wing of the priory, next door to my own room. Yesterday afternoon I was surprised to see Lady Masterton coming out of Pauline's room when Pauline herself was out riding with her father. An hour later my sister-in-law went out into the shrubbery with a little packet in her hand, which she handed to a rough looking man waiting there, after which she returned quickly to the house."

"Did any one else witness any of these incidents?" I inquired.

"No," she said, quickly. "It was evident that Lady Masterton had chosen her time carefully."

"But what possible motive could Lady Masterton have for taking her stepdaughter's pendant?" I asked.

"You must be aware, Mr. Carter," she said, "that my sister-in-law is a person of very obscure origin. What more likely than that she may have poor relatives in pecuniary difficulties, whom she has chosen to relieve in this dishonest fashion?"

I was startled to find my informant furnishing evidence of the correctness of a theory that I had already formulated, and then dismissed. Meanwhile I answered:

"I should be very sorry to think that Lady Masterton was capable of stooping to a crime of this kind; but the case certainly looks suspicious. May I ask you, however, not to say a word of this to any one?"

Aunt Prissy rose. "The subject is so extremely painful, Mr. Carter, that you may be quite sure I shall not breathe a word to soul. Meanwhile, I sincerely hope that you will be able to prove Lady Masterton innocent, after all."

Old maids are often charming people, and Miss Priscilla was described by her niece as "a dear," but I could not help feeling that she had not yet forgiven her brother for marrying again; while her view of ladies connected with the stage were old-fashioned and out of date.

At dinner that evening Pauline was anxious to know whether I had made any discoveries.

"Like Scotland Yard," I replied, lightly. "I have a clue. But I propose to preserve the strictest secrecy until I put my hand on the culprit and produce the pendant!"

"And when will that be?" asked Pauline, eagerly.

"Probably to-morrow morning," I answered. "Possibly to-night."

"Then you know who took the diamond?" exclaimed Pauline, excitedly.

"Yes," I said. "I know who took the diamonds."

I did not look at Miss Priscilla, but I could not fail to be conscious of the triumph in her eye.

"There is nothing Carter loves like a mystery," said Sir Nevil, sarcastically. "Carter, if you really know who took the pendant, tell us, and have done with it!"

"I can't quite do that," I said. "But if you will all be in the drawing room at 10 o'clock this evening, I shall probably elucidate the mystery."

Immediately after dinner I returned to my room; but at 10 o'clock punctually I entered the drawing room, where I found Masterton with his wife, sister and daughter playing bridge.

"Do come in, Mr. Carter!" said Lady Masterton. "We are simply dying to know!"

"Very well, Lady Masterton. But I want an absolute promise that I shall not be interrupted until I have finished my story, however startling or outrageous my statements may seem. Do you all give that promise?"

They all answered lightly in the affirmative. Whereupon I added:

"I warn you, Masterton, that you will find it very hard to keep your word as soon as I have begun."

"Go ahead, Carter! If I want to break your head, I promise you I'll save it up till you've finished your yarn!"

"All right," I said. "The day before yesterday, in the middle of the afternoon, some one was seen coming

out of Miss Pauline's bedroom; and the same person was afterward seen to hand a small packet to a mysterious looking man in the shrubbery. The person in question was—Lady Masterton!"

Sir Nevil started from his chair. But I reminded him of his promise, and he sat down, again glaring fiercely.

"The mysterious looking man in the shrubbery was a ne'er do well brother of Lady Masterton's who is leaving for Australia in a few days to make a fresh start in life."

Here Lady Masterton was on the point of interrupting.

"Appearances are all pointed to the fact that the packet handed by Lady Masterton to her brother contained the missing pendant."

Miss Priscilla looked discreetly triumphant.

"But," I added, "appearances were entirely misleading. The purpose that took Lady Masterton to Miss Pauline's bedroom was to get a book she had lent her the day before, and the packet she handed to her brother was a sum of money she had arranged to give him, with her husband's knowledge and consent."

Sir Nevil sprang from his chair once more. "Look here, Carter," he said. "Fortunately, you have removed my desire to punch your head! But what the deuce has all this got to do with Pauline's diamonds?"

"Ask Miss Priscilla," I said, quietly.

"What on earth do you mean?" he inquired, blankly.

"The pendant is locked up in the top left hand drawer of her wardrobe," I answered. "And if you ask her, she will go and fetch it."

"Is this true?" demanded Sir Nevil, fiercely.

"Yes," she answered meekly, as she went to the door. And in a few minutes she came back carrying the diamond ornament wrapped up in a piece of tissue paper.

Poor Aunt Prissy's fearful explanation of how she took the pendant, in sudden jealousy, to bring disgrace upon her new sister-in-law, who she considered, was robbing her beloved niece of her proper rights, was extremely pathetic; but Sir Nevil's chief thought was naturally for his wife.

"Can you ever forgive her, dear-est?" he asked, tenderly, taking her hand in his.

"Forgive her! Of course I can!" answered Lady Masterton. "She did it only because she was so devoted to her niece. And I hope that, when she knows me better, she will perhaps become equally fond of her sister-in-law!"

And Sir Nevil always declares that the deep affection that now exists between his sister and his wife dates from the loss and recovery of Pauline's pendant.—Modern Society.

Why He Did Not Marry.

As a reason for not marrying Brahms once wrote to a friend: "At the time when I should have wished to marry, my compositions were either hissed at or at any rate very coolly received. I knew their worth, though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned; and in unmarried solitude I never really took my reverses to heart."

"But to be questioned by a wife at such moments, to have her inquiring eyes anxiously fixed upon me, to hear her ask: 'Again a fiasco?'"

"No, that I could never have borne. For, however much she loved me and believed in me, I could not have expected her to have unwavering faith in my subsequent victory. And had she attempted to console me! Ugh! I can't even think of it. It would have been little less than purgatory!" —Monthly Review.

Hereditary Barbers.

A wonderful family of barbers is that of Benjamin M. Yonolis, who lives at Easton, and who, although eighty-seven years old, still wields a razor.

Of his nine children, all of whom are living, the three sons are barbers, and two of his six daughters can handle a razor as skillfully as a man.

The other four daughters married barbers.

Nine of his eleven grandchildren are barbers, and his seven great-grandchildren say they will become knights of the razor.—Easton Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

A Two-Pound Fish in a Jug.

A remarkable catch of fish was made here yesterday. While workmen were busy cleaning out an old ditch that had been abandoned for five years they came upon an old jug.

In the jug was a two-pound fish that was as lively as if just taken from the river.

It is supposed that it entered the jug when it was a minnow. The neck of the jug was much smaller than the fish.—Bourbon Correspondence Indianapolis News.

Not So Sure.

Golfer (who rather fancies himself).—"I suppose you've been 'round the links with worse players than me, eh?" (The caddy takes no notice.)

Golfer (in his loudest voice).—"I say, I suppose you've been 'round the links with worse players than me, eh?"

Caddy.—"I heard terra weel what ye said. I'm just thinkin' about it." —Pacific Outlook.

In the matter of train speed Austria, Italy and Spain are at the bottom of the list.

VENTRILOQUIST IN THE WARD.

Trouble Among the Dipsomaniacs in Bellevue the Result.

Michael Newman, an electrician of 2431 First Avenue, who is incidentally a skilled ventriloquist, was admitted to the alcoholic ward in Bellevue Hospital last night. Soon after he arrived a blood-curdling cry of "Help! Help!" was heard through the ward. It seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Dr. Drury, the physician in charge, and the nurses made an anxious search, but found nothing.

"It was certainly a cry of distress," said the doctor. The nurses thought so, too. Newman apparently was asleep.

Presently chronic patients straightened up and looked with hopeful eyes as a hoarse whisper sounded through the ward:

"Say, fellows, have a drink on me."

Two of the male nurses jumped to their feet ready to pounce on the man who would make such an offer in the ward. They walked through the line of cots, but could not trace the source of the invitation. The ward settled down to quiet again.

Presently a low trembling roar not unlike that of a cub lion was heard. "I've got 'em," moaned one patient, covering his head with the sheet.

Again a search was made to learn the cause of the noise, but without result.

Soon the faint yet certain crow of a rooster was heard, followed by the wail of a cat. Nurses and orderlies searched under the cots and in the closets, but found neither cat nor rooster.

"I'm bleeding to death," screamed a shrill voice after a while. It brought the nurses and orderlies to their feet in a hurry, thoroughly angry this time. While they were searching one of the nurses looked into Newman's face and saw that he was quivering with suppressed laughter. Under examination Newman confessed that he was a ventriloquist and the author of the noises his offense was overlooked.—New York Times.

The Age Limit.

President McCrea of the Pennsylvania Railroad has acted wisely and commendably in raising the age limit at which men may enter the employ of his company from 35 to 40 years.

There was never a more senseless notion than that which would limit the age of efficient service to 60 or even 65. Many of the strongest men in public and business life are over 60, and some of them are beyond 70.

Farragut was 60 at the beginning of the Civil War, and Oyama was over 60 at the outbreak of the war between Japan and Russia. Hayn wrote his oratorio, "The Creation," after he was 67, Goethe finished his "Faust" at 82 and Humboldt his "Cosmos" at 76.

Among grand old men in the annals of American statesmanship it is sufficient to mention the names of George F. Hoar, John Quincy Adams and Thaddeus Stevens. Henry Ward Beecher never preached better than in the last year of his life. J. Pierpont Morgan and H. H. Rogers, both over 60, do not yet begin to show signs of senility, and Mark Twain is still "cutting up," though past 70.—Leslie's Weekly.

GAS.

Its Lighting Property Was Discovered by a Scotchman.

Soon after Argand invented his lamp, William Murdoch, a Scottish inventor, showed the world a new way of lighting a house. It had long been known that fat or coal, when heated, gives off a vapor or gas which burns with a bright light. Indeed, it is always a gas that burns and not a hard substance. In the candle or in the lamp the flame heats the oil which comes up to it through the wick and thus causes the oil to give off a gas. It is this gas that burns and gives the light. Now, Murdoch, in 1783, put this principle to a good use. He heated coal in a large vessel, and allowed the gas which was driven off to pass through mains and tubes to different parts of his house. Whenever he wanted a light he let the gas escape at the end of the tube in a small jet and lighted it. Here was a lamp without a wick. Murdoch soon extended his gas pipes to his factories and lighted them with gas. As soon as it was learned how to make gas cheaply, and conduct it safely from house to house, while cities were rescued from darkness by the new illuminant.—St. Nicholas.

Hammer Oldest Implement.

The hammer, besides being a tool of universal use, is probably the oldest representative of a mechanic's tool kit. The hammer was originally a stone fastened to a handle with chords, and it was as useful as a weapon as a tool.

Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt twenty centuries before our era. They greatly resemble the hammer now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. Claw hammers were invented some time during the Middle Ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers.

Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic fifty ton hammer of shipbuilding establishments, some of which have a falling force of from ninety to 100 tons. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.—Baltimore Sun.

An Ingenious Debutante.

By EFFIE RAVENSCROFT.

Her name, well, as it happened last winter when she was a debutante, perhaps it would not be quite kind to reveal her name. In appearance, she isn't a typical daughter of the South, for her hair is as golden as any Northerner's ever dared be and her eyes are as blue as Italy's famed skies.

Of these parts of her make-up she never complained, but many and oft-repeated have been her arguments against her complexion, which is of that almost transparent whiteness, seemingly ordained by nature to be the only fitting accompaniment to beauty as blond as hers. Rosy cheeks are the aim of her existence, but to her credit, be it stated, she had never yielded to temptation in the form of any of the numberless "warranted harmless and sent in plain wrapper" combinations guaranteed to produce marvelous results towards the attainment of her ideal.

But the night before the dance at the Naval Academy, Adele—that is really her first name—stood before her mirror and gazed in despair at the milky whiteness of her cheek. It didn't matter to her that it was in charming contrast to her brows and lashes, which were many shades darker than her hair. She didn't admire that style and she didn't hesitate to tell her reflection so in language that was somewhat unusual.

Of course, she might use manicure paste. That's what her very dearest friend used, and nobody had ever discovered it. But manicure paste wasn't intended for that purpose, and Adele believed in observing the eternal fitness of things, especially when a contrary observation might result in a rough skin.

Well, Adele paid a visit to the druggist that evening and invested a small sum, but not in manicure paste. And all the next day the light of her countenance was in eclipse. Not even her dearest friend would see her.

At the cadets' dance, Adele's cheeks glowed like twin roses; they fairly radiated health—apparently. Her very dearest friend stood agape when she saw her own discovery of a new use for manicure paste fading into insignificance.

"It's wonderful, dear! What is it?" she whispered, in the cloak-room.

"It's mustard plasters!" groaned the ingenious one, with tears in her eyes. "I cut them out the shape of my cheeks and wore them last night and to-day. My face feels like an inferno!"

"I hope you don't mind a little thing like that," said her admiring comforter. "Why, you look lovely. Your programme will be filled in no time!"

And it was.—Brooklyn Life.

WISE WORDS.

Doctors' fees are the reward for well-doing.

Many a man who has his price gives himself away.

There are numerous toll gates on the road to success.

Cupid employs a lot of chaperons in his match factory.

Men with the butt-in habit like to pose as peacemakers.

All men are animals—and some of them are car-seated hogs.

But few men are able to appreciate justice when they get it.

There's usually a wide gap between promise and performance.

It's so much easier to tell a lie than it is to make people believe it.

A fool for luck is a man who succeeds in getting what you want.

Some men go broke and some others haven't enough to go broke on.

An egoist is the centre of an admiring crowd—and he's the crowd.

She is a wise wife who pretends to believe everything her husband tells her.

Even those who haven't an eye for beauty appreciate a handsome income.

When a woman forgets an injury she keeps forgetting that she has forgotten it.

Wrestling For Exercise.

Wrestling, the "microcosmos of gymnastics," is a fine form of bodily exercise for those who enjoy hard muscular work after the tedious business hours of the day and may be practiced—adapting it to circumstances—by the man of a ripe age as well as by the boy of ten or twelve, especially the form known in this country as catch-as-catch-can (which is about identical to one form of Swiss wrestling). I exchanged the Greco-Roman (or German gymnastic) style for this one about twelve years ago, and I was then over forty years old, and still enjoy it much if my opponent is of my own weight or a little lighter and if it is deprived of its potential roughness by a gentlemanly spirit of the partners.—New York Medical Journal.

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Suffered Two Years—Relieved in Three Months.



C. B. FIZER.

MR. C. B. FIZER, Mr. Sterling, Ky. writes:

"I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past. Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

"I believe that I can well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

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Mrs. Geo. H. Simmer, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes:

"I had not been well for about four years. I had kidney trouble and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time."

"This summer I got so very bad I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Mandolin."

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and one of Mandolin, and now I feel better than I have for some time."

"I feel that Peruna and Mandolin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna. It has saved me from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens."

Alcohol From Sawdust.

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The difference is that the sawdust has been treated with an acid, transforming it into dextrose, and is then distilled in the regular way. If the work can be done at a profit, and the indications from the work of the company point to this being a fact, it will not only make a valuable by-product out of the sawdust that has heretofore been an intolerable nuisance to the sawmills, but it will open up a way to make alcohol profitable from straw, cane, cornstalks and almost any other vegetable refuse.—Kansas City Journal.

Why Alligators Are Scarce.

Alligators are scarce and the children of the wealthy are largely responsible for it. The demand for young saurians has greatly increased since it has become a fad to carry them stuffed as playthings. It is not unusual on pleasant days to see children, accompanied by nurse maids, carrying a young alligator by the tail. The mouths of the creatures are wide open, and they are made as realistic as the art of the taxidermist can render them. Most of the stuffed pets are from a foot to 18 inches long. Their appearance, especially when they are taken to the enclosure where real alligators bask in the sun, at first fills the beholder with wonder and dismay.—New York Times.

If You Read This

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic febrile states, arising from catarrhal affections, and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing permanent cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such

WHISTLE!

As a boy when coming homeward,
When the sun had said "Good night,"
Just before the stars were shining,
When the road was scarce in sight,
When the woods seemed thickly peopled,
When the sounds dragged like years,
Did you whistle through the darkness,
Just to drown your mounting fears?

When the owls had joined in hooping,
Sending down your back the chill;
When the silence fell upon you,
When the sounds dragged like years,
When the prancing dancing phantoms,
Chased each other here and there;
Did you whistle through the darkness,
That you might not seem to care?

When upon life's homeward journey,
Shadows fall across the way;
When the seeming dangers threaten;
When 'tis neither night nor day;
When the hours with fears are freighted,
When the road is scarcely plain;
Whistle! Whistle through the darkness;
Whistling is not always vain.

Whistle, man, and whistle loudly!
Make the world with music ring;
Never mind the time you whistle,
Whistle! Whistle anything!
Phantoms vanish when you whistle,
Half the dangers disappear;
Whistle, then! Oh, Whistle! Whistle!
You at least can conquer fear.

—The Dreamer, in Town Topics.

Pauline's Pendant

"Father, it has disappeared."
Sir Nevil Masterton and I were sitting in his study at Masterton Priory after breakfast when his only daughter, Pauline, rushed in with a white face.

"My dear little girl, what has disappeared?" inquired her father in a soothing tone.

"My pearl and diamond pendant! The one you gave me just before the wedding! Oh, father, who can have taken it?"

Sir Nevil smiled. "You have mislaid it, that's all! We don't have anything so exciting as burglaries here."

"But, father, here is the empty case, which I found in the drawer where I locked it up yesterday morning with the pendant safe inside."

Sir Nevil looked grave. "That sounds odd," he said, slowly. "Tell us all about it, little girl."

The "little girl" was a fine, tall young woman of two-and-twenty. Her mother had died when she was a child, and Sir Nevil's eldest sister, Miss Priscilla Masterton, had played hostess at the priory while Pauline was growing up. She adored her niece, and Pauline could always get her own way so far as Aunt Prissy was concerned.

A few months ago the little household had received a shock—the announcement of Sir Nevil Masterton's second marriage. Every one had come to look upon him as a confirmed widower.

The new Lady Masterton was the famous stage beauty, Miss Lydia Beaupard. She was principal show-girl at the Majestic Theatre, where her lovely face and matchless figure brought her admiration and a handsome salary, while her strong common sense and excellent capacity for looking after herself had kept all admirers at a respectful distance until Nevil Masterton placed his baronetcy and his rent roll at her feet.

Pauline tearfully explained to her father the exact circumstances of her loss. She was in the habit of locking her jewelry in a certain drawer, and then hiding the keys in the corner of another drawer. The fact that the keys and the case of the pendant were both in their proper places seemed evidence that the pendant had been removed by some one intimately acquainted with its owner's habits.

Her father tried to comfort her, and added: "Leave me to talk it over with Mr. Carter, here. If your pendant has really been stolen he is more likely to get it back for you than any one else!"

I realized that to possess a reputation as a sort of amateur Sherlock Holmes involves one occasionally in awkward responsibilities, but I hastened to reassure her as far as possible.

"You are in for it now, Carter!" said Sir Nevil grimly.

"That's all right," I said, quietly. "Just tell me a little about the history of the pendant before we go any further."

"Well, you see," he began, "we have a good many family jewels, which Pauline had come to look upon as her own particular property. So that when I brought my wife here, a month or two ago, Pauline did not altogether like parting with what she considered her treasures."

"It was to make up for this," continued Sir Nevil, "that I bought her a pendant, a diamond crown with two fine pear-shaped pearls hanging down on little platinum chains. And it is this pendant that has now disappeared."

"I see," I said, thoughtfully. "What about your servants, Masterton?"

"They have all been with me for years," he said, warmly. "I should never suspect any of them."

"What about Lady Masterton's maid?"

"Oh, yes—Rayner. I forget about her. She is a girl whom my wife has known for a long time and in whom she has every confidence."

I began to perceive that I was going to have a rather unpleasant time. At lunch every one was talking about the pendant, and Lady Masterton in particular seemed much concerned at her stepdaughter's loss.

It was difficult to see what possible motive Lady Masterton could have had for being concerned in the mysterious disappearance of her stepdaughter's ornaments.

I found myself wondering whether this brilliant beauty might not have some poor relation in desperate need of money, for whom she might have committed the theft, not daring to part with any of her own jewelry for fear of being discovered. Personally, however, I was much prepossessed in Lady Masterton's favor.

Then another wild conjecture came into my mind. Had Pauline herself simply hidden the jewel to bring dis-

credit upon her newly acquired stepmother?

I was sitting alone in Sir Nevil's study after lunch, when the door was softly opened. I was a good deal surprised to see Miss Priscilla, or "Aunt Prissy," as she was always called.

"Mr. Carter," she began, in a mysterious whisper, "I want to speak to you about the loss of Pauline's pendant!" Miss Masterton sighed. "I am afraid, Mr. Carter, that the information I have to give you is of a distressing character!"

"Nothing can be more distressing than the present uncertainty," I declared.

"I—I felt it was my duty to tell you," she said, awkwardly.

The faded old maid produced her pocket-handkerchief, and then said:

"Pauline's room is in the left wing of the priory, next door to my own room. Yesterday afternoon I was surprised to see Lady Masterton coming out of Pauline's room when Pauline herself was out riding with her father. An hour later my sister-in-law went out into the shrubbery with a little packet in her hand, which she handed to a rough looking man waiting there, after which she returned quickly to the house."

"Did any one else witness any of these incidents?" I inquired.

"No," she said, quickly. "It was evident that Lady Masterton had chosen her time carefully."

"But what possible motive could Lady Masterton have for taking her stepdaughter's pendant?" I asked.

"You must be aware, Mr. Carter," she said, "that my sister-in-law is a person of very obscure origin. What more likely than that she may have poor relatives in pecuniary difficulties, whom she has chosen to relieve in this dishonest fashion?"

I was startled to find my informant furnishing evidence of the correctness of a theory that I had already formulated, and then dismissed. Meanwhile I answered:

"I should be very sorry to think that Lady Masterton was capable of stooping to a crime of this kind; but the case certainly looks suspicious. May I ask you, however, not to say a word of this to any one?"

Aunt Prissy rose. "The subject is so extremely painful, Mr. Carter, that you may be quite sure I shall not breathe a word to soul. Meanwhile, I sincerely hope that you will be able to prove Lady Masterton innocent, after all."

Old maids are often charming people, and Miss Priscilla was described by her niece as "a dear," but I could not help feeling that she had not yet forgiven her brother for marrying again; while her view of ladies connected with the stage were old-fashioned and out of date.

At dinner that evening Pauline was anxious to know whether I had made any discoveries.

"Like Scotland Yard," I replied, lightly, "I have a clue. But I propose to preserve the strictest secrecy until I put my hand on the culprit and produce the pendant!"

"And when will that be?" asked Pauline, eagerly.

"Probably to-morrow morning," I answered. "Possibly to-night."

"Then you know who took the diamond?" exclaimed Pauline, excitedly.

"Yes," I said. "I know who took the diamonds."

I did not look at Miss Priscilla, but I could not fail to be conscious of the triumph in her eye.

"There is nothing Carter loves like a mystery," said Sir Nevil, sarcastically. "Carter, if you really know who took the pendant, tell us, and have done with it!"

"I can't quite do that," I said. "But if you will all be in the drawing room at 10 o'clock this evening, I shall probably elucidate the mystery."

Immediately after dinner I returned to my room; but at 10 o'clock punctually I entered the drawing room, where I found Masterton with his wife, sister and daughter playing bridge.

"Do come in, Mr. Carter!" said Lady Masterton. "We are simply dying to know!"

"Very well, Lady Masterton. But I want an absolute promise that I shall not be interrupted until I have finished my story, however startling or outrageous my statements may seem. Do you all give that promise?"

They all answered lightly in the affirmative. Whereupon I added:

"I warn you, Masterton, that you will find it very hard to keep your word as soon as I have begun."

"Go ahead, Carter! If I want to break your head, I promise you I'll save it up till you've finished your yarn!"

"All right," I said. "The day before yesterday, in the middle of the afternoon, some one was seen coming

out of Miss Pauline's bedroom; and the same person was afterward seen to hand a small packet to a mysterious looking man in the shrubbery. The person in question was—Lady Masterton!"

Sir Nevil started from his chair. But I reminded him of his promise, and he sat down, again glaring fiercely.

"The mysterious looking man in the shrubbery was a ne'er do well brother of Lady Masterton's who is leaving for Australia in a few days to make a fresh start in life."

Here Lady Masterton was on the point of interrupting.

"Appearances are all pointed to the fact that the packet handed by Lady Masterton to her brother contained the missing pendant."

Miss Priscilla looked discreetly triumphant.

"But," I added, "appearances were entirely misleading. The purpose that took Lady Masterton to Miss Pauline's bedroom was to get a book she had lent her the day before, and the packet she handed to her brother was a sum of money she had arranged to give him, with her husband's knowledge and consent."

Sir Nevil sprang from his chair once more. "Look here, Carter," he said. "Fortunately, you have removed your desire to punch your head! But what the deuce has all this got to do with Pauline's diamonds?"

"Ask Miss Priscilla," I said, quietly.

"What on earth do you mean?" he inquired, blankly.

"The pendant is locked up in the top left hand drawer of her wardrobe," I answered. "And if you ask her, she will go and fetch it."

"Is this true?" demanded Sir Nevil, fiercely.

"Yes," she answered meekly, as she went to the door. And in a few minutes she came back carrying the diamond ornament wrapped up in a piece of tissue paper.

Poor Aunt Prissy's tearful explanation of how she took the pendant, in sudden jealousy, to bring disgrace upon her new sister-in-law, who, she considered, was robbing her beloved niece of her proper rights, was extremely pathetic; but Sir Nevil's chief thought was naturally for his wife.

"Can you ever forgive her, dearest?" he asked, tenderly, taking her hand in his.

"Forgive her! Of course I can!" answered Lady Masterton. "She did it only because she was so devoted to her niece. And I hope that, when she knows me better, she will perhaps become equally fond of her sister-in-law!"

And Sir Nevil always declares that the deep affection that now exists between his sister and his wife dates from the loss and recovery of Pauline's pendant.—Modern Society.

Why He Did Not Marry.

As a reason for not marrying Brahms once wrote to a friend:

"At the time when I should have wished to marry, my compositions were either hissed at or at any rate very coolly received. I knew their worth, though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned; and in unmarried solitude I never really took my reverses to heart."

"But to be questioned by a wife at such moments, to have her inquiring eyes anxiously fixed upon me, to hear her ask: 'Again a fiasco?'"

"No, that I could never have borne. For, however much she loved me and believed in me, I could not have expected her to have unwavering faith in my subsequent victory. And had she attempted to console me! Ugh! I can't even think of it. It would have been little less than purgatory!"

—Monthly Review.

Hereditary Barbers.

A wonderful family of barbers is that of Benjamin M. Youells, who lives at Easton, and who, although eighty-seven years old, still wields a razor.

Of his nine children, all of whom are living, the three sons are barbers and two of his six daughters can handle a razor as skillfully as a man.

The other four daughters married barbers.

Nine of his eleven grandchildren are barbers, and his seven great-grandchildren say they will become knights of the razor.—Easton Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

A Two-Pound Fish in a Jug.

A remarkable catch of fish was made here yesterday. While workmen were busy cleaning out an old ditch that had been abandoned for five years they came upon an old jug.

In the jug was a two-pound fish that was as lively as if just taken from the river.

It is supposed that it entered the jug when it was a minnow. The neck of the jug was much smaller than the fish.—Bourbon Correspondence Indianapolis News.

Not So Sure.

Golfer (who rather fancies himself)—"I suppose you've been 'round the links with worse players than me, eh?" (The caddy takes no notice.)

Golfer (in his loudest voice)—"I say, I suppose you've been 'round the links with worse players than me, eh?"

Caddy—"I heard verra weel what ye said. I'm just thinkin' about it."

—Pacific Outlook.

In the matter of train speed Austria, Italy and Spain are at the bottom of the list.

VENTRILOQUIST IN THE WARD.

Trouble Among the Dipsomanacs in Bellevue the Result.

Michael Newman, an electrician of 2,431 First avenue, who is incidentally a skilled ventriloquist, was admitted to the alcoholic ward in Bellevue Hospital last night. Soon after he arrived a blood-curdling cry of "Help! Help!" was heard through the ward. It seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Dr. Drury, the physician in charge, and the nurses made an anxious search, but found nothing.

"It was certainly a cry of distress," said the doctor. The nurses thought so, too. Newman apparently was asleep.

Presently chronic patients straightened up and looked with hopeful eyes as a hoarse whisper sounded through the ward:

"Say, fellows, have a drink on me."

Two of the male nurses jumped to their feet ready to pounce on the man who would make such an offer in the ward. They walked through the line of cots, but could not trace the source of the invitation. The ward settled down to quiet again.

Presently a low trembling roar not unlike that of a cub lion was heard.

"I've got 'em," moaned one patient, covering his head with the sheet.

Again a search was made to learn the cause of the noise, but without result.

Soon the faint yet certain crow of a rooster was heard, followed by the wail of a cat. Nurses and orderlies searched under the cots and in the closets, but found neither cat nor rooster.

"I'm bleeding to death," screamed a shrill voice after a while. It brought the nurses and orderlies to their feet in a hurry, thoroughly angry this time. While they were searching one of the nurses looked into Newman's face and saw that he was quivering with suppressed laughter. Under examination Newman confessed that he was a ventriloquist and the author of the noises his offense was overlooked.—New York Times.

The Age Limit.

President McCrea of the Pennsylvania Railroad has acted wisely and commendably in raising the age limit at which men may enter the employ of his company from 35 to 40 years.

There was never a more senseless notion than that which would limit the age of efficient service to 60 or even 65. Many of the strongest men in public and business life are over 60, and some of them are beyond 70.

Farragut was 60 at the beginning of the Civil War, and Oyama was over 63 at the outbreak of the war between Japan and Russia. Hayn wrote his oratorio, "The Creation," after he was 67, Goethe finished his "Faust" at 82 and Humboldt his "Cosmos" at 76.

Among grand old men in the annals of American statesmanship it is sufficient to mention the names of George F. Hoar, John Quincy Adams and Thaddeus Stevens. Henry Ward Beecher never preached better than in the last year of his life. J. Pierpont Morgan and H. H. Rogers, both over 60, do not yet begin to show signs of senility, and Mark Twain is still "cutting up," though past 70.—Leslie's Weekly.

GAS.

Its Lighting Property Was Discovered by a Scotchman.

Soon after Argand invented his lamp, William Murdoch, a Scottish inventor, showed the world a new way of lighting a house. It had long been known that fat or coal, when heated, gives off a vapor or gas which burns with a bright light. Indeed, it is always a gas that burns and not a hard substance. In the candle or in the lamp the flame heats the oil which comes up to it through the wick and thus causes the oil to give off a gas.

It is this gas that burns and gives the light. Now, Murdoch, in 1783, put this principle to a good use. He heated coal in a large vessel, and allowed the gas which was driven off to pass through mains and tubes to different parts of his house. Whenever he wanted a light he let the gas escape at the end of the tube in a small jet and lighted it. Here was a lamp without a wick. Murdoch soon extended his gas pipes to his factories and lighted them with gas. As soon as it was learned how to make gas cheaply, and conduct it safely from house to house, while cities were rescued from darkness by the new illuminant.—St. Nicholas.

Hammer Oldest Implement.

The hammer, besides being a tool of universal use, is probably the oldest representative of a mechanic's tool kit. The hammer was originally a stone fastened to a handle with thongs, and it was as useful as a weapon as a tool.

Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt twenty centuries before our era. They greatly resemble the hammer now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. Claw hammers were invented some time during the Middle Ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers.

Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic fifty ton hammer of shipbuilding establishments, some of which have a falling force of from ninety to 100 tons. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.—Baltimore Sun.

An Ingenious Debutante.

By EFFIE RAVENSCROFT.

Her name, well, as it happened last winter when she was a debutante, perhaps it would not be quite kind to reveal her name. In appearance, she isn't a typical daughter of the South, for her hair is as golden as any Northerner's ever dared be and her eyes are as blue as Italy's famed skies.

Of these parts of her make-up she never complained, but many and oft-repeated have been her arguments against her complexion, which is of that almost transparent whiteness, seemingly ordained by nature to be the only fitting accompaniment to beauty as blond as hers. Rosy cheeks are the aim of her existence, but to her credit, be it stated, she had never yielded to temptation in the form of any of the numberless "warranted harmless and sent in plain wrapper" combinations guaranteed to produce marvelous results towards the attainment of her ideal.

But the night before the dance at the Naval Academy, Adele—that is really her first name—stood before her mirror and gazed in despair at the milky whiteness of her cheek. It didn't matter to her that it was in charming contrast to her brows and lashes, which were many shades darker than her hair. She didn't hesitate to tell her reflection so in language that was somewhat unusual, coming from such a source. Of course, she might use manicure paste. That's what her very dearest friend used, and nobody had ever discovered it. But manicure paste wasn't intended for that purpose, and Adele believed in observing the eternal fitness of things, especially when a contrary observance might result in a rough skin.

Well, Adele paid a visit to the druggist that evening and invested a small sum, but not in manicure paste. And all the next day the light of her countenance was in eclipse. Not even her dearest friend would see.

At the cadets' dance, Adele's cheeks glowed like twin roses; they fairly radiated health—apparently. Her very dearest friend stood aghast when she saw her own discovery of a new use for manicure paste fading into insignificance.

"It's wonderful, dear! What is it?" she whispered, in the cloak-room.

"It's mustard plasters!" groaned the ingenious one, with tears in her eyes. "I cut them out the shape of my cheeks and wore them last night and to-day. My face feels like an inferno!"

"I hope you don't mind a little thing like that," said her admiring comforter. "Why, you look lovely. Your programme will be filled in no time!"

And it was.—Brooklyn Life.

WISE WORDS.

Doctors' fees are the reward for well-doing.

Many a man who has his price gives himself away.

There are numerous toll gates on the road to success.

Cupid employs a lot of chaperons in his match factory.

Men with the butt-in habit like to pose as peacemakers.

All men are animals—and some of them are car-seat hogs.

But few men are able to appreciate justice when they get it.

There's usually a wide gap between promise and performance.

It's so much easier to tell a lie than it is to make people believe it.

A fool for luck is a man who succeeds in getting what you want.

Some men go broke and some others haven't enough to go broke on.

An egotist is the centre of an admiring crowd—and he's the crowd.

She is a wise wife who pretends to believe everything her husband tells her.

Even those who haven't an eye for beauty appreciate a handsome income.

When a woman forgets an injury she keeps forgetting that she has forgotten it.

Wrestling For Exercise.

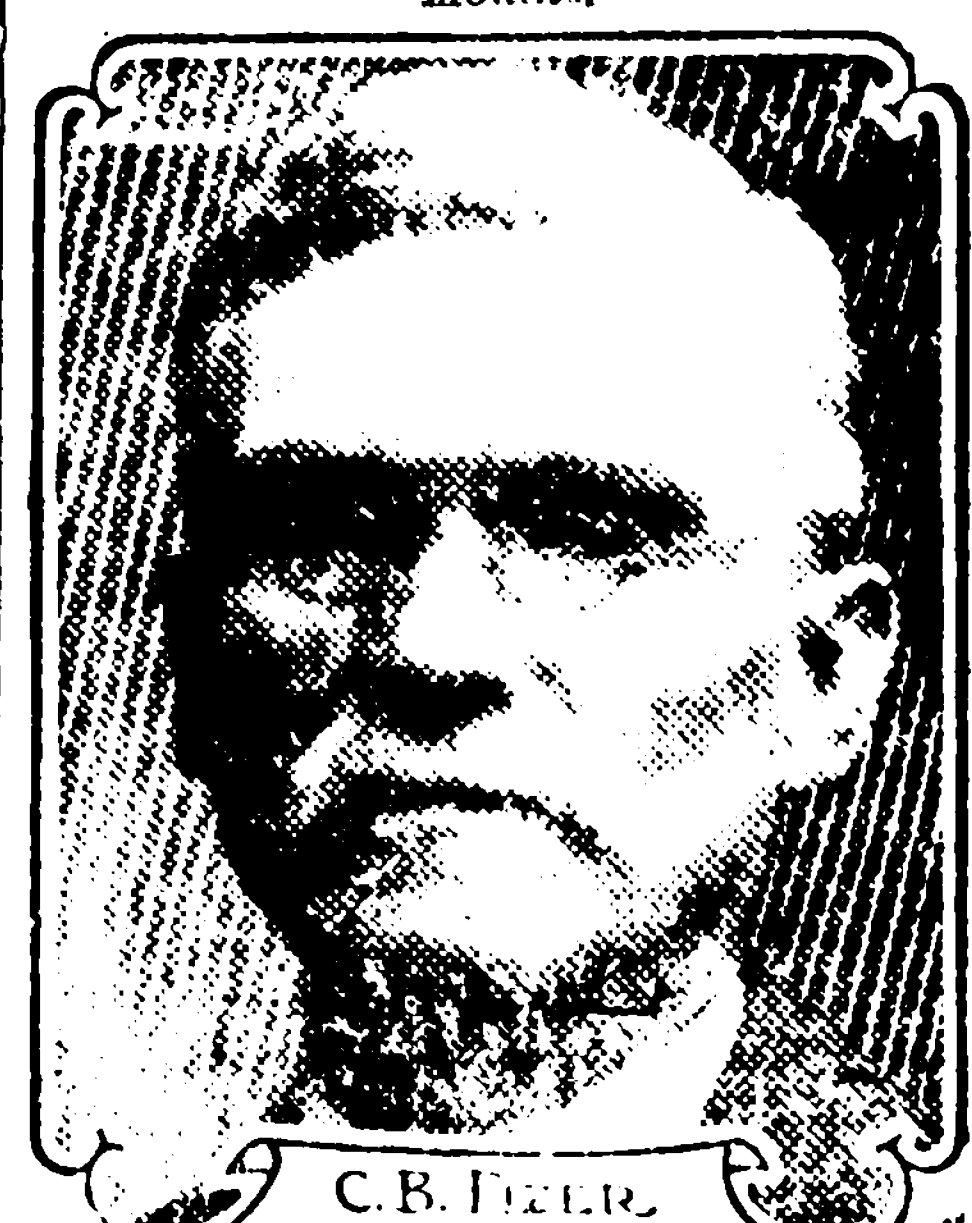
Wrestling, the "microcosmos of gymnastics," is a fine form of bodily exercise for those who enjoy hard muscular work after the tedious business hours of the day and may be practiced—adapting it to circumstances—by the man of a ripe age as well as by the boy of ten or twelve, especially the form known in this country as catch-as-catch-can (which is about identical to one form of Swiss wrestling). I exchanged the Greco-Roman (or German gymnastic) style for this one about twelve years ago, and I was then over forty years old, and still enjoy it much if my opponent is of my own weight or a little lighter and if it is deprived of its potential roughness by a gentlemanly spirit of the partners.—New York Medical Journal.

Bay State's Official Posy.

Those who failed to get the Legislature to adopt the mountain laurel as the State flower of Massachusetts are bearing added grief, now that Connecticut has pre-empted it. By this action the Bay State choice of posies is still further limited, and the only consolation is the thought that the Commonwealth has got along tolerably well without an official State flower so far.—Boston Globe.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Two Years—Relieved in Three Months.



Mr. C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

"I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past."

"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

"I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

Per-u-na For Kidney Trouble.

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"I had not been well for about four years. I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time."

"This summer I got so very bad I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Manalin."

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and one of Manalin, and now I feel better than I have for some time."

"I feel that Peruna and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me together. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna."

"It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials. They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. There are times when they need a little assistance."

Peruna is exactly this sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens."

Alcohol From Sawdust.

Samples of alcohol made from sawdust have been sent to the Department of Agriculture from one of the big sawmills, where the work is being done on a commercial scale; that is to say, a distilling plant has been installed, which is turning out several barrels of alcohol daily, though no figures are available as to the actual cost of manufacture compared with wood alcohol or that from grain.

The interesting point about the sawdust alcohol is that it is a wood alcohol, having none of the properties of that fluid, but is an ethyl alcohol that cannot be told from that made from grain. The difference is that the sawdust has been treated with an acid, transforming it into dextrose, and is then distilled in the regular way. If the work can be done at a profit, and the indications from the work of the company point to this being a fact, it will not only make a valuable by-product out of the sawdust that has heretofore been an intolerable nuisance to the sawmills, but it will open up a way to make alcohol profitable from straw, cane, cornstalks and almost any other vegetable refuse.—Kansas City Journal.

Why Alligators Are Scarce.

Alligators are scarce and the children of the wealthy are largely responsible for it. The demand for young saurians has greatly increased since it has become a fad to carry them stuffed as playthings. It is not unusual on pleasant days to see children, accompanied by nurse maids, carrying a young alligator by the tail. The mouths of the creatures are wide open, and they are made as realistic as the art of the taxidermist can render them. Most of the stuffed pets are from a foot to 18 inches long. Their appearance, especially when they are taken to the enclosure where real alligators bask in the sun, at first fills the beholder with wonder and dismay.—New York Times.

If You Read This

WHISTLE!

As a boy when coming homeward,
When the sun had set and the stars were shining,
When the road was scarce in sight,
When the woods seemed thickly peopled,
When the seconds dragged like years,
Did you whistle through the darkness,
Just to drown your mounting fears?

When the owls had joined in hooting,
Sending down your back the chill;
When the silence fell upon you,
Rousing weird and ghostly thrills;
When the prancing, dancing phantoms,
Chased each other here and there;
Did you whistle through the darkness,
That you might not seem to care?

When upon life's homeward journey,
Shadows fall across the way;
When the seeming dangers threaten;
When 'tis neither night nor day;
When the hours with fears are freighted,
When the road is scarcely plain;
Whistle! Whistle through the darkness;
Whistling is not always vain.

Whistle, man, and whistle loudly!
Make the world with music ring;
Never mind the tune you whistle,
Whistle! Whistle anything!
Phantoms vanish when you whistle,
Half the dangers disappear;
Whistle, then! Oh, whistle! Whistle!
You at least can conquer fear.

—The Dreamer, in Town Topics.

Pauline's Pendant

"Father, it has disappeared."
Sir Nevil Masterton and I were sitting in his study at Masterton Priory after breakfast when his only daughter, Pauline, rushed in with a white face.

"My dear little girl, what has disappeared?" inquired her father in a soothing tone.

"My pearl and diamond pendant! The one you gave me just before the wedding! Oh, father, who can have taken it?"

Sir Nevil smiled. "You have mislaid it, that's all! We don't have anything so exciting as burglaries here."

"But, father, here is the empty case, which I found in the drawer where I locked it up yesterday morning with the pendant safe inside."

Sir Nevil looked grave. "That sounds odd," he said, slowly. "Tell us all about it, little girl."

The "little girl" was a fine, tall young woman of two-and-twenty. Her mother had died when she was a child, and Sir Nevil's eldest sister, Miss Priscilla Masterton, had played hostess at the priory while Pauline was growing up. She adored her niece, and Pauline could always get her own way so far as Aunt Prissy was concerned.

A few months ago the little household had received a shock—the announcement of Sir Nevil Masterton's second marriage. Every one had come to look upon him as a confirmed widower.

The new Lady Masterton was the famous stage beauty, Miss Lydia Beaugarde. She was principal show-girl at the Majestic Theatre, where her lovely face and matchless figure brought her admiration and a handsome salary, while her strong common sense and excellent capacity for looking after herself had kept all admirers at a respectful distance until Nevil Masterton placed his baronetcy and his rent roll at her feet.

Pauline tearfully explained to her father the exact circumstances of her loss. She was in the habit of locking her jewelry in a certain drawer, and then hiding the keys in the corner of another drawer. The fact that the keys and the case of the pendant were both in their proper places seemed evidence that the pendant had been removed by some one intimately acquainted with its owner's habits.

Her father tried to comfort her, and added: "Leave me to talk it over with Mr. Carter, here. If your pendant has really been stolen he is more likely to get it back for you than any one else!"

I realized that to possess a reputation as a sort of amateur Sherlock Holmes involves one occasionally in awkward responsibilities, but I hastened to reassure her as far as possible.

"You are in for it now, Carter!" said Sir Nevil grimly.

"That's all right," I said, quietly. "Just tell me a little about the history of the pendant before we go any further."

"Well, you see," he began, "we have a good many family jewels, which Pauline had come to look upon as her own particular property. So that when I brought my wife here, a month or two ago, Pauline did not altogether like parting with what she considered her treasures."

"It was to make up for this," continued Sir Nevil, "that I bought her a pendant, a diamond crown with two fine pear-shaped pearls hanging down on little platinum chains. And it is this pendant that has now disappeared."

"I see," I said, thoughtfully. "What about your servants, Masterton?"

"They have all been with me for years," he said, warmly. "I should never suspect any of them."

"What about Lady Masterton's maid?"

"Oh, yes—Rayner. I forget about her. She is a girl whom my wife has known for a long time and in whom she has every confidence."

I began to perceive that I was going to have a rather unpleasant time, at lunch every one was talking about the pendant, and Lady Masterton in particular seemed much concerned at her stepdaughter's loss.

It was difficult to see what possible motive Lady Masterton could have had for being concerned in the mysterious disappearance of her stepdaughter's ornaments.

I found myself wondering whether this brilliant beauty might not have some poor relation in desperate need of money, for whom she might have committed the theft, not daring to part with any of her own jewelry for fear of being discovered. Personally, however, I was much prepossessed in Lady Masterton's favor.

Then another wild conjecture came into my mind. Had Pauline herself simply hidden the jewel to bring dis-

credit upon her newly acquired step-mother?

I was sitting alone in Sir Nevil's study after lunch, when the door was softly opened. I was a good deal surprised to see Miss Priscilla, or "Aunt Prissy," as she was always called.

"Mr. Carter," she began, in a mysterious whisper, "I want to speak to you about the loss of Pauline's pendant!" Miss Masterton sighed. "I am afraid, Mr. Carter, that the information I have to give you is of a distressing character!"

"Nothing can be more distressing than the present uncertainty," I declared.

"I—I felt it was my duty to tell you," she said, awkwardly.

The faded old maid produced her pocket-handkerchief, and then said:

"Pauline's room is in the left wing of the priory, next door to my own room. Yesterday afternoon I was surprised to see Lady Masterton coming out of Pauline's room when Pauline herself was out riding with her father. An hour later my sister-in-law went out into the shrubbery with a little packet in her hand, which she handed to a rough looking man waiting there, after which she returned quickly to the house."

"Did any one else witness any of these incidents?" I inquired.

"No," she said, quickly. "It was evident that Lady Masterton had chosen her time carefully."

"But what possible motive could Lady Masterton have for taking her stepdaughter's pendant?" I asked.

"You must be aware, Mr. Carter," she said, "that my sister-in-law is a person of very obscure origin. What more likely than that she may have poor relatives in pecuniary difficulties, whom she has chosen to relieve in this dishonest fashion?"

I was startled to find my informant furnishing evidence of the correctness of a theory that I had already formulated, and then dismissed. Meanwhile I answered:

"I should be very sorry to think that Lady Masterton was capable of stooping to a crime of this kind; but the case certainly looks suspicious."

May I ask you, however, not to say a word of this to any one?"

Aunt Prissy rose. "The subject is so extremely painful, Mr. Carter, that you may be quite sure I shall not breathe a word to soul. Meanwhile, I sincerely hope that you will be able to prove Lady Masterton innocent, after all."

Old maids are often charming people, and Miss Priscilla was described by her niece as "a dear," but I could not help feeling that she had not yet forgiven her brother for marrying again; while her view of ladies connected with the stage were old-fashioned and out of date.

At dinner that evening Pauline was anxious to know whether I had made any discoveries.

"Like Scotland Yard," I replied, lightly, "I have a clue. But I propose to preserve the strictest secrecy until I put my hand on the culprit and produce the pendant!"

"And when will that be?" asked Pauline, eagerly.

"Probably to-morrow morning," I answered. "Possibly to-night."

"Then you know who took the diamond?" exclaimed Pauline, excitedly.

"Yes," I said. "I know who took the diamonds."

I did not look at Miss Priscilla, but I could not fail to be conscious of the triumph in her eye.

"There is nothing Carter loves like a mystery," said Sir Nevil, sarcastically. "Carter, if you really know who took the pendant, tell us, and have done with it!"

"I can't quite do that," I said. "But if you will all be in the drawing room at 10 o'clock this evening, I shall probably elucidate the mystery."

Immediately after dinner I returned to my room; but at 10 o'clock punctually I entered the drawing room, where I found Masterton with his wife, sister and daughter playing bridge.

"Do come in, Mr. Carter!" said Lady Masterton. "We are simply dying to know!"

"Very well, Lady Masterton. But I want an absolute promise that I shall not be interrupted until I have finished my story, however startling or outrageous my statements may seem. Do you all give that promise?"

They all answered lightly in the affirmative. Whereupon I added:

"I warn you, Masterton, that you will find it very hard to keep your word as soon as I have begun."

"Go ahead, Carter! If I want to break your head, I promise you I'll save it up till you've finished your yarn!"

"All right," I said. "The day before yesterday, in the middle of the afternoon, some one was seen coming

out of Miss Pauline's bedroom; and the same person was afterward seen to hand a small packet to a mysterious looking man in the shrubbery. The person in question was—Lady Masterton!"

Sir Nevil started from his chair. But I reminded him of his promise, and he sat down, again glaring fiercely.

"The mysterious looking man in the shrubbery was a ne'er do well brother of Lady Masterton's who is leaving for Australia in a few days to make a fresh start in life."

Here Lady Masterton was on the point of interrupting.

"Appearances are all pointed to the fact that the packet handed by Lady Masterton to her brother contained the missing pendant."

Miss Priscilla looked discreetly triumphant.

"But," I added, "appearances were entirely misleading. The purpose that took Lady Masterton to Miss Pauline's bedroom was to get a book she had lent her the day before, and the packet she handed to her brother was a sum of money she had arranged to give him, with her husband's knowledge and consent."

Sir Nevil sprang from his chair once more. "Look here, Carter," he said. "Fortunately, you have removed my desire to punch your head! But what the deuce has all this got to do with Pauline's diamonds?"

"Ask Miss Priscilla," I said, quietly.

"What on earth do you mean?" he inquired, blankly.

"The pendant is locked up in the top left hand drawer of her wardrobe," I answered. "And if you ask her, she will go and fetch it."

"Is this true?" demanded Sir Nevil, fiercely.

"Yes," she answered meekly, as she went to the door. And in a few minutes she came back carrying the diamond ornament wrapped up in a piece of tissue paper.

Poor Aunt Prissy's tearful explanation of how she took the pendant, in sudden jealousy, to bring disgrace upon her new sister-in-law, who, she considered, was robbing her beloved niece of her proper rights, was extremely pathetic; but Sir Nevil's chief thought was naturally for his wife.

"Can you ever forgive her, dearest?" he asked, tenderly, taking her hand in his.

"Forgive her! Of course I can!" answered Lady Masterton. "She did it only because she was so devoted to her niece. And I hope that, when she knows me better, she will perhaps become equally fond of her sister-in-law!"

And Sir Nevil always declares that the deep affection that now exists between his sister and his wife dates from the loss and recovery of Pauline's pendant.—Modern Society.

Why He Did Not Marry.

As a reason for not marrying Brahms once wrote to a friend:

"At the time when I should have wished to marry, my compositions were either hissed at or at any rate very coolly received. I knew their worth, though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned; and in unmarried solitude I never really took my reverses to heart."

"But to be questioned by a wife at such moments, to have her inquiring eyes anxiously fixed upon me, to hear her ask: 'Again a fiasco?'"

"No, that I could never have borne. For, however much she loved me and believed in me, I could not have expected her to have unwavering faith in my subsequent victory. And had she attempted to console me! Ugh! I can't even think of it. It would have been little less than purgatory!"

—Monthly Review.

Hereditary Barbers.

A wonderful family of barbers is that of Benjamin M. Youells, who lives at Easton, and who, although eighty-seven years old, still wields a razor.

Of his nine children, all of whom are living, the three sons are barbers and two of his six daughters can handle a razor as skillfully as a man.

The other four daughters married barbers.

Nine of his eleven grandchildren are barbers, and his seven great-grandchildren say they will become knights of the razor.—Easton Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

A Two-Pound Fish in a Jug.

A remarkable catch of fish was made here yesterday. While workmen were busy cleaning out an old ditch that had been abandoned for five years they came upon an old jug. In the jug was a two-pound fish that was as lively as if just taken from the river.

It is supposed that it entered the jug when it was a minnow. The neck of the jug was much smaller than the fish.—Bourbon Correspondence Indianapolis News.

Not So Sure.

Golfer (who rather fancies himself)—"I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh?" (The caddie takes no notice.)

Golfer (in his loudest voice)—"I say, I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh?"

Caddie—"I heard verra weel what ye said. I'm just thinkin' about it."

—Pacific Outlook.

In the matter of train speed Austria, Italy and Spain are at the bottom of the list.

VENTRILOQUIST IN THE WARD.

Trouble Among the Dipsomaniacs in Bellevue the Result.

Michael Newman, an electrician of 2,431 First avenue, who is incidentally a skilled ventriloquist, was admitted to the alcoholic ward in Bellevue Hospital last night. Soon after he arrived a blood-curdling cry of "Help! Help!" was heard through the ward.

It seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Dr. Drury, the physician in charge, and the nurses made an anxious search, but found nothing.

"It was certainly a cry of distress," said the doctor. The nurses thought so, too. Newman apparently was asleep.

Presently chronic patients straightened up and looked with hopeful eyes at a hoarse whisper sounded through the ward:

"Say, fellows, have a drink on me."

Two of the male nurses jumped to their feet ready to pounce on the man who would make such an offer in the ward. They walked through the line of cots, but could not trace the source of the invitation. The ward settled down to quiet again.

Presently a low trembling roar not unlike that of a cub lion was heard.

"I've got 'em," moaned one patient, covering his head with the sheet.

Again a search was made to learn the cause of the noise, but without result.

Soon the faint yet certain crow of a rooster was heard, followed by the wall of a cat. Nurses and orderlies searched under the cots and in the closets, but found neither cat nor rooster.

"I'm bleeding to death," screamed a shrill voice after a while. It brought the nurses and orderlies to their feet in a hurry, thoroughly angry this time. While they were searching one of the nurses looked into Newman's face and saw that he was quivering with suppressed laughter.

Under examination Newman confessed that he was a ventriloquist and the author of the noises his offense was overlooked.—New York Times.

The Age Limit.

President McCrea of the Pennsylvania Railroad has acted wisely and commendably in raising the age limit at which men may enter the employ of his company from 35 to 40 years.

There was never a more senseless notion than that which would limit the age of efficient service to 60 or even 65. Many of the strongest men in public and business life are over 60, and some of them are beyond 70.

Farragut was 60 at the beginning of the Civil War, and Oyama was over 63 at the outbreak of the war between Japan and Russia. Hayn wrote his oratorio, "The Creation," after he was 67, Goethe finished his "Faust" at 82 and Humboldt his "Cosmos" at 76.

Among grand old men in the annals of American statesmanship it is sufficient to mention the names of George F. Hoar, John Quincy Adams and Thaddeus Stevens. Henry Ward Beecher never preached better than in the last year of his life. J. Pierpont Morgan and H. H. Rogers, both over 60, do not yet begin to show signs of senility, and Mark Twain is still "cutting up," though past 70.—Leslie's Weekly.

GAS.

Its Lighting Property Was Discovered by a Scotchman.

Soon after Argand invented his lamp, William Murdoch, a Scottish inventor, showed the world a new way of lighting a house. It had long been known that fat or coal, when heated, gives off a vapor or gas which burns with a bright light. Indeed, it is always a gas that burns and not a hard substance. In the candle or in the lamp the flame heats the oil which comes up to it through the wick and thus causes the oil to give off a gas. It is this gas that burns and gives the light. Now, Murdoch, in 1798, put this principle to a good use. He heated coal in a large vessel, and allowed the gas which was driven off to pass through mains and tubes to different parts of his house. Whenever he wanted a light he let the gas escape at the end of the tube in a small jet and lighted it. Here was a lamp without a wick. Murdoch soon extended his gas pipes to his factories and lighted them with gas. As soon as it was learned how to make gas cheaply, and conduct it safely from house to house, while cities were rescued from darkness by the new illuminant.—St. Nicholas.

Hammer Oldest Implement.

The hammer, besides being a tool of universal use, is probably the oldest representative of a mechanic's tool kit. The hammer was originally a stone fastened to a handle with thongs, and it was as useful as a weapon as a tool.

Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt twenty centuries before our era. They greatly resemble the hammer now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. Claw hammers were invented some time during the Middle Ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers.

Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic fifty ton hammer of shipbuilding establishments, some of which have a falling force of from ninety to 100 tons. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.—Baltimore Sun.

An Ingenious Debutante.

By EFFIE RAUENSCROFT.

Her name, well, as it happened last winter when she was a debutante, perhaps it would not be quite kind to reveal her name. In appearance, she isn't a typical daughter of the South, for her hair is as golden as any Northerner's ever dared be and her eyes are as blue as Italy's far-famed skies.

Of these parts of her make-up she never complained, but many and oft-repeated have been her arguments against her complexion, which is of that almost transparent whiteness, seemingly ordained by nature to be the only fitting accompaniment to beauty as blond as hers. Rosy cheeks are the aim of her existence, but to her credit, be it stated, she had never yielded to temptation in the form of any of the numberless "warranted harmless and sent in plain wrapper" combinations guaranteed to produce marvelous results towards the attainment of her ideal.

But the night before the dance at the Naval Academy, Adele—that is really her first name—stood before her mirror and gazed in despair at the milky whiteness of her cheek. It didn't matter to her that it was in charming contrast to her brows and lashes, which were many shades darker than her hair. She didn't hesitate to tell her reflection so in language that was somewhat unusual, coming from such a source. Of course, she might use manicure paste. That's what her very dearest friend used, and nobody had ever discovered it. But manicure paste wasn't intended for that purpose, and Adele believed in observing the eternal fitness of things, especially when, a contrary observation might result in a rough skin.

Well, Adele paid a visit to the druggist that evening and invested a small sum, but not in manicure paste. And all the next day the light of her countenance was in eclipse. Not even her dearest friend would see her.

At the cadets' dance, Adele's cheeks glowed like twin roses; they fairly radiated health—apparently. Her very dearest friend stood aghast when she saw her own discovery of a new use for manicure paste fading into insignificance.

"It's wonderful, dear! What is it?" she whispered, in the cloak-room.

"It's mustard plasters!" groaned the ingenious one, with tears in her eyes. "I cut them out the shape of my cheeks and wore them last night and to-day. My face feels like an inferno!"

"I hope you don't mind a little thing like that," said her admiring comforter. "Why, you look lovely. Your programme will be filled in no time!"

And it was.—Brooklyn Life.

WISE WORDS.

Doctors' fees are the reward for well-doing.

Many a man who has his price gives himself away.

There are numerous toll gates on the road to success.

Cupid employs a lot of chaperons in his match factory.

Men with the butt-in habit like to pose as peacemakers.

All men are animals—and some of them are car-seat hogs.

But few men are able to appreciate justice when they get it.

There's usually a wide gap between promise and performance.

It's so much easier to tell a lie than it is to make people believe it.

A fool for luck is a man who succeeds in getting what you want.

Some men go broke and some others haven't enough to go broke on.

An egotist is the centre of an admiring crowd—and he's the crowd.

She is a wise wife who pretends to believe everything her husband tells her.

Even those who haven't an eye for beauty appreciate a handsome income.

When a woman forgets an injury she keeps forgetting that she has forgotten it.

Wrestling For Exercise.

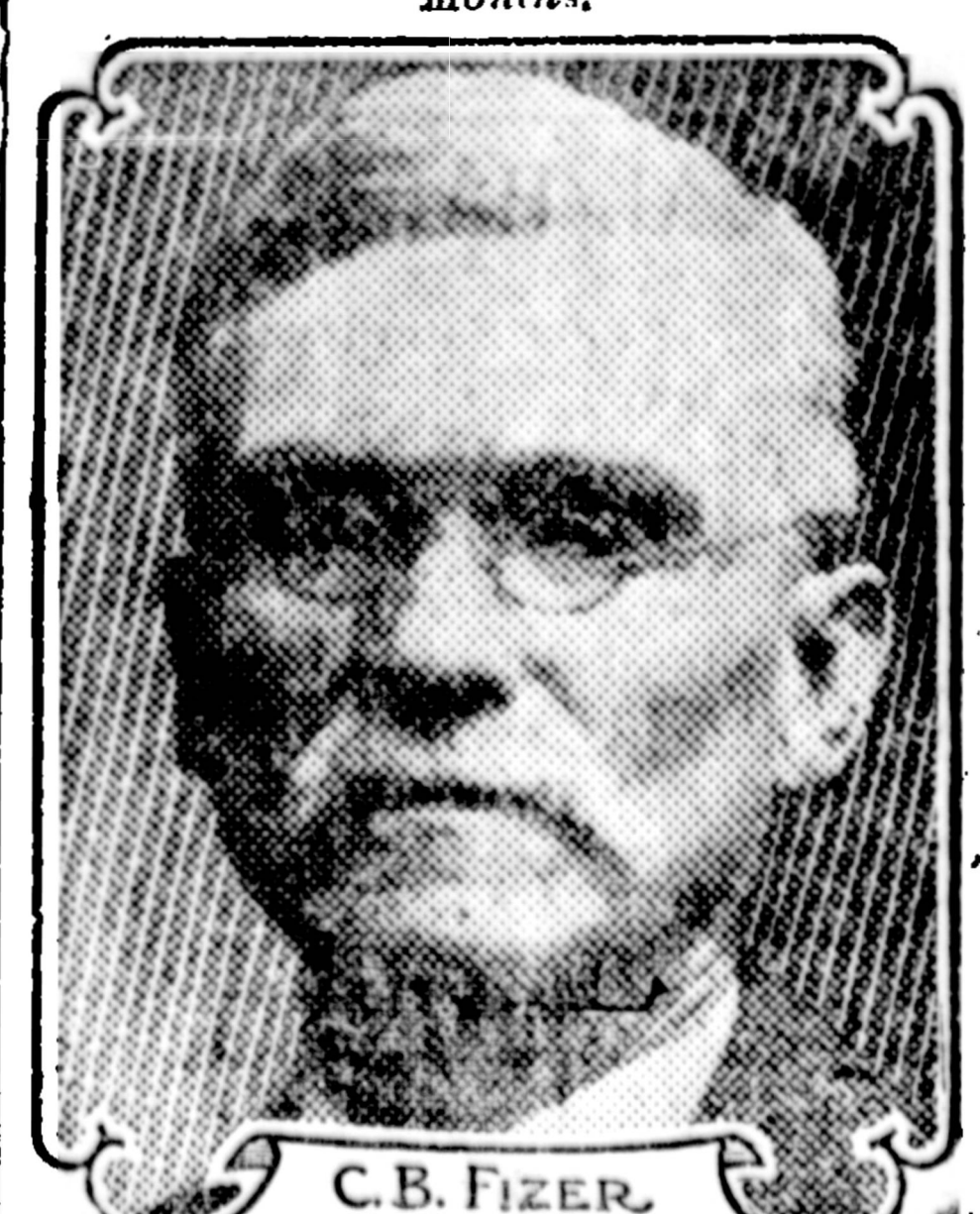
Wrestling, the "microcosmos of gymnastics," is a fine form of bodily exercise for those who enjoy hard muscular work after the tedious business hours of the day and may be practiced—adapting it to circumstances—by the man of a ripe age as well as by the boy of ten or twelve, especially the form known in this country as catch-as-catch-can (which is about identical to one form of Swiss wrestling). I exchanged the Greco-Roman (or German gymnastic) style for this one about twelve years ago, and I was then over forty years old, and still enjoy it much if my opponent is of my own weight or a little lighter and if it is deprived of its potential roughness by a gentlemanly spirit of the partners.—New York Medical Journal.

Bay State's Official Posy.

Those who failed to get the Legislature to adopt the mountain laurel as the State flower of Massachusetts are bearing added grief, now that Connecticut has pre-empted it. By this action the Bay State choice of posies is still further limited, and the only consolation is the thought that the Commonwealth has got along tolerably well without an official State flower so far.—Boston Globe.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Two Years—Relieved in Three Months.



M. R. C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Writes: "I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past."

"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

"I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

Peruna For Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Geo. H. Simser, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes:

"I had not been well for about four years. I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time."

"This summer I got so very bad, I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Manlin."

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and one of Manlin, and now I feel better than I have for some time."

"I feel that Peruna and Manlin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna."

"It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all the poisonous materials. They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. There are times when they need a little assistance."

Peruna is exactly this sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens."

Alcohol From Sawdust.

Samples of alcohol made from sawdust have been sent to the Department of Agriculture from one of the big sawmills, where the work is being done on a commercial scale; that is to say, a distilling plant has been installed, which is turning out several barrels of alcohol daily, though no figures are available as to the actual cost of manufacture compared with wood alcohol or that from grain.

The interesting point about the sawdust alcohol is that it is a wood alcohol, having none of the properties of that fluid, but is an ethyl alcohol that cannot be told from that made from grain. The difference is that the sawdust has been treated with an acid, transforming it into dextrose, and is then distilled in the regular way. If the work can be done at a profit, and the indications from the work of the company point to this being a fact, it will not only make a valuable by-product out of the sawdust that has heretofore been an intolerable nuisance to the sawmills, but it will open up a way to make alcohol profitable from straw, cane, cornstalks and almost any other vegetable refuse.—Kansas City Journal.

Why Alligators Are Scarce.

Alligators are scarce and the children of the wealthy are largely responsible for it. The demand for young saurians has greatly increased since it has become a fad to carry them stuffed as playthings. It is not unusual on pleasant days to see children, accompanied by nurse maids, carrying a young alligator by the tail. The mouths of the creatures are wide open, and they are made as realistic as the art of the taxidermist can render them.

From Warpath to Voting-Booth.

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS BOUND CITIZENWARD.

RED CLOUD AND AMERICAN HORSE TO END BLOODY CAREERS IN TAME FASHION—HOW RED CLOUD GAINED SUPREMACY OVER THE SIOUX—THE "FOREVER" TREATY OF 1868.

By JOHN L. COWAN.

Only the other day Red Cloud and American Horse, the two most famous of the surviving war chiefs of the Sioux Nation, accepted individual allotments of land, and became, under the act of Congress of 1877, full-fledged American citizens, qualified to vote, required to pay taxes, and relinquishing forever the peculiar immunities and privileges of the "wards of the Government." There are still ten Sioux war chiefs that cling to the old tribal relationships, but it is probable that before the close of the present year a majority of these will have followed the example set by Red Cloud and American Horse, and that by the time of the next Presidential election every living war chief of the Sioux will be qualified to vote.

Of all Uncle Sam's aboriginal enemies, none were more implacable and stubborn than the Sioux, or Dakota Indians. They roamed at will over the vast stretch of territory reaching from Lake Michigan to the Rocky Mountains, and from Saskatchewan to the Arkansas River. Most of the survivors are now settled peaceably on the Pine Ridge, Standing Rock, Rosebud, Cheyenne River and Devil's Lake Reservations. The extinction of the buffalo rendered it impossible for the Indians of the Great Plains to continue their nomadic career, and it was this rather than the valor of the American army that completed the conquest of the Sioux, and that makes it extremely improbable that they will ever again take the warpath.

The surviving war chiefs, therefore, are interesting links with the past, recalling days that will never be duplicated. These days already seem so remote that it gives one a feeling of surprise to learn that the roll call of the surviving chiefs is still so long. On the Standing Rock Reservation, North Dakota, there are six—John Grasse, Bad Bear, Chiaka, No Heart, Black Bull and White Bull. On the Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota, there are also six—Red Cloud, American Horse, Short Bull, Bad Wound, Rocky Bear, and Yellow Bear—belonging to the Ogallala division of the Sioux Nation. These are the last of the red commanders whose savage hosts used to terrorize the whole district crossed by the Overland and Montana emigrant trails, from Denver to the Black Hills, and from the Missouri River to the Big Horn Mountains. Most of them were only sub-chiefs, whose voices made but little impression around the council fires. Only one of the twelve ever reached the dignity of head chieftainship of the whole Sioux Nation. That was Red Cloud, who once wielded a power greater than that of any other Indian now living.

Red Cloud is now more than eighty-four years old, living with his wife in more or less content near the Pine Ridge Agency. He is totally blind, almost deaf, and fast sinking into dotage, bearing little resemblance to the implacable warrior that used to terrorize the forty-niners on their way to California gold fields. He was born about the year 1822, on the North Platte River, near the site of old Fort Laramie. He inherited his chieftainship from his father, whose name was Red Cloud also, and who was a noted chief in his day, although his wars were waged against the Crows, Cheyennes, Utes, Bannocks, and Shoshones. Young Red Cloud took the warpath when fourteen years old, and rose steadily until he became the greatest and most powerful chief of his age and generation—a position he held until he was formally deposed by General Crook in 1876, when Spotted Tail was made head chief of the Sioux Nation in his place. In his prime he was described as a magnificent specimen of Indian manhood, six feet tall, weighing 200 pounds, and capable of feats of prodigious strength.

Although Red Cloud was an hereditary chief, that fact gave him no great standing among his people. In order to make his voice heard around the council fires and to attract an important following of warriors it was necessary for him to prove his right to leadership and to distinguish himself by deeds of personal valor. Along about 1850, the Sioux Nation, or rather that branch of it in the neighborhood of Fort Laramie, was divided into two hostile bands, known as the Bad Faces and the Cut Offs. Red Cloud was chief of the Bad Faces, and Bull Bear of the Cut Offs, the latter sharing the honors with his son Little Wound. Several fights took place between the two bands, but with no decisive result, until one day Red Cloud was attacked by seven of his enemies. Although wounded in many places, his physical powers were so great that he succeeded in killing them all, cutting off Chief Bull Bear's head and beating it in triumph to exhibit it to the admiring warriors.

This exploit established his right to be considered one of the great leaders of the Sioux.

In the years that followed, Red Cloud led his warriors in many fights against the Pawnees and Utes, as well as against the common enemy,

the white men. How many attacks he led on the Overland stages and on the prairie schooners of emigrants crossing the plains, or how many fights he engaged in against frontier troops, cannot be even guessed at. He was bitterly opposed to the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, dramatically withdrawing from a council at which most of the chiefs of the region to be traversed gave their consent, with a declaration that he would never leave the warpath until the building of the railroad was abandoned and until the white men left the Buffalo Plains. He had yet to learn that "never" was a long, long time; and that the terrible white race possessed resources of which the red aborigines never dreamed.

Judged from an Indian standpoint, Red Cloud's greatest exploit was what is known as the Fetterman or Fort Phil Kearney massacre, of December 22, 1866. Phil Kearney was founded by Colonel Carrington, in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming, on a branch of the Powder River. On the fatal 22d of December a party of woodcutters were at work down Piney Creek, about half a mile from the fort.

They were attacked by a small band of Indians, and Lieutenant Fetterman was sent to their relief with eighty-five soldiers and two other officers. On the appearance of the soldiers, the handful of Indians (there were only eight of them) slowly drew off, their actions leading the white men to believe that their ponies were lame and tired. Lieutenant Fetterman had been ordered simply to relieve the woodcutters, but on no account to pursue the redskins. Disregarding these instructions, he and his men followed the retreating warriors. Entering a narrow canon, they were suddenly attacked by an overwhelming host of more than 1500 savages. They were in a trap from which escape was impossible; and not one of the one hundred white men (including the woodcutters) escaped alive. The decoy was planned and the ambush directed by Red Cloud in person, and his fame now eclipsed that of any other chieftain in America. The Cut Offs forgot their long hostility and joined him, and he became in fact as well as name the unquestioned chief of the whole Sioux Nation—at that time numbering more than 75,000 persons. The Cheyennes and other tribes sought alliance with his forces, so that it is doubtful if any other war chief in America ever wielded a power and influence as great as that of Red Cloud during the decade from 1866 to 1876.

The country was sick of the interminable tales of Indian wars, and the Fetterman massacre seemed the last straw. With undignified haste the Government agreed to a treaty with the Sioux, abandoning to them nearly all of North and South Dakota, northern Nebraska, northern Wyoming, and northern and eastern Montana. This magnificent territory, comprising more than 240,000 square miles, was guaranteed to the Indians "forever" by solemn treaty. More than half of it was designated as Indian hunting grounds, which no white man might enter without special permission from the Indians themselves. The Government agreed to abandon and dismantle the chain of forts established along the Montana emigrant trail, running within a few miles of the base of the Big Horn Mountains, including Fort Reno, situated on the middle fork of the Powder River; Fort Phil Kearney, on Clear Fork of the same stream, and Fort C. F. Smith, on the Big Horn River.

By this unwise and disastrous treaty not only were emigrants over the Montana trail given over to the tender mercies of the Sioux, but much of the territory of the Crows, Shoshones and Bannocks was surrendered to them. The Montana trail was reddened with the blood of emigrants; and the Shoshones, Crows and Bannocks were insulted, persecuted, harried and driven from pillar to post by the exulting Sioux. The treaty was consummated at Fort Laramie in 1868, and the forts designated were abandoned immediately. Red Cloud's name headed the list of chiefs and head-men signing the treaty; and he claimed—and was conceded—the glory for the consummation of this most advantageous treaty the red men ever made with the American Government. By it the Sioux were guaranteed forever not only their own ancient hunting grounds, but also the hunting grounds of their hereditary enemies, upon which they had no legitimate claim whatever. As the Shoshones, Bannocks and Crows were friendly to the whites and freely took the warpath against the Sioux on the side of the American soldiers, this ignoble surrender of their lands looks at this distance like base treachery.

A treaty so sweeping and comprehensive in its provisions was sure to breed trouble. All of the Big Horn territory and most of the Black Hills region was definitely closed against the white men. True, it was considered worthless at the time the treaty

was made; but it was not long until rumors were heard that there was gold in the Black Hills. A Red Cloud was relentless in pursuing, killing and scalping every white man caught in the lands of the Sioux—and was not, at all particular about confining his efforts within those lands. Finally, the rumors of gold in the Black Hills were confirmed by a military expedition led by General Custer in 1874. After that, treaty obligations availed little to keep out the flood of white adventurers. In spite of Government proclamations, Indian massacres, and all the dangers of an unknown and inhospitable region, by the fall of 1875 the Black Hills echoed to the sound of the pick and shovel of the gold seekers, from Buffalo Gap to Inyan Kara, and from Bear Gap to Great Canon. Nearly every stage bound for "the Hills" from Pierre, Bismarck, Sidney and Cheyenne was attacked by Indians, but it was not long until Deadwood, Montana City, Crook City and a score more rich but lawless mining camps were on the map, and until the whole Sioux nation was on the war path.

The story of Crook's campaign against the Sioux has been told more often, more picturesquely and with greater detail than that of any other portion of the long epoch of the Indian wars. It must be confessed that in this instance the white men were the aggressors, seizing by force the Black Hills region that had been guaranteed to the Indians by solemn treaty. This short, sharp and decisive Sioux war marked the downfall of Red Cloud's power—although through no fault of his. He had all his preparations made to go out on the war path. In fact, a part of his band had already taken the war path, led by Chief Yellow Hand. They were met, defeated and driven back to the Red Cloud Agency by the American troops commanded by General Merritt—the engagement taking place at War Bonnet Creek.

A feature of the fight was a hand-to-hand conflict between Yellow Hand and Buffalo Bill, ending in the latter scalping his opponent, shouting as he did so, "First scalp for Custer," the massacre on the Little Big Horn having occurred three weeks before. A close watch was kept on Red Cloud from that time forward, preventing him from joining the hostile forces, but not preventing him from leading occasional bands of skulking warriors in attacks on isolated parties of miners. During Sitting Bull's campaign in 1879, it is said that Red Cloud secretly aided the hostile tribesmen. As he was exceedingly jealous of Sitting Bull, however, this is doubtful. He had fought his last fight, and seemed at that time to realize that it would be well for him to turn "good Indian" and enjoy the rations doled out at the agency of the Government against which he had fought so long.—New York Evening Post.

WONDERFUL CALCULATIONS.

Weird Comparative Speculations From the Fairyland of Statistics.

If all the money saved annually by the women of the United States at the Friday bargain sales were to be divided among the 24,737 turpentine farmers and laborers in the United States each would receive \$518,737 or \$2 more than the value of the vote of Vermont at \$10 a vote, and there would be a balance of \$78.12, which would be enough to buy each of the 1953 camels in Western Australia a nose ring worth four cents.

If all the stogies made in Wheeling, W. Va., in April and May, 1904, were rolled into one stogie it would be 97,341.10 inches long, 6.344 inches thick and would weigh 233.878 ounces, troy weight. A man would have to have a jaw \$166 feet from ear to ear, measured through his mouth, to get it between his teeth, and if he smoked it up he would be so sick that it would require the services of 623 physicians, 1500 nurses and 343 attendants 33 years 11 months 18 days 22 minutes and 51 seconds to get his stomach in order again. The smoke from the stogie would form a cloud 2214 miles long by 47 1-3 wide, obscuring the sun from Maryland to Monessen, Pa.

If the cold feet of the men ahead of the game in all of the poker seances in Chicago on an average night were to be collected it would give a frigidity equal to that of 91,715,400 pounds of artificial ice manufactured annually in St. Louis, and if a percentage of this ice equal to the duty on candies into that part of the Gold Coast of Africa west of the River Volta were to be used, in high balls it would cool 26,686,160 of these drinks, which would furnish ten such drinks daily for one year to each of the 12,473 stove, furnace and grate makers in the United States, leaving 3,153,710 drinks to spare, which would, if sold at two for a quarter, provide a sum sufficient to buy three pairs of socks worth \$2 a dozen for each of the 13,682 millionaires in the world.—Chicago Tribune.

Great Men and Their Cats.

That the cat always falls on her feet is a proverb, but not many, perhaps, have heard that this enviable faculty is a miraculous privilege bestowed by Mohammed. Richelieu, it seems, kept twenty cats; Tasso had the "fancy," and merely to mention Baudelaire, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Beranger and Maupassant, one almost regrets to learn that Petrarch, after so far departing from the spiritual tone of his sonnets to Laura as to half cherish thoughts of suicide on her death, finally found consolation in the carresses of a cat, whose skeleton may still be seen in the museum at Pauda.—London Globe.

WHAT DO ANDALS KNOW? The Everyday Life of the Fields Has Been Mistaken.

John Burroughs is now expressing regret at having made too much of the gleams of intelligence of birds and beasts that have come under his observation. The everyday life of our fields and woods has thus, contends Mr. Burroughs, been misrepresented.

"The animals unite such ignorance with such apparent knowledge, such stupidity with such cleverness, that in our estimate of them we are likely to rate their wit either too high or too low. With them, knowledge does not fade into ignorance, as it does in man; the contrast is like that between night and day, with no twilight between. So keen one moment, so blind the next!"

Think of the ignorance of the horse after all his long association with man; of the trifling things along the street at which he will take fright, till he rushes off in a wild panic of fear, endangering his own neck and the neck of his driver. One would think that if he had a particle of sense he would know that an old hat or a bit of paper was harmless. But fear is deeply implanted in his nature; it has saved the lives of his ancestors countless times and it is still one of his ruling passions.

Thus Mr. Burroughs has known a cow to put her head between trees and not have wit enough to get free by simply lifting her head. But the best example of the "grotesque ignorance" of a cow of which Mr. Burroughs knows anything is found in Hamerton's work on animals:

"The cow would not 'give down' her milk unless she had her calf before her. But her calf had died, so the herdsmen took the skin of the calf, stuffed it with hay and stood it up before the inconsolable mother. Instantly she proceeded to lick it and to yield her milk. One day, in licking it, she ripped open the seams and out rolled the hay. This the mother at once proceeded to eat, without any look of surprise or alarm. She liked hay herself, her acquaintance with it was of long standing, and what was more natural to her than that her calf should turn out to be made of hay!"

"Yet this very cow that did not know her calf from a bale of hay would have defended her young against the attack of a bear or a wolf in the most skilful and heroic manner; and the horse that was nearly frightened out of its skin by a white stone or by the flutter of a piece of newspaper by the roadside would find its own way back home over a long stretch of country or find its way to water in the desert with a certainty you or I could not approach."

"The hen hawk that the farm boy finds so difficult to approach with his gun will yet alight upon his steel trap fastened to the top of a pole in the fields. The rabbit that can be so easily caught in a snare or in a box trap will yet conceal its nest and young in the most ingenious manner. Where instinct or inherited knowledge can come into play, the animals are very wise; but new conditions, new problems, bring out their ignorance."—Current Literature.

An Ungallant Actor.

A well-known American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat surprised and pleased in a St. Louis hotel a short time ago when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose, without saying a word. He was more surprised and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident, and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at a theatre in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realized what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I would be glad to send you the seats you ask for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theatre, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down, and that he is opposed in any event, so that you will have to be contented with an autograph for a souvenir of your benevolence of yesterday instead."—Harper's Weekly.

Burning Dog Starts Costly Fire.

Yelping with pain and fright, with his shaggy coat a mass of flame, a large collie dog yesterday started a \$2000 fire in the barn of Randal Morgan, Mermaid lane and Stenton avenue, Germantown, when he attempted to bury himself in the hay.

Boys had started a bonfire on a vacant lot next to Mr. Morgan's home. While chasing a rat, the dog ran blindly into the fire, and his long hair quickly ignited. With a yelp he raced around the lot, and before he could be stopped ran into the barn and tried to dig into the hay.

In a moment the entire barn was in a blaze. The firemen arrived in time to rescue the horses and prevent the flames from spreading to the house, but a carriage, a wagon and several sets of harness were destroyed. When the flames had been extinguished the dog was found in the barn dead.—Philadelphia North American.

Irremediable.

Fan—"I wasn't expecting to be called on to say anything, you know, and when the president of the club asked me to make a few remarks I just went all to pieces."

Nan—"You remember I told you those buttons on the back of your waist wouldn't stand the slightest strain, didn't you?"—Chicago Tribune.

LAZOR WORLD.

A lockout of 6000 journeymen bakers occurred in St. Petersburg.

Belville (Canada) carpenters are asking for an increase in wages.

The average daily wage of Norwegian printers is ninety-three cents.

Secretary Taft adjusted the salaries of skilled labor on the Panama Canal.

Ice handlers at Columbus, Ohio, got fifteen cents a day increase and called off their strike.

Nine thousand cigarmakers have been locked out in Havana, Cuba, by the independent concerns.

The members of the Pittsburgh Orchestra will invoke the Contract Labor law against any soloists that Herr Paur might engage abroad.

The entire working force of all the packing houses in South Omaha, Neb., comprising about 8900 men, were notified of an advance in wages of from five to fifteen per cent.

Fifty thousand socialists and labor men paraded in New York City in a demonstration to express sympathy with Meyer, Heywood and Perlstone and rebuke President Roosevelt.

Some of the Washington (D. C.) labor leaders are much interested in forming women's trades unions and in establishing auxiliaries to their locals, which are to be composed of members of the fair sex.

A strike has been declared at the Portland (Ore.) lumber mills owing to the refusal of the employers to grant a raise in wages and to shorten the hours. The men demanded \$2.50 for a nine-hour day. They have been receiving \$1.75 for ten hours.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

King Alfonso opened Madrid's first automobile exposition.

Anson F. Harold, a former tackle on the Princeton football team, died at Barrington, R. I.

Jay Gould won the British amateur court tennis championship in London, defeating Eustace H. Miles, the holder, in a five set match.

Predictions are made among British golfers that the sisters Curtis, of America, will do well in the tournament for the British women's championship.

Tex Richard, of Ell. Nev., has offered \$40,000 for a finish fight between negro Joe Gans and Battling Nelson, to take place either July 4 or Labor Day.

Howard's football schedule provides for ten games. The substitution of Annapolis for West Point is the principal change. Princeton is not on the list.

"Tale, Dartmouth, Cornell and Lafayette, all of whom have played against the midshipmen, appear to have stronger nines than Harvard," says the Army and Navy Journal.

The thirty-third contest for the Kentucky Derby was marred by a heavy track, causing the scratching of Arcite. The race was won by J. H. Woodford's Pink Star, an extreme outsider.

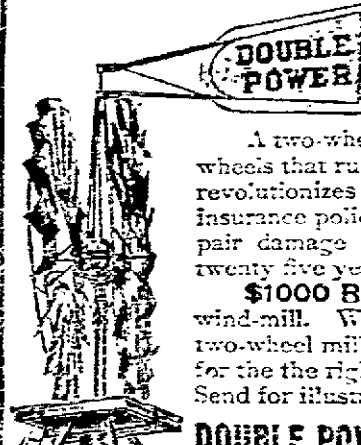
The race horse Robin Hood won his fourth consecutive victory, and his owner ascribed his good form to the regular use of beer. He was heavily backed by the big plungers, including Archibald.

Violins For the British Museum.

The English scientist, Charles J. Oldham, who died in January, left about \$200,000 for educational purposes, Oxford, Cambridge and the Manchester Grammar School being the chief beneficiaries. Yet he may be best remembered by a gift more out of the ordinary. To the British Museum he left a complete Stradivarius quartet—two violins, viola and 'cello, with a third violin in case a purchaser cannot be found for it at \$15,000.—Boston Transcript.

A Missouri County's Good Record.

Missouri's State Auditor, W. W. Wilder, points with great pride to the record of his home county. Ste. Genevieve, which has not had one of her citizens as a convict in the penitentiary for a period of forty years. Year before last the entire criminal cost of Ste. Genevieve county totaled \$28.49. Last year the criminal cost bill of the county ran up to something like \$75. This is explained on the ground that three tramps passing through the county broke into a slaughter house near the ancient city of Ste. Genevieve, the oldest settlement in the State, and stole some hides.—Louisiana News.

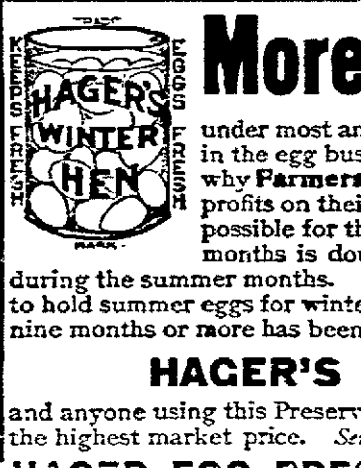


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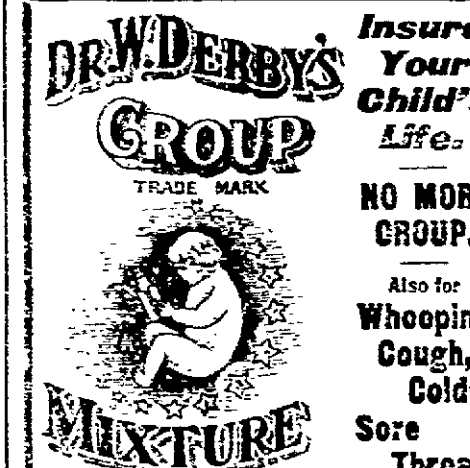
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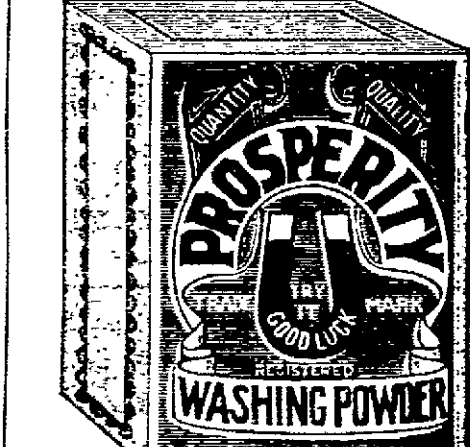
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FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS BOUND CITIZENWARD.

RED CLOUD AND AMERICAN HORSE TO END BLOODY CAREERS IN TAME FASHION—HOW RED CLOUD GAINED SUPREMACY OVER THE SIOUX—THE "FOREVER" TREATY OF 1868.

By JOHN L. COWAN.

Only the other day Red Cloud and American Horse, the two most famous of the surviving war chiefs of the Sioux Nation, accepted individual allotments of land, and became, under the act of Congress of 1877, full-fledged American citizens, qualified to vote, required to pay taxes, and relinquishing forever the peculiar immunities and privileges of the "wards of the Government." There are still ten Sioux war chiefs that cling to the old tribal relationships, but it is probable that before the close of the present year a majority of these will have followed the example set by Red Cloud and American Horse, and that by the time of the next Presidential election every living war chief of the Sioux will be qualified to vote.

Of all Uncle Sam's aboriginal enemies, none were more implacable and stubborn than the Sioux, or Dakota Indians. They roamed at will over the vast stretch of territory reaching from Lake Michigan to the Rocky Mountains, and from Saskatchewan to the Arkansas River. Most of the survivors are now settled peaceably on the Pine Ridge, Standing Rock, Rosebud, Cheyenne River and Devil's Lake Reservations. The extinction of the buffalo rendered it impossible for the Indians of the Great Plains to continue their nomadic career, and it was this rather than the valor of the American army that completed the conquest of the Sioux, and that makes it extremely improbable that they will ever again take the warpath.

The surviving war chiefs, therefore, are interesting links with the past, recalling days that will never be duplicated. These days already seem so remote that it gives one a feeling of surprise to learn that the roll call of the surviving chiefs is still so long. On the Standing Rock Reservation, North Dakota, there are six—John Grasse, Mad Bear, Chikara, No Heart, Black Bull and White Bull. On the Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota, there are also six—Red Cloud, American Horse, Short Bull, Bad Wound, Rocky Bear, and Yellow Bear—belonging to the Ogallala division of the Sioux Nation. These are the last of the red commanders whose savage hosts used to terrorize the whole district crossed by the Overland and Montana emigrant trails, from Denver to the Black Hills, and from the Missouri River to the Big Horn Mountains. Most of them were only sub-chiefs, whose voices made but little impression around the council fires. Only one of the twelve ever reached the dignity of head chieftainship of the whole Sioux Nation. That was Red Cloud, who once wielded a power greater than that of any other Indian now living.

Red Cloud is now more than eighty-four years old, living with his wife in more or less content near the Pine Ridge Agency. He is totally blind, almost deaf, and fast sinking into dotage, bearing little resemblance to the implacable warrior that used to terrorize the forty-niners on their way to California gold fields. He was born about the year 1822, on the North Platte River, near the site of old Fort Laramie. He inherited his chieftainship from his father, whose name was Red Cloud also, and who was a noted chief in his day, although his wars were waged against the Crows, Cheyennes, Utes, Bannocks, and Shoshones. Young Red Cloud took the warpath when fourteen years old, and rose steadily until he became the greatest and most powerful chief of his age and generation—a position he held until he was formally deposed by General Crook in 1876, when Spotted Tail was made head chief of the Sioux Nation in his place. In his prime he was described as a magnificent specimen of Indian manhood, six feet tall, weighing 200 pounds, and capable of feats of prodigious strength.

Although Red Cloud was an hereditary chief, that fact gave him no great standing among his people. In order to make his voice heard around the council fires and to attract an important following of warriors it was necessary for him to prove his right to leadership and to distinguish himself by deeds of personal valor. Along about 1850, the Sioux Nation, or rather that branch of it in the neighborhood of Fort Laramie, was divided into two hostile bands, known as the Bad Faces and the Cut Offs. Red Cloud was chief of the Bad Faces, and Bull Bear of the Cut Offs, the latter sharing the honors with his son Little Wound. Several fights took place between the two bands, but with no decisive result, until one day Red Cloud was attacked by seven of his enemies. Although wounded in many places, his physical powers were so great that he succeeded in killing them all, cutting off Chief Bull Bear's head and bearing it in triumph to exhibit it to the admiring warriors.

This exploit established his right to be considered one of the great leaders of the Sioux.

In the years that followed, Red Cloud led his warriors in many fights against the Pawnees and Utes, as well as against the common enemy,

the white men. How many attacks he led on the Overland stages and on the prairie schooners of emigrants crossing the plains, or how many fights he engaged in against frontier troops, cannot be even guessed at. He was bitterly opposed to the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, dramatically withdrawing from a council at which most of the chiefs of the region to be traversed gave their consent, with a declaration that he would never leave the warpath until the building of the railroad was abandoned and until the white men left the Buffalo Plains. He had yet to learn that "never" was a long, long time; and that the terrible white race possessed resources of which the red aborigines never dreamed.

Judged from an Indian standpoint, Red Cloud's greatest exploit was what is known as the Fetterman or Fort Phil Kearney massacre, of December 22, 1866. Phil Kearney was founded by Colonel Carrington, in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming, on a branch of the Powder River. On the fatal 22d of December a party of woodcutters were at work down Piney Creek, about half a mile from the fort.

They were attacked by a small band of Indians, and Lieutenant Fetterman was sent to their relief with eighty-five soldiers and two other officers. On the appearance of the soldiers, the handful of Indians (there were only eight of them) slowly drew off, their actions leading the white men to believe that their ponies were lame and tired. Lieutenant Fetterman had been ordered simply to relieve the woodcutters, but on no account to pursue the Redskins. Disregarding these instructions, he and his men followed the retreating warriors. Entering a narrow canon, they were suddenly attacked by an overwhelming host of more than 1500 savages. They were in a trap from which escape was impossible; and not one of the one hundred white men (including the woodcutters) escaped alive. The decoy was planned and the ambush directed by Red Cloud in person, and his fame now eclipsed that of any other chieftain in America. The Cut Offs forgot their long hostility and joined him, and he became in fact as well as name the unquestioned chief of the whole Sioux Nation—at that time numbering more than 75,000 persons. The Cheyennes and other tribes sought alliance with his forces, so that it is doubtful if any other war chief in America ever wielded a power and influence as great as that of Red Cloud during the decade from 1866 to 1876.

The country was sick of the interminable tales of Indian wars, and the Fetterman massacre seemed the last straw. With undignified haste the Government agreed to a treaty with the Sioux, abandoning to them nearly all of North and South Dakota, northern Nebraska, northern Wyoming, and northern and eastern Montana. This magnificent territory, comprising more than 240,000 square miles, was guaranteed to the Indians "forever" by solemn treaty. More than half of it was designated as Indian hunting grounds, which no white man might enter without special permission from the Indians themselves. The Government agreed to abandon and dismantle the chain of forts established along the Montana emigrant trail, running within a few miles of the base of the Big Horn Mountains, including Fort Reno, situated on the middle fork of the Powder River; Fort Phil Kearney, on Clear Fork of the same stream, and Fort C. F. Smith, on the Big Horn River.

By this unwise and disastrous treaty not only were emigrants over the Montana trail given over to the tender mercies of the Sioux, but much of the territory of the Crows, Shoshones and Bannocks was surrendered to them. The Montana trail was reddened with the blood of emigrants; and the Shoshones, Crows and Bannocks were insulted, persecuted, harried and driven from pillar to post by the exulting Sioux. The treaty was consummated at Fort Laramie in 1868, and the forts designated were abandoned immediately. Red Cloud's name headed the list of chiefs and head-men signing the treaty; and he claimed—and was conceded—the glory for the consummation of this most advantageous treaty the red men ever made with the American Government. By it the Sioux were guaranteed forever not only their own ancient hunting grounds, but also the hunting grounds of their hereditary enemies, upon which they had no legitimate claim whatever. As the Shoshones, Bannocks and Crows were friendly to the whites and freely took the warpath against the Sioux on the side of the American soldiers, this ignoble surrender of their lands looks at this distance like base treachery.

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A feature of the fight was a hand-to-hand conflict between Yellow Hand and Buffalo Bill, ending in the latter scalping his opponent, shouting as he did so, "First scalp for Custer," the massacre on the Little Big Horn having occurred three weeks before. A close watch was kept on Red Cloud from that time forward, preventing him from joining the hostile forces, but not preventing him from leading occasional bands of skulking warriors in attacks on isolated parties of miners. During Sitting Bull's campaign in 1879, it is said that Red Cloud secretly aided the hostile tribesmen. As he was exceedingly jealous of Sitting Bull, however, this is doubtful. He had fought his last fight, and seemed at that time to realize that it would be well for him to turn "good Indian" and enjoy the rations doled out at the agency of the Government against which he had fought so long.—New York Evening Post.

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The Everyday Life of the Fields Has Been Mistaken.

John Burroughs is now expressing regret at having made too much of the gleams of intelligence of birds and beasts that have come under his observation. The everyday life of our fields and woods has thus, contends Mr. Burroughs, been misrepresented.

"The animals unite such ignorance with such apparent knowledge, such stupidity with such cleverness, that in our estimate of them we are likely to rate their wit either too high or too low. With them, knowledge does not fade into ignorance, as it does in man; the contrast is like that between night and day, with no twilight between. So keen one moment, so blind the next!

Think of the ignorance of the horse after all his long association with man; of the trifling things along the street at which he will take fright, till he rushes off in a wild panic of fear, endangering his own neck and the neck of his driver. One would think that if he had a particle of sense he would know that an old hat or a bit of paper was harmless. But fear is deeply implanted in his nature; it has saved the lives of his ancestors countless times and it is still one of his ruling passions."

Thus Mr. Burroughs has known a cow to put her head between trees and not have wit enough to get free by simply lifting her head. But the best example of the "grotesque ignorance" of a cow of which Mr. Burroughs knows anything is found in Hamerton's work on animals:

"The cow would not 'give down,' her milk unless she had her calf before her. But her calf had died, so the herdsmen took the skin of the calf, stuffed it with hay and stood it up before the inconsolable mother. Instantly she proceeded to lick it and to yield her milk. One day, in licking it, she ripped open the seams and out rolled the hay. This the mother at once proceeded to eat, without any look of surprise or alarm. She liked hay herself, her acquaintance with it was of long standing, and what was more natural to her than that her calf should turn out to be made of hay!

"Yet this very cow that did not know her calf from a bale of hay would have defended her young against the attack of a bear or a wolf in the most skillful and heroic manner; and the horse that was nearly frightened out of its skin by a white stone or by the flutter of a piece of newspaper by the roadside would find its own way back home over a long stretch of country or find its way to water in the desert with a certainty you or I could not approach."

"The hen hawk that the farm boy finds so difficult to approach with his gun will yet alight upon his steel trap fastened to the top of a pole in the fields. The rabbit that can be so easily caught in a snare or in a box trap will yet conceal its nest and young in the most ingenious manner. Where instinct or inherited knowledge can come into play, the animals are wise; but new conditions, new problems, bring out their ignorance."—Current Literature.

An Ungallant Actor.

A well-known American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat surprised and pleased in a St. Louis hotel a short time ago when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose, without saying a word. He was more surprised and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident, and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at a theatre in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realized what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I would be glad to send you the seats you ask for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theatre, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down, and that he is opposed in any event, so that you will have to be contented with an autograph for a souvenir of your benevolence of yesterday instead."—Harper's Weekly.

Burning Dog Starts Costly Fire.

Yelping with pain and fright, with his shaggy coat a mass of flame, a large collie dog yesterday started a \$2000 fire in the barn of Randal Morgan, Mermaid lane and Stenton avenue, Germantown, when he attempted to bury himself in the hay. Boys had started a bonfire on a vacant lot next to Mr. Morgan's home. While chasing a rat, the dog ran blindly into the fire, and his long hair quickly ignited. With a yelp he raced around the lot, and before he could be stopped ran into the barn and tried to dig into the hay.

In a moment the entire barn was in a blaze. The firemen arrived in time to rescue the horses and prevent the flames from spreading to the house, but a carriage, a wagon and several sets of harness were destroyed. When the flames had been extinguished the dog was found in the barn dead.—Philadelphia North American.

Irremediable.

Fan—"I wasn't expecting to be called on to say anything, you know, and when the president of the club asked me to make a few remarks I just went all to pieces."

Nan—"You remember I told you those buttons on the back of your waist wouldn't stand the slightest strain, don't you?"—Chicago Tribune.

LABOR WORLD.

A lockout of 6000 journeymen bakers occurred in St. Petersburg.

Belville (Canada) carpenters are asking for an increase in wages.

The average daily wage of Norwegian printers is ninety-three cents. Secretary Taft adjusted the salaries of skilled labor on the Panama Canal.

Ice handlers at Columbus, Ohio, got fifteen cents a day increase and called off their strike.

Nine thousand cigarmakers have been locked out in Havana, Cuba, by the independent concerns.

The members of the Pittsburgh Orchestra will invoke the Contract Labor law against any soloists that Herr Paur might engage abroad.

The entire working force of all the packing houses in South Omaha, Neb., comprising about 8000 men, were notified of an advance in wages of from five to fifteen per cent.

Fifty thousand socialists and labor men paraded in New York City in a demonstration to express sympathy with Moyer, Heywood and Pettibone and rebuke President Roosevelt.

Some of the Washington (D. C.) labor leaders are much interested in forming women's trades unions and in establishing auxiliaries to their locals, which are to be composed of members of the fair sex.

A strike has been declared at the Portland (Ore.) lumber mills owing to the refusal of the employers to grant a raise in wages and to shorten the hours. The men demanded \$2.50 for a nine-hour day. They have been receiving \$1.75 for ten hours.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

King Alfonso opened Madrid's first automobile exposition.

Anson F. Harold, a former tackle on the Princeton football team, died at Barrington, R. I.

Jay Gould won the British amateur court tennis championship in London, defeating Eustace H. Miles, the holder, in a five set match.

Predictions are made among British golfers that the sisters Curtis, of America, will do well in the tournament for the British women's championship.

Tex Richard, of Ely, Nev., has offered \$40,000 for a finish fight between negro Joe Gans and Battling Nelson, to take place either July 4 or Labor Day.

Howard's football schedule provides for ten games. The substitution of Annapolis for West Point is the principal change. Princeton is not on the list.

"Yale, Dartmouth, Cornell and Lafayette, all of whom have played against the midshipmen, appear to have stronger nines than Harvard," says the Army and Navy Journal.

The thirty-third contest for the Kentucky Derby was marred by a heavy track, causing the scratching of Arcite. The race was won by J. H. Woodford's Pink Star, an extreme outsider.

The race horse Robin Hood won his fourth consecutive victory, and his owner ascribed his good form to the regular use of beer. He was heavily backed by the big plungers, including Archibald.

Violins For the British Museum.

The English scientist, Charles J. Oldham, who died in January, left about \$200,000 for educational purposes, Oxford, Cambridge and the Manchester Grammar School being the chief beneficiaries. Yet he may be best remembered by a gift more out of the ordinary. To the British Museum he left a complete Stradivarius quartet—two violins, viola and cello, with a third violin in case a purchaser cannot be found for it at \$15,000.—Boston Transcript.

A Missouri County's Good Record.

Missouri's State Auditor, W. W. Wilder, points with great pride to the record of his home county, Ste. Genevieve, which has not had one of her citizens as a convict in the penitentiary for a period of forty years. Year before last the entire criminal cost of Ste. Genevieve county totalled \$38.40. Last year the criminal cost bill of the county ran up to something like \$75. This is explained on the ground that three tramps passing through the county broke into a slaughter house near the ancient city of Ste. Genevieve, the oldest settlement in the State, and stole some hides.—Louisiana News.



DOUBLE POWER WIND MILL

A two-wheeled wind-mill with a governor that governs, and wheels that run in opposite directions. We claim our invention revolutionizes wind power. With each mill sold we furnish an insurance policy, agreeing to replace all worn out parts and repair damage by reason of wind for a term of from five to twenty five years at a cost of \$1.00 per year.

\$1000 REWARD for the equal of our two-wheeled power wind-mill. WIND furnishes the cheapest power on earth. The two-wheel mill will solve the problem for those who are looking for the right thing to pump water or to run their machinery. Send for illustrated catalogue free.

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under most any conditions. There is a lot of money to be made in the egg business if conditions are right. There is no reason why Farmers and Poultry Raisers should not make just as good profits on their investments as any other line of business, and it is possible for them to do so. The price of eggs during the winter months is double and sometimes more than double that paid during the summer months. The only way to take advantage of this advance is to hold summer eggs for winter prices. That fresh eggs can be kept from six to nine months or more has been proven by careful testing with.

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and anyone using this Preservative need never sell a dozen eggs for anything but the highest market price. Send for Sample and Circular telling you all about it. HAGER ECC PRESERVING CO., - St. Louis, Mo.

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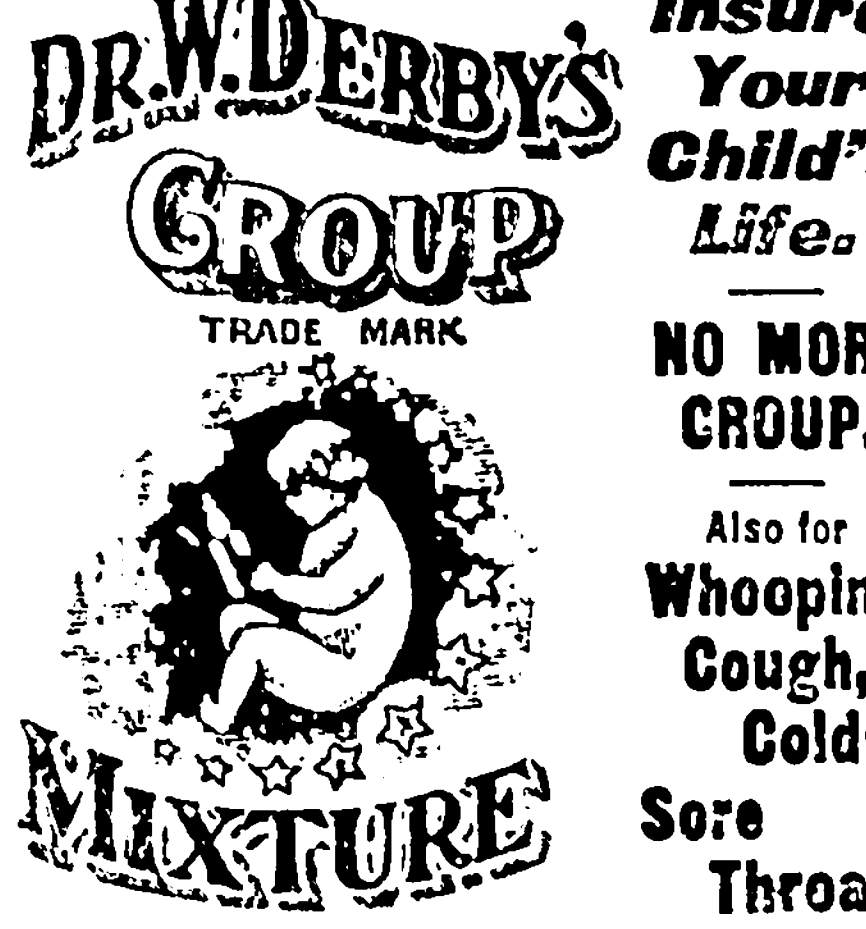
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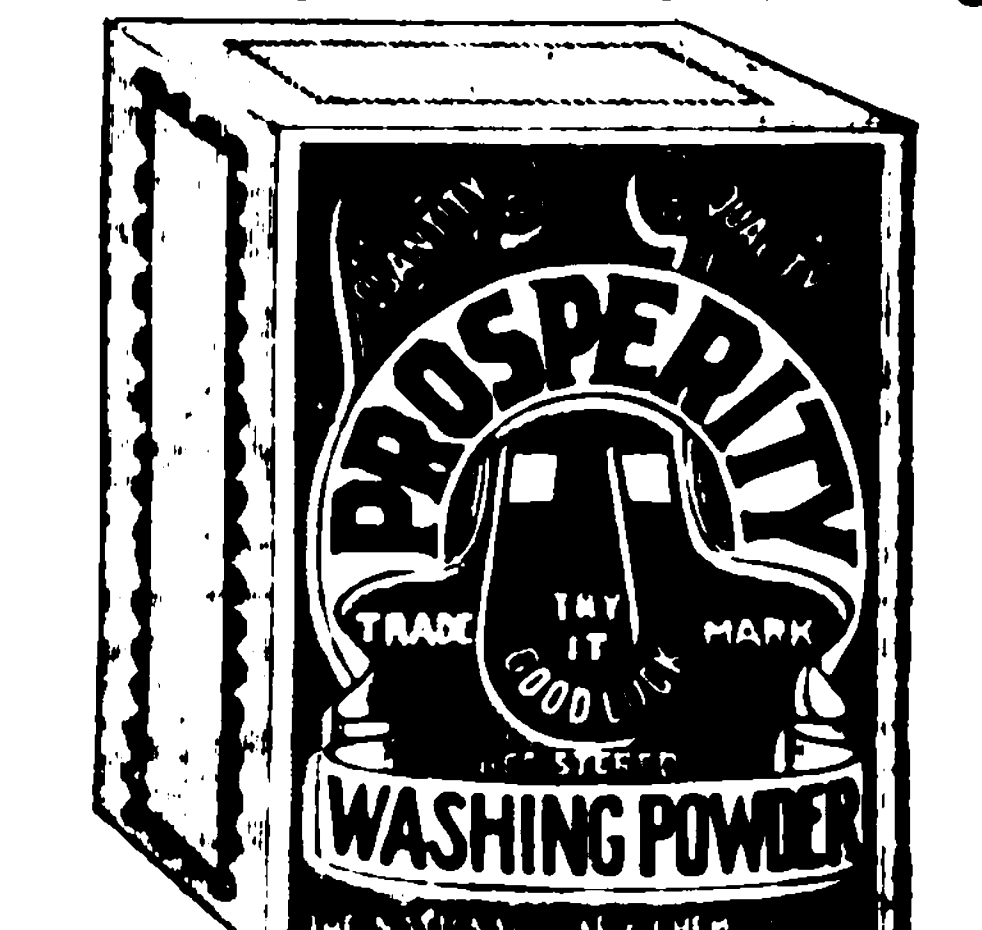
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FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS BOUND CITIZENWARD.

RED CLOUD AND AMERICAN HORSE TO END BLOODY CAREERS IN TAME FASHION—HOW RED CLOUD GAINED SUPREMACY OVER THE SIOUX—THE "FOREVER" TREATY OF 1868.

By JOHN L. COWAN.

Only the other day Red Cloud and American Horse, the two most famous of the surviving war chiefs of the Sioux Nation, accepted individual allotments of land, and became, under the act of Congress of 1877, full-fledged American citizens, qualified to vote, required to pay taxes, and relinquishing forever the peculiar immunities and privileges of the "wards of the Government." There are still ten Sioux war chiefs that cling to the old tribal relationships, but it is probable that before the close of the present year a majority of these will have followed the example set by Red Cloud and American Horse, and that by the time of the next Presidential election every living war chief of the Sioux will be qualified to vote.

Of all Uncle Sam's aboriginal enemies, none were more implacable and stubborn than the Sioux, or Dakota Indians. They roamed at will over the vast stretch of territory reaching from Lake Michigan to the Rocky Mountains, and from Saskatchewan to the Arkansas River. Most of the survivors are now settled peaceably on the Pine Ridge, Standing Rock, Rosebud, Cheyenne River and Devil's Lake Reservations. The extinction of the buffalo rendered it impossible for the Indians of the Great Plains to continue their nomadic career, and it was this rather than the valor of the American army that completed the conquest of the Sioux, and that makes it extremely improbable that they will ever again take the warpath.

The surviving war chiefs, therefore, are interesting links with the past, recalling days that will never be duplicated. These days already seem so remote that it gives one a feeling of surprise to learn that the roll call of the surviving chiefs is still so long. On the Standing Rock Reservation, North Dakota, there are six—John Grasse, Mad Bear, Chiaka, No Heart, Black Bull and White Bull. On the Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota, there are also six—Red Cloud, American Horse, Short Bull, Bad Wound, Rocky Bear, and Yellow Bear—belonging to the Ogallala division of the Sioux Nation. These are the last of the red commanders whose savage hosts used to terrorize the whole district crossed by the Overland and Montana emigrant trails, from Denver to the Black Hills, and from the Missouri River to the Big Horn Mountains. Most of them were only sub-chiefs, whose voices made but little impression around the council fires. Only one of the twelve ever reached the dignity of head chieftainship of the whole Sioux Nation. That was Red Cloud, who once wielded a power greater than that of any other Indian now living.

Red Cloud is now more than eighty-four years old, living with his wife in more or less content near the Pine Ridge Agency. He is totally blind, almost deaf, and fast sinking into dotage, bearing little resemblance to the implacable warrior that used to terrorize the forty-niners on their way to California gold fields. He was born about the year 1822, on the North Platte River, near the site of old Fort Laramie. He inherited his chieftainship from his father, whose name was Red Cloud also, and who was a noted chief in his day, although his wars were waged against the Crows, Cheyennes, Utes, Bannocks, and Shoshones. Young Red Cloud took the warpath when fourteen years old, and rose steadily until he became the greatest and most powerful chief of his age and generation—a position he held until he was formally deposed by General Crook in 1876, when Spotted Tail was made head chief of the Sioux Nation in his place. In his prime he was described as a magnificent specimen of Indian manhood, six feet tall, weighing 200 pounds, and capable of feats of prodigious strength.

Although Red Cloud was an hereditary chief, that fact gave him no great standing among his people. In order to make his voice heard around the council fires and to attract an important following of warriors it was necessary for him to prove his right to leadership and to distinguish himself by deeds of personal valor. Along about 1850, the Sioux Nation, or rather that branch of it in the neighborhood of Fort Laramie, was divided into two hostile bands, known as the Bad Faces and the Cut Offs. Red Cloud was chief of the Bad Faces, and Bull Bear of the Cut Offs, the latter sharing the honors with his son Little Wound. Several fights took place between the two bands, but with no decisive result, until one day Red Cloud was attacked by seven of his enemies. Although wounded in many places, his physical powers were so great that he succeeded in killing them all, cutting off Chief Bull Bear's head and bearing it in triumph to exhibit it to the admiring warriors.

This exploit established his right to be considered one of the great leaders of the Sioux. In the years that followed, Red Cloud led his warriors in many fights against the Pawnees and Utes, as well as against the common enemy,

the white men. How many attacks he led on the Overland stages and on the prairie schooners of emigrants crossing the plains, or how many fights he engaged in against frontier troops, cannot be even guessed at. He was bitterly opposed to the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, dramatically withdrawing from a council at which most of the chiefs of the region to be traversed gave their consent, with a declaration that he would never leave the warpath until the building of the railroad was abandoned and until the white men left the Buffalo Plains. He had yet to learn that "never" was a long, long time; and that the terrible white race possessed resources of which the red aborigines never dreamed.

Judged from an Indian standpoint, Red Cloud's greatest exploit was what is known as the Fetterman or Fort Phil Kearney massacre, of December 22, 1866. Phil Kearney was founded by Colonel Carrington, in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming, on a branch of the Powder River. On the fatal 22d of December a party of woodcutters were at work down Piney Creek, about half a mile from the fort.

They were attacked by a small band of Indians, and Lieutenant Fetterman was sent to their relief with eighty-five soldiers and two other officers. On the appearance of the soldiers, the handful of Indians (there were only eight of them) slowly drew off, their actions leading the white men to believe that their ponies were lame and tired. Lieutenant Fetterman had been ordered simply to relieve the woodcutters, but on no account to pursue the Redskins. Disregarding these instructions, he and his men followed the retreating warriors. Entering a narrow canon, they were suddenly attacked by an overwhelming host of more than 1500 savages. They were in a trap from which escape was impossible; and not one of the one hundred white men (including the woodcutters) escaped alive. The decoy was planned and the ambush directed by Red Cloud in person, and his fame now eclipsed that of any other chieftain in America. The Cut Offs forgot their long hostility and joined him, and he became in fact as well as name the unquestioned chief of the whole Sioux Nation—at that time numbering more than 75,000 persons. The Cheyennes and other tribes sought alliance with his forces, so that it is doubtful if any other war chief in America ever wielded a power and influence as great as that of Red Cloud during the decade from 1866 to 1876.

The country was sick of the interminable tales of Indian wars, and the Fetterman massacre seemed the last straw. With undignified haste the Government agreed to a treaty with the Sioux, abandoning to them nearly all of North and South Dakota, northern Nebraska, northern Wyoming, and northern and eastern Montana. This magnificent territory, comprising more than 240,000 square miles, was guaranteed to the Indians "forever" by solemn treaty. More than half of it was designated as Indian hunting grounds, which no white man might enter without special permission from the Indians themselves. The Government agreed to abandon and dismantle the chain of forts established along the Montana emigrant trail, running within a few miles of the base of the Big Horn Mountains, including Fort Reno, situated on the middle fork of the Powder River; Fort Phil Kearney, on Clear Fork of the same stream, and Fort C. F. Smith, on the Big Horn River.

By this unwise and disastrous treaty not only were emigrants over the Montana trail given over to the tender mercies of the Sioux, but much of the territory of the Crows, Shoshones and Bannocks was surrendered to them. The Montana trail was reddened with the blood of emigrants; and the Shoshones, Crows and Bannocks were insulted, persecuted, harried and driven from pillar to post by the exulting Sioux. The treaty was consummated at Fort Laramie in 1868, and the forts designated were abandoned immediately. Red Cloud's name headed the list of chiefs and head-men signing the treaty; and he claimed—and was conceded—the glory for the consummation of this most advantageous treaty the red men ever made with the American Government. By it the Sioux were guaranteed forever not only their own ancient hunting grounds, but also the hunting grounds of their hereditary enemies, upon which they had no legitimate claim whatever. As the Shoshones, Bannocks and Crows were friendly to the whites and freely took the warpath against the Sioux on the side of the American soldiers, this ignoble surrender of their lands looks at this distance like base treachery.

A treaty so sweeping and comprehensive in its provisions was sure to breed trouble. All of the Big Horn territory and most of the Black Hills region was definitely closed against the white men. True, it was considered worthless at the time the treaty

was made; but it was not long until rumors were heard that there was gold in the Black Hills. Red Cloud was relentless in pursuing, killing and scalping every white man caught in the lands of the Sioux—and was not, at all particular about confining his efforts within those lands. Finally, the rumors of gold in the Black Hills were confirmed by a military expedition led by General Custer in 1874. After that, treaty obligations availed little to keep out the flood of white adventurers. In spite of Government proclamations, Indian massacres, and all the dangers of an unknown and inhospitable region, by the fall of 1875 the Black Hills echoed to the sound of the pick and shovel of the gold seekers, from Buffalo Gap to Inyan Kara, and from Bear Gap to Great Canon. Nearly every stage bound for "the Hills" from Pierre, Bismarck, Sidney and Cheyenne was attacked by Indians, but it was not long until Deadwood, Montana City, Crook City and a score more rich but lawless mining camps were on the map, and until the whole Sioux nation was on the war path.

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John Burroughs is now expressing regret at having made too much of the gleams of intelligence of birds and beasts that have come under his observation. The everyday life of our fields and woods has thus, contends Mr. Burroughs, been misrepresented.

"The animals unite such ignorance with such apparent knowledge, such stupidity with such cleverness, that in our estimate of them we are likely to rate their wit either too high or too low. With them, knowledge does not fade into ignorance, as it does in man; the contrast is like that between night and day, with no twilight between. So keen one moment, so blind the next!

Think of the ignorance of the horse after all his long association with man; of the trifling things along the street at which he will take fright, till he rushes off in a wild panic of fear, endangering his own neck and the neck of his driver. One would think that if he had a particle of sense he would know that an old hat or a bit of paper was harmless. But fear is deeply implanted in his nature; it has saved the lives of his ancestors countless times and it is still one of his ruling passions."

Thus Mr. Burroughs has known a cow to put her head between trees and not have wit enough to get free by simply lifting her head. But the best example of the "grotesque ignorance" of a cow of which Mr. Burroughs knows anything is found in Hamerton's work on animals:

"The cow would not give down, her milk unless she had her calf before her. But her calf had died, so the herdsmen took the skin of the calf, stuffed it with hay and stood it up before the inconsolable mother. Instantly she proceeded to lick it and to yield her milk. One day, in licking it, she ripped open the seams and out rolled the hay. This the mother at once proceeded to eat, without any look of surprise or alarm. She liked hay herself, her acquaintance with it was of long standing, and what was more natural to her than that her calf should turn out to be made of hay!

"Yet this very cow that did not know her calf from a bale of hay would have defended her young against the attack of a bear or a wolf in the most skillful and heroic manner; and the horse that was nearly frightened out of its skin by a white stone or by the flutter of a piece of newspaper by the roadside would find its own way back home over a long stretch of country or find its way to water in the desert with a certainty you or I could not approach."

"The hen hawk that the farm boy finds so difficult to approach with his gun will yet alight upon his steel trap fastened to the top of a pole in the fields. The rabbit that can be so easily caught in a snare or in a box trap will yet conceal its nest and young in the most ingenious manner. Where instinct or inherited knowledge can come into play, the animals are wiser; but new conditions, new problems, bring out their ignorance."—Current Literature.

An Ungallant Actor.

A well-known American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat surprised and pleased in a St. Louis hotel a short time ago when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose, without saying a word. He was more surprised and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident, and asking him to send the giver of the flower two seats at a theatre in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, waxing sarcastic as he realized what had been the object of the attention he had been paid, "I would be glad to send you the seats you ask for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theatre, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down, and that he is opposed in any event, so that you will have to be contented with an autograph for a souvenir of your benevolence of yesterday instead."—Harper's Weekly.

Burning Dog Starts Costly Fire.

Yelping with pain and fright, with his shaggy coat a mass of flame, a large collie dog yesterday started a \$2000 fire in the barn of Randal Morgan, Mermaid lane and Stenton avenue, Germantown, when he attempted to bury himself in the hay. Boys had started a bonfire on a vacant lot next to Mr. Morgan's home. While chasing a rat, the dog ran blindly into the fire, and his long hair quickly ignited. With a yelp he raced around the lot, and before he could be stopped ran into the barn and tried to dig into the hay.

In a moment the entire barn was in a blaze. The firemen arrived in time to rescue the horses and prevent the flames from spreading to the house, but a carriage, a wagon and several sets of harness were destroyed. When the flames had been extinguished the dog was found in the barn dead.—Philadelphia North American.

Irremediable.

Fan—"I wasn't expecting to be called on to say anything, you know, and when the president of the club asked me to make a few remarks I just went all to pieces."

Nan—"You remember I told you those buttons on the back of your waist wouldn't stand the slightest strain, don't you?"—Chicago Tribune.

LABOR WORLD.

A lockout of 6000 journeymen bakers occurred in St. Petersburg.

Belville (Canada) carpenters are asking for an increase in wages.

The average daily wage of Norwegian printers is ninety-three cents.

Secretary Taft adjusted the salaries of skilled labor on the Panama Canal.

Ice handlers at Columbus, Ohio, got fifteen cents a day increase and called off their strike.

Nine thousand cigarmakers have been locked out in Havana, Cuba, by the independent concerns.

The members of the Pittsburgh Orchestra will invoke the Contract Labor law against any soloists that Herr Paur might engage abroad.

The entire working force of all the packing houses in South Omaha, Neb., comprising about \$800 men, were notified of an advance in wages of from five to fifteen per cent.

Fifty thousand socialists and labor men paraded in New York City in a demonstration to express sympathy with Moyer, Heywood and Pettibone and rebuke President Roosevelt.

Some of the Washington (D. C.) labor leaders are much interested in forming women's trades unions and in establishing auxiliaries to the locals, which are to be composed of members of the fair sex.

A strike has been declared at the Portland (Ore.) lumber mills owing to the refusal of the employers to grant a raise in wages and to shorten the hours. The men demanded \$2.50 for a nine-hour day. They have been receiving \$1.75 for ten hours.

SPORTING BRIEVITIES.

King Alfonso opened Madrid's first automobile exposition.

Anson F. Harold, a former tackle on the Princeton football team, died at Barrington, R. I.

Jay Gould won the British amateur court tennis championship in London, defeating Eustace H. Miles, the holder, in a five set match.

Predictions are made among British golfers that the sisters Curtis, of America, will do well in the tournament for the British women's championship.

Tex Richard, of Ely, Nev., has offered \$40,000 for a finish fight between negro Joe Gans and Battling Nelson, to take place either July 4 or Labor Day.

Howard's football schedule provides for ten games. The substitution of Annapolis for West Point is the principal change. Princeton is not on the list.

"Yale, Dartmouth, Cornell and Lafayette, all of whom have played against the midshipmen, appear to have stronger nines than Harvard," says the Army and Navy Journal.

The thirty-third contest for the Kentucky Derby was marred by a heavy track, causing the scratching of Arcite. The race was won by J. H. Woodford's Pink Star, an extreme outsider.

The race horse Robin Hood won his fourth consecutive victory, and his owner ascribed his good form to the regular use of beer. He was heavily backed by the big plungers, including Archibald.

Violins For the British museum.

The English scientist, Charles J. Oldham, who died in January, left about \$200,000 for educational purposes, Oxford, Cambridge and the Manchester Grammar School being the chief beneficiaries. Yet he may be best remembered by a gift more out of the ordinary. To the British Museum he left a complete Stradivarius quartet—two violins, viola and cello, with a third violin in case a purchaser cannot be found for it at \$15,000.—Boston Transcript.

A Missouri County's Good Record.

Missouri's State Auditor, W. W. Wilder, points with great pride to the record of his home county, Ste. Genevieve, which has not had one of her citizens as a convict in the penitentiary for a period of forty years. Year before last the entire criminal cost of Ste. Genevieve county totaled \$38.40. Last year the criminal cost bill of the county ran up to something like \$75. This is explained on the ground that three tramps passing through the county broke into a slaughter house near the ancient city of Ste. Genevieve, the oldest settlement in the State, and stole some hides.—Louisiana News.

EAGLE HOTEL

Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.

CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR

House newly refitted and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.

F. L. FLESHMAN, PROP.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choice wines, liquors and cigars. House refurnished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Ample stabling.

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SOLD UNDER A POSITIVE GUARANTEE
Contains no Opium. Pleasant to take.
50 Doses for 35 cents
AT YOUR DRUGGIST.
Write today for Booklet that tells you all about CROUP. Don't buy something else claimed to be "just as good."
DERBY'S PURE KIDNEY PILLS
For all Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles. 50 Pills—10 days' treatment, 25 cents at your druggist. Write today for free sample.
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BIG 5-CENT PACKAGE.
Cheaper than Elbow Grease.

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\$1000 REWARD for the equal of our two-wheeled power wind-mill. WIND furnishes the cheapest power on earth. The two-wheel mill will solve the problem for those who are looking for the right thing to pump water or to run their machinery. Send for illustrated catalogue free.
DOUBLE POWER MILL COMPANY, Appleton, Wisconsin.

HAGER'S WINTER HEN
More Money for Eggs
under most any conditions. There is a lot of money to be made in the egg business if conditions are right. There is no reason why Farmers and Poultry Raisers should not make just as good profits on their investments as any other line of business, and it is possible for them to do so. The price of eggs during the winter months is double and sometimes more than double that paid during the summer months. The only way to take advantage of this advance is to hold summer eggs for winter prices. That fresh eggs can be kept from six to nine months or more has been proven by careful testing with
HAGER'S ECC PRESERVATIVE
and anyone using this Preservative need never sell a dozen eggs for anything but the highest market price. Send for Sample and Circulars telling you all about it.
HAGER EGG PRESERVING CO., - St. Louis, Mo.

Putnam, May 23—Founding on dynamite with a rock brought death to Thomas Dolan, a minor employed at the Branch Coal Company's colliery, to-day, and fatally injured his "buddy," Samuel Smith. Dolan had prepared a blast and was tamping it when the explosion occurred. Both arms were blown off and his body was racked to pieces. Smith still lives.

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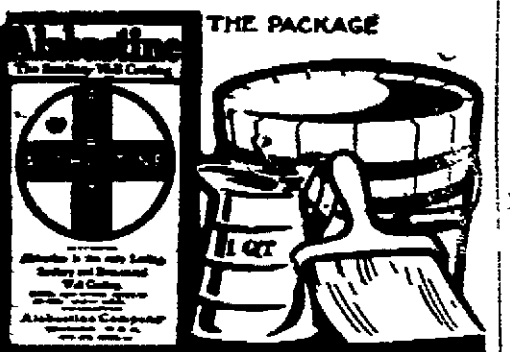
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The best of it is, for you, that such clothes impart that look to the wearer. We offer them now for your uses.

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HANOVER PA.



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If you don't know what it means you have failed to take advantage of our offer to show you how to decorate your walls more easily and more economically, and secure more beautiful effects than you ever have before.

Alabastine
The Sanitary Wall Coating

Is a powder that you mix with cold water and apply with a brush. You must see the Alabastine tint cards; you must learn how durable Alabastine is; you must know about its wonderful sanitary properties; you must come into our store as soon as you can, and ask about Alabastine.

We will gladly tell you all about it, and give you prices or decorating with it, if you will give us the opportunity.



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"Pittsburg Perfect Fence."
Sold by **GILBERT & SON,**
DEALERS IN
General Hardware, Paints,
Oils, Glass, Cutlery, &c., &c.
—Plumbing and Plumbers' Supplies.—
Manufacturers Agricultural and Teaming Chains.
CENTER SQUARE, NEW OXFORD.

West End Store News.

E. B. Corn. Just received 20 more cases of that good East Berlin Corn which we are selling at 6c per can.

Oil Stoves. Warm weather will soon be here. Don't forget we handle a nice line of Oil Stoves at right prices.

Chick Feed. Owing to the great demand we had for our Chick Feed we were unable to get it for several days, but have plenty of it on hand now.

Highest cash and trade price paid for Eggs.
Lard and Side-meat wanted 10c per pound.

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Book Case and Writing Desk at \$13.50, worth \$18.00.
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Mirrors at all prices—from 25c up to \$10.00.

If it is anything in the line of Furniture you desire we can supply you at money-saving figures.

We have just received a lot of fine Picture Frames with landscape Views that you will surely buy. Drop in to see us.

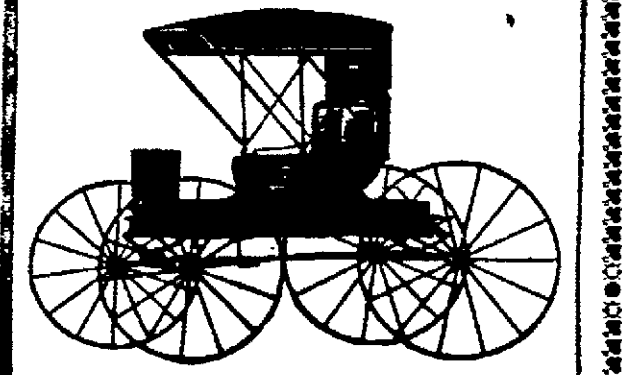
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Are quickly cured by applying Chamberlain's Salve. Try it; it is a success. Price 25 cents.

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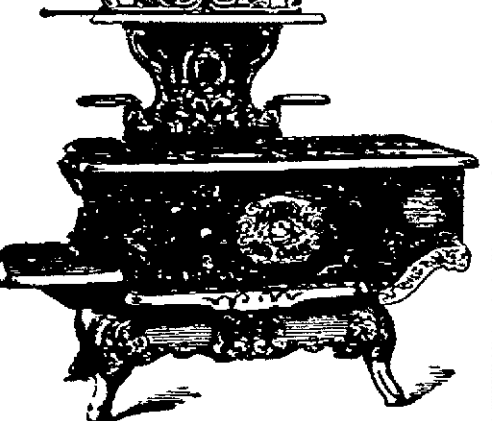
Newest Things in Dress Trimmings,
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Wash Goods. Parris Tissues, Poie-De Soie, Drap De Linde, Soie Duches, Carie Francaise, Falconette, Madras, French Bastiste, Prunellas, and many other new fads in this line. Wool Cream Goods, such as Voilles, Bastistes, Mohairs, Serges, Panamas. Dress Linens, in White, Gray, Natural and Blue. Heatherbloom for Petticoats, has the rustle of silk, a yard wide—35c the yard. New Percales. New Style Light and Dark Percales. Ready-to-wear Wrappers, Full line White Muslin Underwear. White Bed Spreads, Comforts, Blankets, Lace Curtains.	Dress Gingham, in new styles. Ladies' Dress Skirts. Coats of the latest styles for Ladies and Misses'. Table Linen, Napkins, Towels, Tickings, Sheeting. Shirt Waists. Ladies' White Lawn Shirt Waists—up-to-the-minute styles. Full line best fitting Corsets. Home-made Carpets, Ingrain and Brussel Carpets, Matting, Art Squares, Window Shades, Linoleum, Rugs, Oil Cloth, Notions. A Full Line of Fancy and Staple Notions. Ladies' Neck Ruffs. Agents Ladies' Home Journal Patterns.
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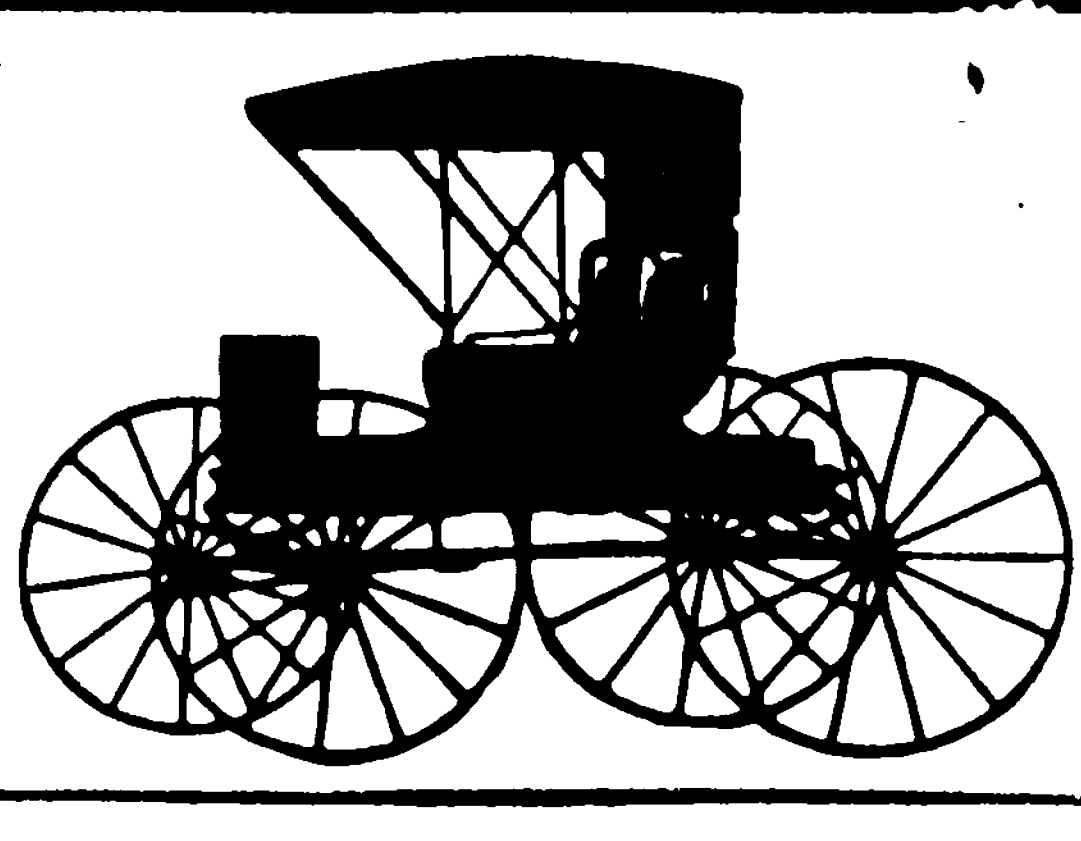
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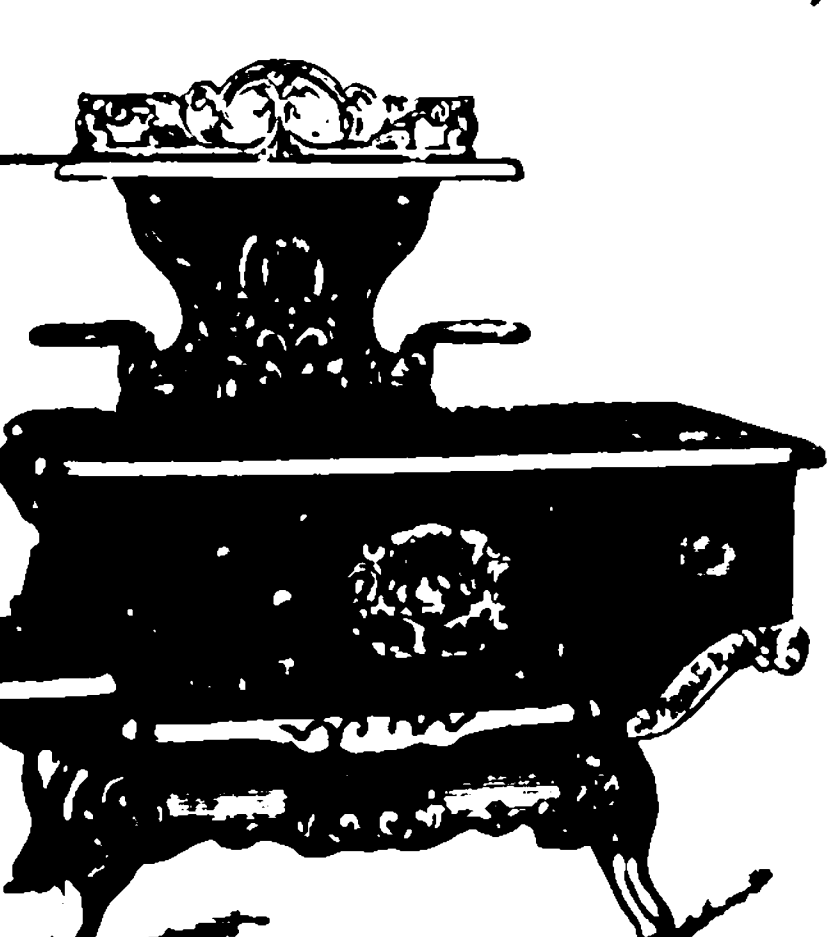
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STOVES, RANGES & FURNACES,
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Enameled and Tinware, &c.
Repairing Promptly Done.
PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD.

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All work neatly done and guaranteed
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Special Sale!

The Katz Furniture Co., of Hanover, Pa., are now located at their new quarters and are offering

At Special Sale
FOR 20 DAYS,

FURNITURE,
STOVES & CARPETS.

Come to see us and we will save you money. We pay the freight.

Katz Furniture Company,

—New Location—
130 Carlisle Street, HANOVER, PA.

COOKIN' THINGS.

When my mother's cookin' things
You bet I never wait
To put away my half or gun—
I drop 'em where they are an' run
For fear I'll be too late.
The most exciting kind o' game,
Er toy, or story book,
I let 'em go, an' never mind,
The very minute that I find
My mother's goin' to cook.

When my mother's cookin' things—
P'raps it's a pie to bake,
Er doughnuts bobbin' up an' down
In bollin' grease till they are brown.
Er p'raps it's johnny cake—
Whatever kind it is
I always likes to hook
The biggest piece of dough I can
An' bake it in a patty pan.
When me and mother cook.
—Harper's Magazine.

The Burglar and The Banknotes.

It was not until my Aunt Susan had banged the door, and I stood solitary in the hall of her modest dwelling, that I realized that never before during my varied bachelor's existence of thirty-five years had I spent a night entirely alone in a house. Through the half-open door of the parlor came two sounds—the fizz or hiss of the incandescent light and the slow ticking of my Aunt Susan's grandfather's clock. And these two sounds, one fussy and capricious, the other solemn and infinitely regular, seemed each in its own way to bear some secret and awe-inspiring significance; seemed to compel me to think of all the other dark and deserted rooms in the little house—of the tiled kitchen, and the coal cellar, and my aunt's large and prim bedroom (just the sort of bedroom that an energetic widow with pronounced views about jam-making and the catechism would inhabit), and the small spare bedroom where I was to sleep, and the extraordinary bathroom up in the attic. And it occurred to me for the first time what a curious, creepy, mysterious, inexplicably alive sort of thing a human house really was.

Then I thought suddenly and boldly, "What rot!" and went into the parlor and sat down.

I had come to spend a couple of nights under the austere roof of my Aunt Susan, partly from a sense of duty, partly from a genuine desire to renew the sensations of my early youth in the neighborhood where I was born, and partly perhaps because of the fact (notorious in the bar mess) that the principal hotel in the next town, where the assizes were being held, was a bad hotel. My aunt's cooking (she kept no servant, being poor) was plain, but perfect, and she had often suggested that I was too proud to stay with her. So at last I came. And she welcomed me sincerely in her Midland manner, and fed me to the full with rare Midland dishes that I had not tasted for many years. To all appearances we had little in common—she the widow of a small jobbing builder, and I the successful barrister—we certainly did not find much to talk about. Nevertheless, the same blood was in our veins; she admired me; she was intensely flattered by my presence. I respected her, and I rather liked, after years of London, years of frock coats and late dinners and evening dress and clubs and theatres, to be back again amid the social customs of my obscure origin—where one dined at 12.30 and had high tea at six and a snack of bread and cheese at nine and removed one's boots in the parlor and didn't converse unless one had something to say. In fact, I enjoyed my evening.

And then, at half-past nine, had come the message that the first child of my Aunt Susan's eldest niece by marriage (my cousin) had just been successfully born, in the next town, and would my Aunt Susan care to go over at once? It was a hard struggle, in my aunt's mind, between that baby and me; of course, the baby won. My aunt sagaciously remarked that we couldn't talk all night, she and I, and that she would return to prepare breakfast, on the early workmen's car, and thus we should lose nothing by her expedition to the bedside of her eldest niece by marriage. And so she had banged the door and departed.

As I sat in the parlor, glancing casually at a brief, there was a sudden tap in the corner of the room (I started, and thought of mice behind the ancient oak paneling of immemorial castles—but this was a cottage of eighteen shillings a month), then a smothered groan, then a long, uneasy, presaging whirr, and then the grandfather's clock burst into song and announced ten on its brass gong with a kind of impassioned clangor. The strike of that clock was simply terrific; it caused the room to vibrate; it also caused me to imagine that I was shut alone in the house with an inhuman monster. But the clock was a beautiful clock, with a case of carved oak and a most exquisite dial. I envied my aunt that clock. I would have offered to buy it from her at a liberal figure had I not been sure that she would have regarded the suggestion as an insult to her self-respect. It was her poverty (comparative poverty, that is to say—she had enough to live on decently) that was the cause of my Aunt Susan's touch-me-not pride. She constantly complained of her hard and penurious lot; but if any relative had proposed, however deli-

cately, to make her an allowance, she would have flounced him out of the house in no time.

When the clock had quite finished striking ten I decided to go to bed. No one who has not slept alone in a house, just an ordinary house, will appreciate my feelings. I was afraid of the interior of the house, and of the silence and the emptiness and the solitude, and of the dark corners, and of everything and of nothing. I heard sounds when there was no sound, and I had sensations like caterpillars gliding down my spine. However, being brave and determined and a successful barrister, I rose from my chair, gathered up my briefs, extinguished the gas in the parlor, went out, shut the door, bolted the front door, lit a candle, extinguished the gas in the hall, climbed the stairs (ugh! the shadows), entered my bedroom, shut the bedroom door, and retired to rest.

I always read by briefs in bed, when on circuit, and I tried to read them then. But my eyes wandered over the page, struggling vainly for the sense. I was thinking all the time of all the other rooms in the little house, and of burglars, ghosts, strange apparitions and sudden deaths—in short, I went through the usual experiences. I thought I could hear something creeping about in the bathroom overhead, and then I thought I could hear the clock ticking. And I whispered, "Suppose . . ." (Suppose what? I couldn't tell you). At length I dropped the briefs and blew out the candle, and resolved not to be a silly ass, but to go to sleep. The next house was scarcely fifty yards off, and two respectably large towns were within a mile on east and west.

I really believe I was succeeding, when my sensitive ear caught the vibration of a dreadful thud—thud beneath the floor. It was the clock striking eleven, merely that. I could not hear the ring of the gong, but the heavy impact of the hammer on the metal affected all my body. "That confounded machine will wake me up every hour," I reflected. "I must stop it." And lighting the candle again, I the clock, which was ticking as calmly and leisurely as though nothing had happened. Instead of stopping it, I merely detached the right hand weight (and a mighty piece of lead it was!) so that the clock would continue to show the time without striking. I tried to deposit the weight in the bottom of the case, but there was an obstruction, a box or something and so I laid it on the floor against the skirting, behind my aunt's hassock. I said I would get up early and replace it before her arrival. Then I went to bed again, a little reassured by my bravery, and essayed to sleep.

But I could not sleep. At least I could only doze, unpleasantly. And when (after about a century and a half) the doze was merging into a sleep, I was jerked into a perfect and excruciating wakefulness by a most distinct knock—knock—knock, a long way off. I did the natural thing; I pulled the clothes over my ear (my heart was beating like an engine), but I could still hear the knock—knock—knock. I was determined to take no notice. "No power, earthly or unearthly," I said, "shall draw me outside this room again." But I could still hear the knock—knock—knock. "The front door! My aunt returned!" This idea seized me suddenly, as in a vice, and then I know that I should be compelled to rise and go to the front door.

And, having donned some clothes, I did go to the front door, and the knocking went on with gentle regularity as I descended the stairs, and I set the candle on the hall table, and I opened the front door with the courage worthy of a barrister. And a policeman and a young woman stood on the white step; the policeman was supporting the woman.

The subsequent episode passed with the rapidity of a dream. "She's in a fainting condition," said the policeman. "Can you give her some brandy?" Before speaking he had stared at me. In a moment he had pushed the young woman into the hall.

"Come in," I said lamely, and I helped her into the parlor, taking the candle. The front door closed, leaving the policeman outside.

I perceived, as I allowed her to sink from my arms into a chair, that the young woman was a very pretty young woman, though plainly dressed. She sighed and shut her eyes.

"The brandy, now," I exclaimed. "Where can it be?"

The presence of a pretty young woman interested me enormously, and piqued my curiosity. I felt that my night, after being fearsome, had become picturesquely strange.

"In these parts they often keep the spirits in the clock case." It was the young woman who spoke, or rather breathed out the words in a charming fatigued whisper.

"Of course," I agreed. And surely enough, the obstruction which I had previously discovered in the bottom of the clock case proved to be a small spirit cabinet. I lifted it out.

"Now a glass and some water," I said, and ran into the kitchen.

When I returned to the parlor the pretty young woman had vanished utterly. Can she be insane? I wondered. And I searched the house, but in vain. I opened the front door and looked up and down the street, but there was no sign of her. Presently a heavy tread on the opposite side of the dark road indicated a policeman. "Where's that girl you brought in just now?" I cried in the night.

"What girl?" came the reply. Then a pause. Then: "Better go to bed, sir." The mystifying affair occupied all my thoughts for the remainder of the night, and I had no sleep whatever. I was thirty-five and staid, and not too fanciful; but the young woman was really so very pretty, and the circumstances of her appearance and disappearance were so romantic that . . . well!

I told my aunt the next morning, told her before she had even been able to get in a word about the baby.

She jumped up and opened the clock case.

"Gracious powers above!" she cried. "It's gone."

Whereupon she swooned all in a heap on the floor.

"What's gone?" I asked, when I had restored her.

"The weight!"

"Not in the least," I said. "The weight is here," and I produced it from behind the hassock.

She took the heavy thing feverishly from my hand, pulled out a plug from the under side, and drew forth from the cavity banknotes to the tune of more than a thousand pounds; and then she wept gently in her joy and relief.

"You wicked aunt," I said. "You're a perfect miser!"

She was in fact a miser, my Aunt Susan; and her poverty was simply a legend of her own invention!

Inquiries proved that the first policeman was a sham policeman. My wonderful episode was just a rather novel experiment in burglary on the part of expert thieves who had tried out Aunt Susan's secret and gone to work in an original manner.

On discovering the absence of the weight the young woman, already disconcerted by my unexpected presence, must have fled. I have felt sorry ever since that she was so pretty; it seemed a shame. And at every assize I tremble lest she and her sham policeman should turn up in the dock one fine morning.

My aunt still sturdily survives. I have made her will for her. The banknotes are to go to the infant of my aunt's niece by marriage, and I am trustee and executor.—Black and White.

His Idea of the Meanest Woman.

Miss Caroline Powell of Boston is a wood engraver, a pupil of Timothy Cole, and at a dinner recently she said of her master:

"Mr. Cole had a horror of stingy persons. He was continually railing against such people, continually pointing out to us glaring examples of meanness and greed.

"He said one day that he had heard that morning of one of the meanest women in the world.

"She called before breakfast at the house of a neighbor of his and said: 'Madam, I see that you have advertised in the papers for a cook.'

"Yes, I have,' returned the other, 'but surely you are not after the place.'

"No,' said the stranger, 'but I only live two blocks away from you, and since I need a cook myself, I thought you might send to me all the applicants you reject.'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When Politeness Hurts.

"I came up in an elevator today," said the black-eyed Southern woman, "and the men all took off their hats. I was awfully proud and pleased. It seldom happens in New York elevators."

"I'd a lot rather they'd keep their hats on," observed the blue-eyed woman, "than knock my eye out taking them off. Last week I entered a polite elevator, too. Off came the hats. One jabbed me in the eye-brow, another in the left cheek, another nearly knocked my own hat off and the fourth dislocated my necktie so that I had to get out and tie it all over again. Oh, yes, it's a good deal safer, I think, to let them keep them on. I much prefer it."—New York Times.

An animal hospital has been established at Lodespur, near Calcutta.

Elaborate Indian Funerals.

STRANGE CUSTOMS OF TRIBES OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Open Graves of Pima Cemeteries--Hopis' Two Burials--Curious Litter Used by Coahuillas--Indians That Put Bodies of Dead in Caves--Tribes That Cremate.



WHATEVER partakes of the mysterious appeals to the mind of the Indian. Superstitious by nature and education and imagination to an extreme, all that is unknown and unfathomed is associated with the miraculous and supernatural, and he lives in an atmosphere of mysticism. Death is to him a circumstance of the highest degree of mystery, says the Los Angeles Times, and the ceremonies attending the funeral and burial are, therefore, elaborate and in many cases imposing.

The services over the dead vary greatly with different tribes, and the methods of disposing of the bodies are many. Inhumation is, perhaps, the most common method of putting away the dead, but even here there is a variety of customs. Some bury the dead in a sitting posture. Others double the body together and bind it with cords. Still others stand the body upright, and in other cases the corpse is given a recumbent position. Several of the tribes of the Southwest practice cremation; some dispose of their dead by placing the bodies upon elevated platforms; others entomb them in stone cysts, caves, huts or other buildings, while some of the coast tribes sink the bodies in the waters of the ocean.

The Pima Indians bury their dead immediately, or as soon after death as possible. The burial generally takes place in the night time. The body is prepared for the grave by being tied double with ropes passed under the knees and around the neck. When the medicine man of the tribe pronounces death inevitable, the grave is prepared. This is a perfectly round hole, four or five feet deep, just large enough to receive the body. It often happens that the medicine man makes a mistake in the diagnosis of the case and the patient recovers. His grave is then left unfilled until such time as he is ready to occupy it. Should other members of the tribe die first, new graves are prepared for them, the other being left to yawn till it gets the one for whom it was made. It therefore happens that nearly every Pima cemetery contains several open graves.

The burial is accompanied by chanting by the mourners, words laudatory to the departed being improvised. The grave is filled while the weird songs are being sung and a pole fence or covering is then constructed to protect the grave from the depredations of coyotes or other wild animals. The immediate relatives of the departed cut their hair as a sign of their mourning, and they cease their occupations several weeks.

Immediately after the services at the grave the house and personal effects of the departed are burned and his or her cattle and horses are slaughtered and cooked. A great feast is then made in which all members of the tribe in the vicinity take part.

The Navajos have a horror of death, and will not approach a corpse save of necessity. When death occurs in a dwelling it is immediately abandoned, and as soon as practicable a new home is built. In the meantime the surviving members of the household camp out or take refuge with other members of the tribe.

Sometimes the house where the death takes place is made to serve as a tomb for the dead, the doorway being filled with sticks and mud. It is more usual, however, for the body to be buried in a grave prepared for it, the remains being conveyed to the grave the next day after death by two perfectly naked Indians who, after the funeral, purify themselves before resuming their apparel.

The body is followed by a long procession of friends and relatives who march about the grave chanting songs and who, upon departing, deposit each upon the grave some article which the departed will need in making his journey to the lower world—the location of the Navajo spirit land.

The Hopi Indians have one burial custom for adults and another for children. They believe that the spirits of the latter return to their mothers and that they are born again. They, therefore, dispose of the bodies of the young by putting them in the clefts in the rocks in the mesa, in any convenient place, filling the crevice with sticks, stones and mud. The bodies of adults are laid in graves at the foot of the mesa. After being carefully dressed and prepared for a long journey a prayer offering is laid with the body, to which is attached a long string, and the body is then covered and a pile of stones laid on the grave. The string, which is left projecting from the grave, is then laid in a long trench running due west from the cairn.

It is the belief of the Hopis that the spirit of the departed, which is thought to be asleep with the body in the

grave, awakes at the expiration of the fourth day, when it is supposed to follow the string up out of the grave and along the trench, when, having been started in the right direction, it continues on its westward way till it comes to the Grand Canon, in the depths of which they believe to be the house for the dead, to which they have given the name of "Maski."

The Apaches put their dead away in the clefts of the rocks, in shallow graves, and, in the case of children, in the treetops frequently. They chant the virtues of the departed at the time of burial, and the immediate friends of the deceased give themselves up to mourning for a period.

In the Coahuilla Cemetery, in the Colorado Desert, is a curious litter used by Indians to convey their dead to their last resting place. It consists of two poles, the hands of which are cunningly inlaid with tiny pieces of horn and bone, the poles being joined together by stringers of horse hide, upon which the bodies are laid. The burial of the dead is accompanied by elaborate ceremonies, including the chanting of songs and prayers and the giving of gifts to the departed, and the burning of the palm tree which was planted at the birth of the departed and which bore his or her name.

The Yuma Indians of the Colorado Desert cremate their dead. A funeral pyre is erected as soon as, or before, death takes place, and the burning of the body takes place as soon after death as the arrangements can be completed. The clothing and personal effects of the departed are consumed with the body, together with a quantity of food to last the spirit on its journey to the realm of pleasure, whence it is bound. The house is also burned, that those who survive may not be reminded of one who is gone, for, they say, "memory is but sorrow; therefore let us forget."

The Ute Indians place the bodies of their dead in caves, many bodies being entombed within a single cavern. After each entombment the mouth of the cave is stopped with sticks and stones to keep out animals, and the place is not again visited until the next interment takes place. The preparation of the body for burial is simple. No change is made in the clothing, the limbs being straightened and the weapons of the deceased, if a male, or household implements, if a woman, being placed beside the body. The male friends of the deceased shoot the horses and cattle which belonged to him and burn his house and personal effects. The female friends, whose duty it is to prepare the body for the tomb, bear the remains to their last resting place, uttering hideous cries during the march to the sepulcher.

In the western part of Utah, in the Great Salt Desert, is a valley called Skull Valley, because of the great number of human skulls and bones found there. This locality is the home of the Gosh-Ute Indians, who have one of the most unique burial customs known. This consists in weighting the body with stones and sinking it in the mud and water of the few springs to be found in that region of thirst.

The Mojave Indians cremate their dead upon a funeral pyre, similar to that of the Yumas. While the body is being consumed, certain priests or poet singers run about the pyre chanting the praises of the departed. The incineration takes place at night, and the ceremonies are weird and uncanny in the extreme.

The Kelta Indians believe that when one of their tribe dies a little bird takes the spirit and starts with it for the spirit world. If the departed has lived a worthy life the bird reaches the happy land and the spirit dwells there forever. If, however, the life has been an evil one, a cruel hawk catches the bird and devours it, together with the soul which it is bearing, and both perish miserably.

The Karok Indians of California perpetuate the memory of their departed friends by abstaining from all mention of them. If one is so forgetful as to mention the name of one of the dead, the others are shocked, for it is their belief that the mention of the name causes the body or bones in the grave to turn and moan, and the spirit is halted on its journey toward the spirit land. In fact, the mention of the name of a departed friend is a deadly insult to the living relatives, and is punishable by the laws of the tribe with the same penalty as murder, a very heavy fine, known as "blood money."—New York Sun.

Latest Fashionable Color.

"Soap suds" is the pretty name borne by the latest London fashionable color. It is opalescent, flashing a pale green and pear-gray on a foam-like surface.

Mr. Chamberlain was forty when he first wrote "M. P." after his name.

THE OLD-MONK-CURE



St. Jacobs Oil

has traveled round the world, and everywhere human

Aches and Pains

have welcomed it and blest it for a cure.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Where Flower Seed Grows.

It is in California that most of the flower seeds are produced, including the bulk of the petunias, verbenas, nasturtiums and sweet peas.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all the ailments of the throat, 25c. a bottle.

In Spain drug stores are permitted to sell drugs on Sunday.

F. W. GUNN'S, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

St. Petersburg is to have a school of agriculture for women only.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The London County Council now uses motor repair wagons.

Slavery Still Exists.

Slavery still exists in British East Africa, the English government having refused to abolish its legal status.

AN AWFUL SKIN HUMOR

Covered Head, Neck and Shoulders—Suffered Agony For Twenty-Five Years Until Cured by Cuticura.

"For twenty-five years I suffered agony from a terrible humor, completely covering my head, neck and shoulders, discharging matter of such offensiveness to sight and smell that I became an object of dread. I consulted the most able doctors far and near, to no avail. Then I got Cuticura, and in a surprisingly short time I was completely cured. I advise all those suffering from skin humors to get Cuticura and end their misery at once. S. P. Keyes, 149 Congress Street, Boston, Mass."

Destroyed by Wolves.

It is said that 800,000 domestic animals, valued at \$6,000,000 are slain by wolves every year in the Russian empire.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles, Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Pico Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Celery is the cultivated variety of the English weed, smallage.

Force of Public Opinion.

The most hopeful aspect of recent revelations is the demonstration of the soundness of that public opinion which is the mysterious dominator of communities. Those who are interested in the psychology of this element of social advance may find much worthy of study in the developments of the day. One phenomenon to be curiously considered is the question as to the degree of heat, so to speak, required for an explosion of the gases which permeate the ground beneath the social structure.—Century.

Dangerous Prescriptions.

A London Coroner remarked recently that a law should be passed against the use of old medical prescriptions. Prescriptions useful at one time, he said, may be deadly when used again by people whose physical condition has wholly changed.

SEVEN YEARS AGO

A Rochester Chemist Found a Singularly Effective Medicine.

William A. Franklin, of the Franklin & Palmer Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y., writes:

"Seven years ago I was suffering very much through the failure of the kidneys to eliminate the uric acid from my system. My back was very lame and ached if I overexerted myself in the least degree. At times I was weighed down with a feeling of languor and depression and suffered continually from annoying irregularities of the kidney secretions. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. I found prompt relief from the aching and lameness in my back, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was cured of all irregularities."

Sold by all dealers; 50 cents a box, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Tomfoolery

THE LAUGH THAT WINS.
That he laughs best who laugheth last, I do not quite believe.
The chap has never been surpassed
Who laugheth in his sleeve.
—Philadelphia Record.

MARITAL MANEUVER.

Eben—"A husband's place is to command."
Flo—"And a wife's to countermand."

FORCE OF HABIT.

"Well, doctor, your treatise is ready to go to press. What are you going to do about an appendix?"
"Cut it out."—Houston Post.

INFORMATION DESIRED.

"Will you remember me when I am far away?" he asked the summer girl.
"I don't know," she answered.
"How far are you going?"

RECONSTRUCTED.

First Spirit—"Why are you taking your harp to pieces?"
Second Spirit—"I want to pull some wires on earth, to get in the Hall of Fame."

THE RENDEZVOUS.

Knicker—"Do you think that family life is dying out?"
Millionaire—"Not at all; with appendicitis, automobiles and football we meet at the hospital."

HIS DILEMMA.

Dyer—"Higbee is in a fix."
Ryer—"What's the trouble?"
Dyer—"He doesn't know whether to go through the bankruptcy court or sell his auto."—Brooklyn Life.

WILL HE SURVIVE?

"Well, my son at college has finally agreed not to try for the football team."
"I suppose you feel greatly relieved?"
"Only partially. He joins a fraternity organization next week."

THERE ARE OTHERS.

"I don't believe in impressing on boys the idea that they may be President some day."
"Why not?"
"It's liable to spoil 'em in later life."

REASONABLE REQUEST.



"Sure, I am wearing the trousers you were kind enough to give me, sir, an' it's another favor I'd be after asking you."

"What is that?"
"A good, square meal to fill 'em out!"
—London Telegraph.

ON HIM.

Ethyl (to Gladys, who has witnessed a game of football for the first time)—
"Was Reggie on the eleven?"
Gladys—"Well, dear, from where I sat it looked as though the eleven were on him."—Lippincott's Magazine.

NATURE AT FAULT.

Farmer Giddap—"It don't seem tew me as how nature works right."
Farmer Golang—"What's wrong now, Peleg?"
Farmer Giddap—"Up in the mountains where the air is tew rarefied fer bug life it's tew rocky ter farm."

THE BRIGHT FUTURE.

Mr. T—"I think I shall give up my business, my dear. I might as well have some enjoyment out of my money."

Mrs. T—"Oh! not yet, Samuel. But when one of us dies I intend to give up housekeeping and see a little of the world."—Illustrated Bits.

THE SUSPENSE THAT KILLS.

"There doesn't appear to be much lawlessness about your town," said the tenderfoot.

"No," replied Cactus Cal; "we won't stand for it 'round here."
"Ah! I suppose when any bad character drifts into your town you immediately expel him."

"Well—er—most frequent we suspend 'em."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Where Seeds Come From.
Cabbage seeds are produced mainly in New York State, particularly on Long Island, and in Connecticut. Cucumber seeds come from Missouri, Wisconsin and Nebraska.

FITZGERALD'S CURE FOR CATARRH OF THE BLADDER. No other remedy has ever been known to cure this disease. It is a sure cure. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

In some parts of Hungary serfdom of the Russian type still prevails.

In manufacturing occupations the average life of soap boilers is the highest and that of grindstone makers the lowest.

Japanese Barred.

Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, announced in a speech recently that, Japanese would not be allowed to come to New Zealand, and that the colony would refuse to be dictated to in the matter. This is in reference to a circular from the British Colonial Office, addressed to the colonists and demanding the repeal of laws that are repugnant to the feelings of Nations with which Great Britain is at peace.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Never Comes Amiss.

"Those who go down to the sea in ships," have had a brief season of stress, with many fatal results. And the sleety storms that endanger them have caused many deaths on land, among them being men employed on railroads. A prayer for the brakeman on a sleety night never came amiss.—Washington Observer.

DON'T MISS THIS.

A Cure For Stomach Trouble—A New Method, by Absorption—No Drugs.

Do You Belch?

It means a diseased stomach. Are you afflicted with Short Breath, Gas, Sour Eructations, Heart Pains, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Burning Pains and Lead Weight in Pit of Stomach, Acid Stomach, Distended Abdomen, Dizziness, Colic? Bad Breath or Any Other Stomach Trouble?

Let us send you a box of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers free to convince you that it cures. Nothing else like it known. It's sure and very pleasant. Cures by absorption. Harmless. No drugs. Stomach Trouble can't be cured otherwise—so says Medical Science. Drugs won't do—they eat up the stomach and make you worse.

We know Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers cure and we want you to know it, hence this offer.

SPECIAL OFFER.—The regular price of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers is 50c. a box, but to introduce it to thousands of sufferers we will send two (2) boxes upon receipt of 75c. and this advertisement, or we will send you a free sample for this coupon.

12235 A FREE BOX. 114
Send this coupon with your name and address and druggist's name who does not sell it for a free box of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers to
MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO., 328 Third Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
Give Full Address and Write Plainly.

Sold at all druggists, 50c. per box.

Worried by Stamp Collectors.

If the young minister from Portugal is not heaping anathemas upon the postal department of his country he must have a singularly gentle and forgiving nature. Stamp collectors all over America are making life a burden for Viscount Alte. It is all because Lisbon has marked the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Anthony of Padua by issuing a set of stamps which portray various periods in the saint's life. He was born and reared in Lisbon, though he always is credited to Padua. The viscount, who is a favorite in the White House, has presented to Kermit and Archibald Roosevelt sets of the 10 stamps. But it is more than he can contemplate with equanimity to give stamps to several hundred girls in Washington and as many of their dear friends in different parts of the country.—New York Press.

Mexican Banks Prosperous.

Banks in Mexico are prosperous. The only bank failures recorded since the first Mexican bank charter was issued is that of a promoters' bank organized in the United States and several smaller private banking enterprises.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on each box. 25c.

Valuable dogs are often vaccinated nowadays.

Has a Lincoln Relic.

Alonzo Gettings, of Gotebo, Okla., has a glove with which he wiped some blood from the face of the martyred Lincoln while the body was lying in state in Chicago. Mr. Gettings was one of the soldiers guarding the body, and during the night some blood was noticed on Mr. Lincoln's face and one of Mr. Gettings's gloves was used to wipe off the blood. The stain is still perceptible, although the glove has since been washed.

PAINFUL PERIODS

Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful or irregular something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organism.

More than fifty thousand women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes painful and irregular menstruation.

It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

The two following letters tell so convincingly what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for women, they cannot fail to bring hope to thousands of sufferers.

Miss Nellie Holmes of 540 N. Davidson Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

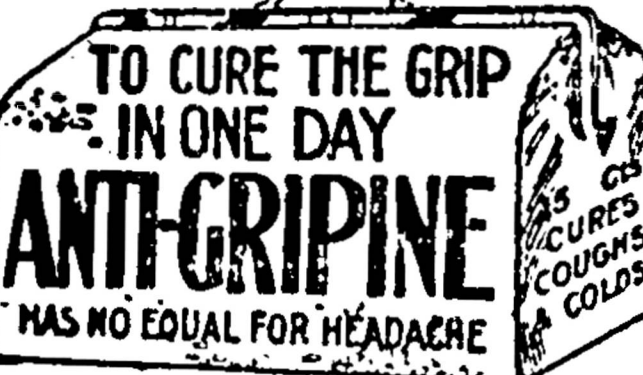
Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"Your medicine is indeed an ideal medicine for women. I suffered misery for years with painful periods, headaches and bearing-down pains. I consulted two different physicians but failed to get any relief. A friend from the East advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and no longer suffer as I did before. My periods are natural; every ache and pain is gone, and my general health is much improved. I advise all women who suffer to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain had I only known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

PRICE, 25 Cts



ANTI-GRIPINE

IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

I won't sell Anti-Gripine to a dealer who won't guarantee it. Call for your MONEY BACK IF IT DOESN'T CURE. F. W. Diemer, M.D., Manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.

The Profitable Herring.

There were landed at all stations in England and Wales during 1903 nearly 153,000 tons of herrings. The average value a hundredweight was \$1.40, as against \$1.50 in 1902 and \$1.73 in 1901. Herrings form the great bulk of exports of fish, and they go mostly to Germany. The value of exported herrings in 1903 was \$11,961,461, as against \$14,277,911 in the previous year, the fall being in values rather than quantities.

THE MAN BEHIND THE SAW

Has easy work if it's an Atkins. The keen, clean cutting edge and perfect taper of the blade make it run easily without buckling. No "chumping" to do with the perfection handle. But there are other men behind the Atkins saw. The originator of this saw, the finest crucible steel made, was a good deal of a man. The discoverer of the Atkins secret tempering process was likewise a man of brains and genius. And there are high-class workmen behind this saw, masters of the craft, whose skill and pride of workmanship have helped to make the Atkins Trade Mark an assurance of quality as reliable as the Government assay stamp. We make all types and sizes of saws, but only one grade—the best. Atkins Saws, Corn Hires, Perfection Floor Scrapers, etc., are sold by all good hardware dealers. Catalogue on request.

E. C. ATKINS & CO., Inc.

Largest Saw Manufacturers in the World. Factory and Executive Office, Indianapolis, Indiana. BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Portland, Oregon, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Memphis, Atlanta and Toronto, Canada.

Accept no Substitute—Insist on the Atkins Brand

SOLD BY GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. State Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. Suits civil war, 16 and 17 years' service, etc.

The Life Saver of Children

With Croup, Coughs, Colds and Pneumonia is Home's Great Cure. It prevents Diphtheria and Membranous Croup. No Vomiting. No Nausea. See Mailed Postcard A. P. BOSSIE, Buffalo, N. Y.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Read for book of testimonials and 10 Days' treatment FREE. Dr. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

48 p. Doct. free. If ghost ref. Long experience. Fitzgerald & Co. Dept. 4, Washington D.C.

PATENTS

P. N. U. 51, 1905.

PISO'S CURE FOR THICK THROAT AND BRONCHITIS. Best Cough Syrup. Sticks Good. Use 10c. Doct. free. Sold by druggists.

TRAVEL WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

Have you longed to know what it would mean to stand in the great places of the earth? Travel, with its possibilities of culture and education, is now practicable for those of modest income as well as the fortunate few, by means of the

Underwood Travel System.

This system is travel of the truest kind, yet it does not utilize either ship or railroad. Such a statement is so extraordinary as to seem at first unbelievable, but many have proved its truth. To experience sensations of pleasure or pain in the presence of famous objects and places which inspire thoughts and produce states of feeling enriching life and adding to happiness is to travel truly. By making use of a simple scientific principle, and spending twenty years in its development, there has been perfected the means of actually securing right in one's home these very experiences and benefits which actual travel gives.

Dr. James H. Breasted, of Chicago University, says: "By this means the joys of travel are extended to that large class of our people who thirst for an acquaintance with the distant lands of other ages, but are prevented by the expense involved, or by the responsibilities of home, business or profession."

More information about this truly remarkable system, and strong endorsements of it by hundreds of our greatest educators, can be had by addressing

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, Dept. B, 3-5 West 19th St., N. Y. City.

Drill for Water

Prospect for Minerals
Drill Test and Blast Holes
Many kinds and many sizes of improved
Drilling Machines
For Horse, Steam or Gasoline Power
Results Guaranteed
LOOMIS MACHINE CO., TIFFIN, OHIO

Coal Gas Oil.

FOR WOMEN

troubled with their peculiar

their sex, used as a douche is

successful. It thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs,

stops discharges, heals inflammation and local

sores, cures leucorrhoea and nasal catarrh.

Paxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure

water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal

and economical than liquid antiseptics for all

TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES
For sale at druggists 50 cents a box.
Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free.
THE R. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

\$3 an ACRE for good land in health, mild climate. Address Fruit-Land Colony, 2700 St. Louis Co., N. D.

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance.—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1906.

Death of Joseph B. Renaut.

Hanover, Feb. 17.—Joseph B. Renaut died at his home, No. 136 Carlisle street, at 11:30 p. m. last night from gas poisoning, complicated by kidney disease, which became aggravated and acute as the result of the inhalation of the gas. Mr. Renaut retired on Saturday night, Feb. 10, with the gas radiator in his room burning. During the night, and up to the time when his plight was discovered Sunday the gas from the stove, in some unknown manner, escaped and filled the room. The young man as a rule did not rise early on Sunday morning and his remaining abed until noon created no surprise. After dinner, however, his father concluded he had slept sufficient, and went to his son's room, to find him sound asleep, with the gas radiator burning brightly and the room filled with gas. All efforts to arouse the sleeper proving futile, Mr. Renaut summoned Dr. J. H. Bittinger, who arrived promptly and applied restoratives. Dr. E. M. Alleman was also sent for and both physicians did their utmost to relieve the stupor. Despite the efforts of Dr. Bittinger and Dr. E. W. Meisenhelder, a specialist from York, together with Miss Katharyn Gertrude Kelly, a trained nurse from Baltimore, a graduate of the Maryland Homeopathic College, the young man after lingering in a comatose condition for over five days without having regained consciousness, passed away. The case, which was most remarkable, was the all-absorbing subject for discussion during the past five days owing to the fact that the young man was one of the most popular in Hanover, being prominent in social and business circles. As a merchant he was thoroughly progressive and up-to-date, having in a few years built up a lucrative trade for his father, J. A. Renaut, in the furniture business. He was a member of the Hanover Lodge No. 763, B. P. O. of Elks. He was also a member of Hanover S. F. E. Co. No. 1. He is survived by his father, step-mother and five sisters. He was aged 30 years, 1 month and 23 days.

Dwelling Fired Twice.

Hanover, Feb. 19.—The work of an incendiary might have destroyed the dwelling at West End, owned by Peter Menges, of near New Oxford, this morning, had it not been for the assistance of neighbors of the tenants, Grant Bowman and family. In reality there were two fires. The following is a statement made by Mr. Bowman: Mrs. Bowman awoke early this morning and called her husband, as she heard a noise on the outside of the house. He hastily dressed and going down stairs to put the draft on the kitchen stove, found the floor and wainscoting in a side room adjoining the kitchen, ablaze. A large coal oil can was in the midst of the flames. Running up stairs he informed his wife that the house was on fire. Taking their baby, they went to a neighboring home and on the way met a strange man who inquired what was the matter. Informing him his house was on fire, the stranger went to the dwelling and was found on the outside when Mr. Bowman returned. By this time several neighbors had gathered and in a short while the flames were extinguished. The tenant then brought his wife home and they proceeded to get breakfast. At 8 o'clock a neighbor seeing smoke issuing from the roof of the Bowman home ran into the house to notify the occupants. An alarm was then sounded and about the time of the arrival of driver Weinberg, flames broke out in the attic. Mounting the steps, by the use of the hand chemical tanks, the flames were soon extinguished, after having burned through the weatherboarding and a portion of the rafters. An examination of the premises revealed the source of the fire which had been kindled with straw in the cellar, under the floor, between the plastering and the weatherboarding, which acted as a flue. A spark probably reached the attic and set the frame work on fire. Mr. Bowman says that his cellar door was broken open and that he found the door to the room above open about six inches when he came down in the morning. A cushion from the sitting room was found saturated with coal oil, in the room where the first fire occurred. Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Carbaugh and three of their children, of Arendtsville, were all with typhoid fever.

Gettysburg Soph Class Dismissed.

Gettysburg, Feb. 17.—“We can run the institution without a Sophomore class, but we cannot run it without order,” was the sentiment expressed to-day by the faculty of Gettysburg College, whereupon the instructors indefinitely suspended fifty one members of the class of '08. Thursday night the Sophomores held a banquet in town and on returning to the college were enraged to see several Freshmen flags conspicuously displayed on the campus. To avenge the insult they kicked in the doors of the Freshmen's rooms, broke windows and hazed a number of first-year men. Twelve of the leaders were called before the faculty last evening and sentence was to be passed to-day, but when the faculty met this morning a paper, signed by fifty-one members of the class, was presented, in which the Sophomores stated that they were all equally guilty and insisted that the same punishment be meted out to all. The faculty promptly passed the following resolution: “In as much as certain students are known by the faculty to have been guilty of a disturbance which led to the destruction of college property and great annoyance to certain other students, and as a paper has been received signed by a considerable number of students stating that they were of equal guilt, therefore, resolved, that each signer of said paper is as an individual, indefinitely suspended.” All the suspended boys were compelled to leave town to-day.

Shuckman's Horse and Cattle Powder, none better for diseases of the horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. Guaranteed to contain nothing but purest drugs. At Auker's Drug Store.

Head Ache Sometimes?

If so, it will interest you to know that it can be stopped with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills; and without any bad after-effects, and this without danger of forming a drug habit or having your stomach disarranged. They positively contain no opium, morphine, cocaine, chloral, ether or chloroform in any form. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve pain, and leave only a sense of relief. The reason for this is explained by the fact that headache comes from tired, irritable, turbulent, over-taxed brain nerves. Anti-Pain Pills soothe and strengthen these nerves, thus removing the cause. They are harmless when taken as directed. “We use Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for the cure of headache, and we think that there is nothing that will equal them. They will cure the severest spell of nervous or sick headache in a very few minutes. I am of a nervous temperament, and occasionally have spells when my nerves seem to be completely exhausted, and I tremble as I can scarcely contain myself. At these times I always take the Anti-Pain Pills, and they quiet me right away. It is remarkable what a soothing effect they have upon the nerves.” MRS. F. E. KÄHL, Detroit, Mich. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Stockholders of the Farmers Bank of McSherrystown, will be held at the banking house of said Bank, in the Borough of McSherrystown, Adams County, Pennsylvania, on MONDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1906, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock p. m., for the election of seven (7) Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and for such other business as shall properly come before said meeting. C. D. SMITH, President. Attest: JOHN H. MENGES, Sec'y.

Be On Time!

Is Your Watch in Order?

If not, bring it to me; I will put it in order as cheap as first-class work can be done for. If you haven't a watch let me sell you one that you can rely on. All sizes and prices, gold and silver.

JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS.

Sam. G. Martin,
THE JEWELER.
Eagle Hotel, New Oxford

Is It Your Own Hair?

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.

“I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hair grower that was ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truthfully say that I am greatly pleased with it. I cheerfully recommend it as a splendid preparation.”—Miss V. BIRCK, Wayland, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed at the ITEM office. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Auker's Chicken Cholera Remedy is guaranteed to cure cholera and roup or money refunded. At Auker's Drug Store.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF MARY LUTZ.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Mary Lutz, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to undersigned residing in same township, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

H. J. SNEHRINGER, Executor
2-16-06 Route 9, Gettysburg

OHIO & KENTUCKY HORSES.



Monday, February 19, 1906,

The undersigned will receive one car load of Ohio and Kentucky Horses—workers and drivers—for sale or exchange. Call and see them. Will also buy all kinds of Fat Horses and Mules suitable for the Southern markets. H. W. PARR, Hanover.

DR. J. L. SHEETZ,

Physician and Surgeon.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Calls answered night or day.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ELIZABETH SHFRMAN'S ESTATE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Elizabeth Shorman, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement, to DAVID C. SHULTZ, Administrator, Gettysburg, Pa. Or his Attorney, John D. Keith.

Administrator's Notice.

ESTATE OF HENRY SHULTZ, late of Cumberland township, Adams County, Pa., deceased.—Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, residing in Mountpleasant township, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. DAVID C. SHULTZ, Adminr. 2-2 Route 2, New Oxford, Pa.

Barber Shop Removed.

GEO. F. RABINE has removed his Barber Shop from the Eagle Hotel building to a commodious room at his residence a few doors from Center Sq., on Philadelphia street, where he will be ready at all times to give all satisfaction in his line

Now is the time to subscribe for ITEM

SPRING OPENING

of Dress Goods.

We now have our Complete Line of Spring Dress Goods, also Plain & Fancy Silks

all of the Latest and Newest Weaves and Colors, in Woolens of Fabrics made and seen.

We show a large selection in Colors and Blacks. We have a full line from 50c upwards to \$1.35 per yard. See the yard wide Black Taffetta at \$1.00 and compare with others at \$1.25 and you will buy this one. A large assortment White Waistings; also Spring Jackets just opened, right in length, price and workmanship. A Special Offering of 1000 yards Silk Organdies, new styles, worth 50c that we are offering at 25c the yard. Best quality Dark Percale Wrappers, well made, not skimps in width, at the price of 75c and \$1.00.

5 Dozen Ladies' Black Mercerized Petticoats

to go at 69c, Special Value.

All colors Pres De Soie at 30c, just the thing for drop skirts, has the coy of silk, wears longer and costs less.

Special Values in White Bed Spreads, ALSO TABLE LINENS.

Reds from 17c to 50c. Bleached from 25c to the very finest at \$1.50 per yard. Napkins to match. White cotton towels at 5c, and still a better one 4 for 25c. Fine linen towels 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00 piece. All the best sellers in Corsets, such as Loomers, R. & G., Cresco, F. P., Royal and Worcester. Ladies' and Misses' Ferris Waists. Ladies' Gents' and Children's Umbrellas. Large line Staple and Fancy Notions. Prime live picked geese feathers. Tickings from 8c to 25c. Window Shades, Straw Mattins. Table and Floor Oil Cloth.

RAG, INGRAIN AND BRUSSEL CARPETS.

Lace Curtains, Sash Nett.

Large Stock of Ladies' Home Journal Paper Patterns.

Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere and save money.

Wentz Bros. & Frey,

33 BALTIMORE STREET,

Hanover,

Penna.

Pottsville, May 23.—Pounding on dynamite with a rock brought death to Thomas Dolan, a minor employed at the Branch Coal Company's colliery, to-day, and fatally injured his "buddy," Samuel Smith. Dolan had prepared a blast and was tamping it when the explosion occurred. Both arms were blown off and his body was racked to pieces. Smith still lives.

While Martin V. Wagman and family of Red Lion, York county, were at dinner Wednesday, they were warned that the second story of their dwelling was in flames. A half hour later, after they had succeeded in removing the better portion of the household goods from the lower floor, the home was a smouldering mass of ruins, a loss to the owner of over \$2,000, partly covered by insurance.

The new church building of the Derry street United Brethren congregation at Harrisburg which was to have been dedicated this summer, was destroyed Tuesday afternoon by a fire which started in the dome. The church was being built by subcontractors, nearly all of whom carried insurance sufficient to cover losses, which will aggregate \$30,000.

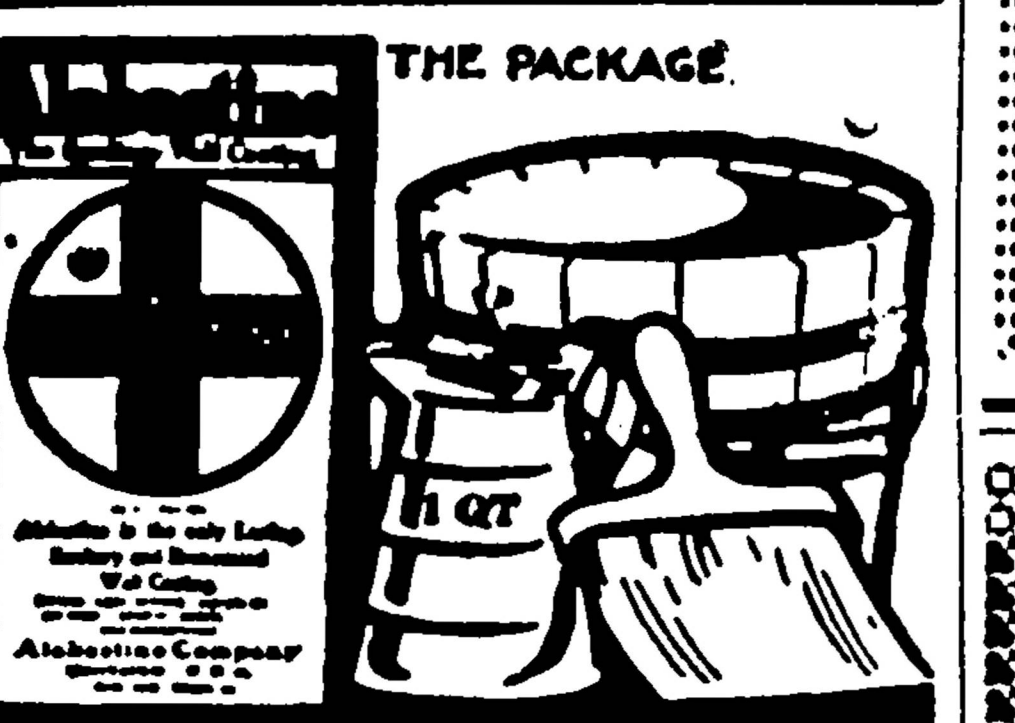
WONDERFUL ECZEMA CURE.—"Our little boy had eczema for five years," writes N. A. Adams, Henrietta, Pa. "Two of our home doctors said the case was hopeless, his lungs being affected. We then employed other doctors but no benefit resulted. By chance we read of Electric Bitters; bought a bottle and soon noticed improvement. We continued this medicine until several bottles were used, when our boy was completely cured." Best of all blood medicines and body-building health tonics. Guaranteed at Ed. T. Auker's drug store. 50c.

A HANDSOME FOUNTAIN PEN ALMOST FREE.
A \$2.50 fountain pen and a year's subscription to THE PHILADELPHIA DAILY PRESS, both worth \$5.50, for \$3.50. Send check to THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS for \$3.50 and get The Daily Press a year and a guaranteed fountain pen. This offer may be withdrawn at any time.

Public Sale!
The Last of the Season.
OF FINE WESTERN HORSES.
Thursday, May 30th, 1907,
the undersigned will sell a car load of Fine Western Horses at his stables in East Berlin. Sale at 12:30 rain or shine.
1-24 ly A. A. GRUVER.

THE Thoroughbred.
Good clothes and a good horse are alike in one way; the thoroughbred quality is something more than a surface appearance; it's what's underneath that wins the races.
That's what we like about Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes; the sound, reliable all-wool quality is in them; the tailoring is right; the "lines" of the garments are thoroughbred lines. They look "quality" all over.
The best of it is, for you, that such clothes impart that look to the wearer. We offer them now for your uses.

M. B. Carver & Sons.
HANOVER PA.



Going to alabastine?
If you don't know what it means you have failed to take advantage of our offer to show you how to decorate your walls more easily and more economically, and secure more beautiful effects than you ever have before.

Alabastine
The Sanitary Wall Coating

Is a powder that you mix with cold water and apply with a brush. You must see the Alabastine tint cards; you must learn how durable Alabastine is; you must know about its wonderful sanitary properties; you must come into our store as soon as you can, and ask us about Alabastine.

We will gladly tell you all about it, and give you prices or decorating with it, if you will give us the opportunity.



SOLD BY GILBERT & SON.
Now is the time to subscribe for ITEM.



"Pittsburg Perfect Fence."
Sold by **GILBERT & SON,**
DEALERS IN
General Hardware, Paints,
Oils, Glass, Cutlery, &c., &c.
—Plumbing and Plumbers' Supplies.—
Manufacturers Agricultural and Teaming Chains.
CENTER SQUARE, NEW OXFORD.

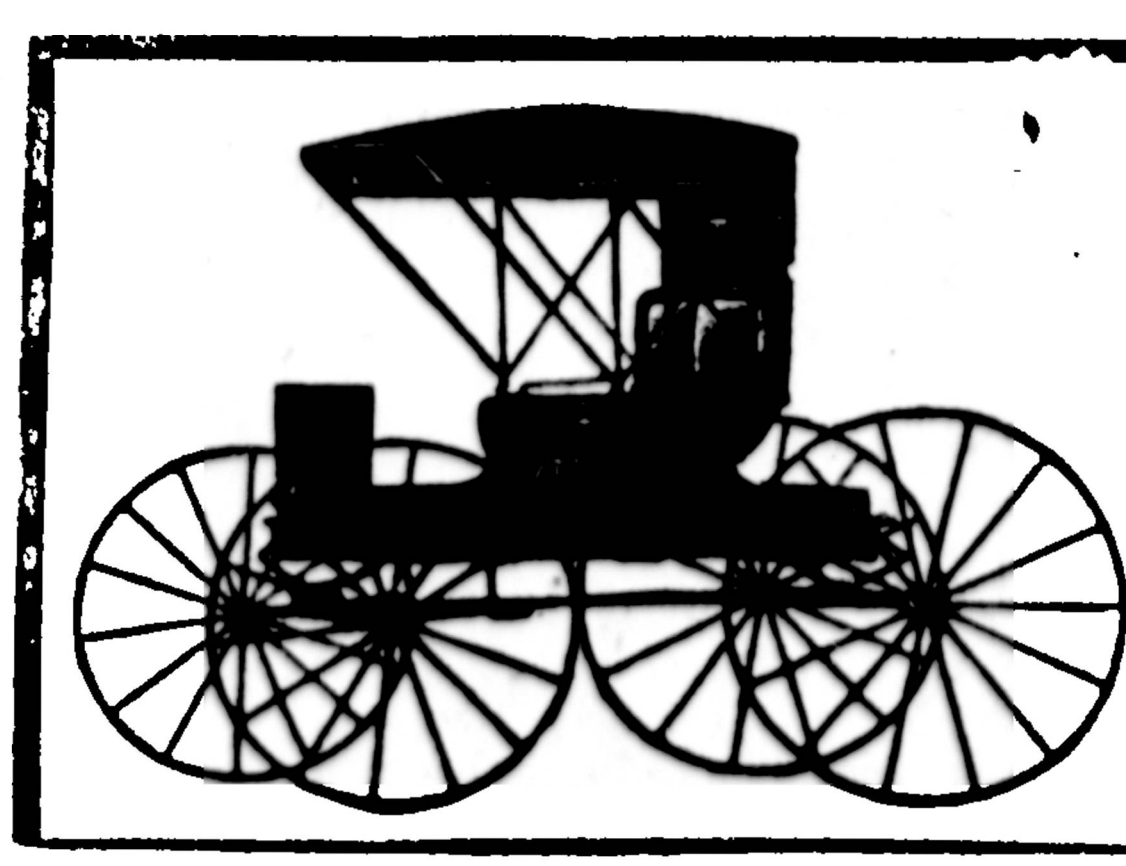
West End Store News.

E. B. Corn. Just received 20 more cases of that good East Berlin Corn which we are selling at 6c per can.
Oil Stoves. Warm weather will soon be here. Don't forget we handle a nice line of Oil Stoves at right prices.
Chick Feed. Owing to the great demand we had for our Chick Feed we were unable to get it for several days, but have plenty of it on hand now.
—Highest cash and trade price paid for Eggs.
—Lard and Side-meat wanted 10c per pound,
I. W. LIVINGSTON,
THE LEADING GROCER.
Pitt Street, New Oxford.

Let Us Show You Something in Furniture That Will Surprise You.
We have all new and up-to-date goods which we are offering to the trade at from 10 to 20 per cent less than it can be purchased for elsewhere.
Let us show you our 7-piece Chamber Suits.
Book Case and Writing Desk at \$13.50, worth \$18.00
G. O. Chiffoniers at \$12.50, worth \$20.00
China Closets \$17.00, worth \$20.00.
Mirrors at all prices—from 25c up to \$10.00.
If it is anything in the line of Furniture you desire we can supply you at money-saving figures.
We have just received a lot of fine Picture Frames with landscape Views that you will surely buy. Drop in to see us.
DEATRICK BROS.
FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING. EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.
HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD.

M. M. BOWSER,
EAST BERLIN, PA.

Has just received a car load of
Staver Buggies,
comprising
Steel and Rubber-tire Buggies and Runabouts.



The Best and finest finished factory buggies on the market—equal to home-made work—with Patent Lock-bur Spindle.
Also have at all times a Complete Line of Cheaper Grades of Buggies and Runabouts. If you contemplate purchasing a vehicle see me before purchasing elsewhere. Prices always reasonable.

M. M. BOWSER,
EAST BERLIN, PENNA.

DEATRICK BROS.,
UNDERTAKERS,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Phone calls answered night or day by calling at New Oxford Exchange.

Sore Nipples and Chapped Hands
Are quickly cured by applying Chamberlain's Salve. Try it; it is a success. Price 25 cents.

Have your Job Printing done at the ITEM office. Prices the lowest

No More Trouble To Get
REPAIRS

FOR ANY KIND OF
Stove, Range, Heater or Furnace.
ALSO PIPE AND FIXTURES.
Just Mention Your Wants to
JOSEPH B. WEAVER.
Hanover St. New Oxford.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,
HANOVER, PENNA.

- New Spring Goods. -

WE wish to inform the public that our Spring Line of Goods are now in, and cordially invite everybody to give us a call and take a look through our store, see the new styles and get prices before purchasing elsewhere. Our assortments of

New Dress Goods & Silks

are now more complete than ever. A large selection of the
Newest Things in Dress Trimmings,
and Newest Things in Wash Goods.

Wash Goods.
Parris Tissues, Poie De Soie, Drap De Linde, Soie Duches, Carie Francaise, Falconette, Madras, French Bastiste, Prunellas, and many other new fads in this line.

Wool Cream Goods,
such as Voilles, Bastistes, Mohairs, Serges, Panamas.

Dress Linens,
in White, Gray, Natural and Blue.

Heatherbloom
for Petticoats, has the rustle of silk, a yard wide—35c the yard.

New Percales.
New Style Light and Dark Percales. Ready-to-wear Wrappers, Full line White Muslin Underwear.

White Bed Spreads,
Comforts, Blankets, Lace Curtains.

Dress Gingham,
in new styles.
Ladies' Dress Skirts.
Coats of the latest styles for Ladies' and Misses'.

Table Linen,
Napkins, Towels, Tickings, Sheeting.

Shirt Waists.
Ladies' White Lawn Shirt Waists—up-to-the-minute styles.
Full line best fitting Corsets.

Home-made Carpets,
Ingrain and Brussel Carpets, Matting, Art Squares, Window Shades, Linoleum, Rugs, Oil Cloth,

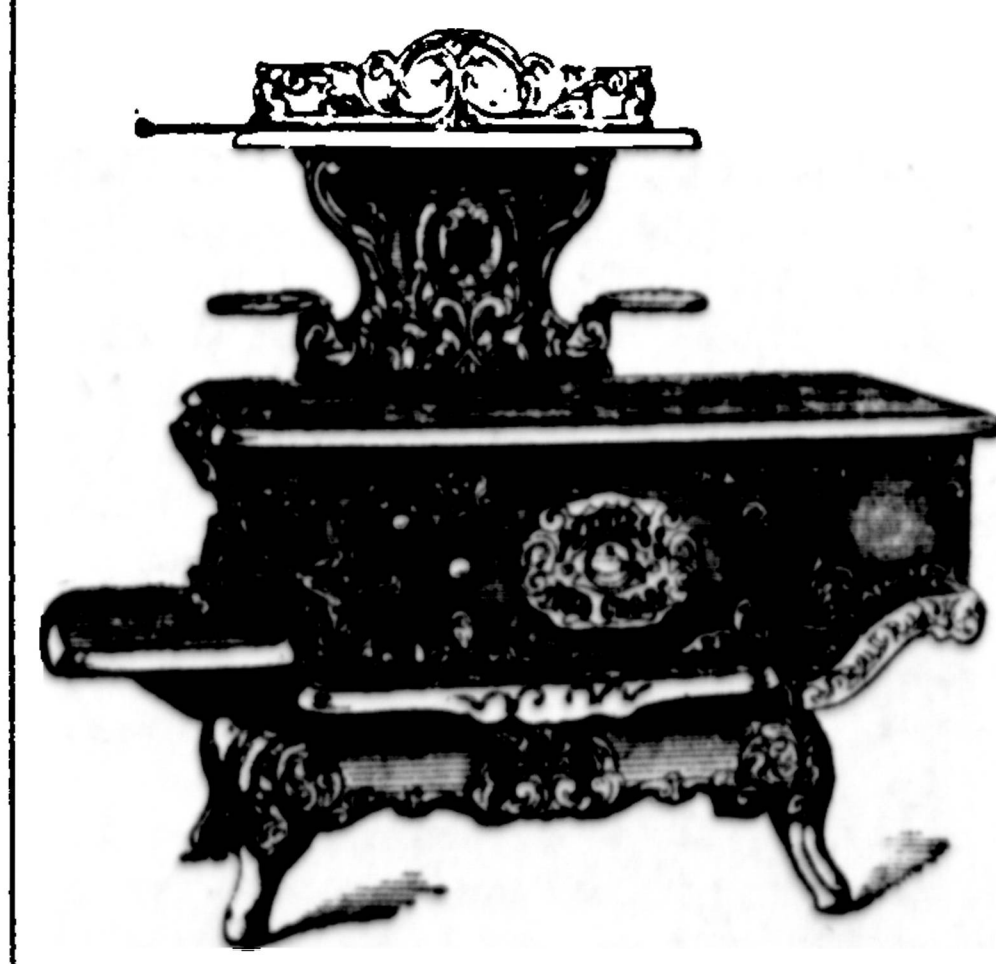
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